BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

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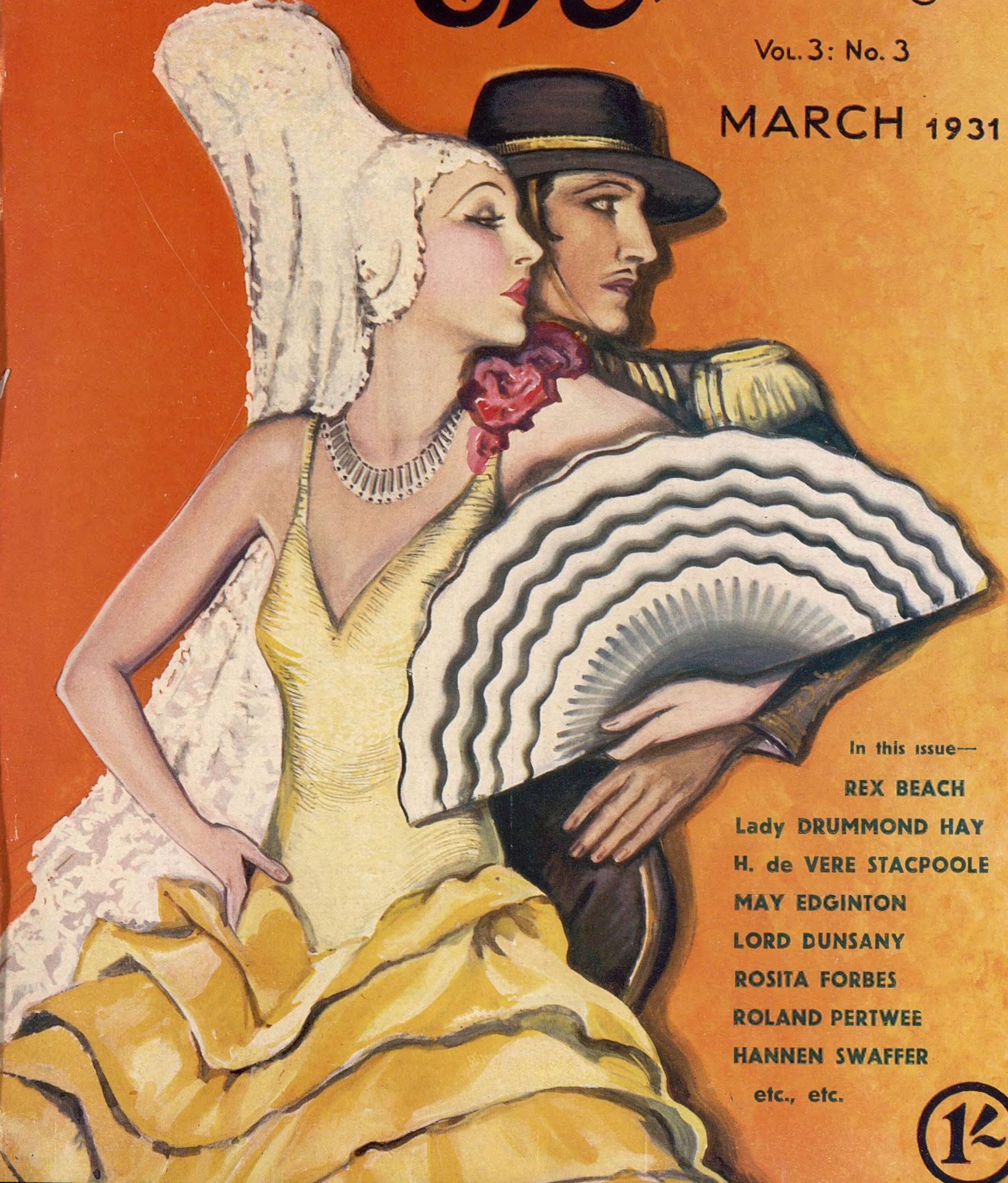
MARCH 1931



In this issue—

REX BEACH

Lady DRUMMOND HAY

H. de VERE STACPOOLE

MAY EDGINTON

LORD DUNSANY

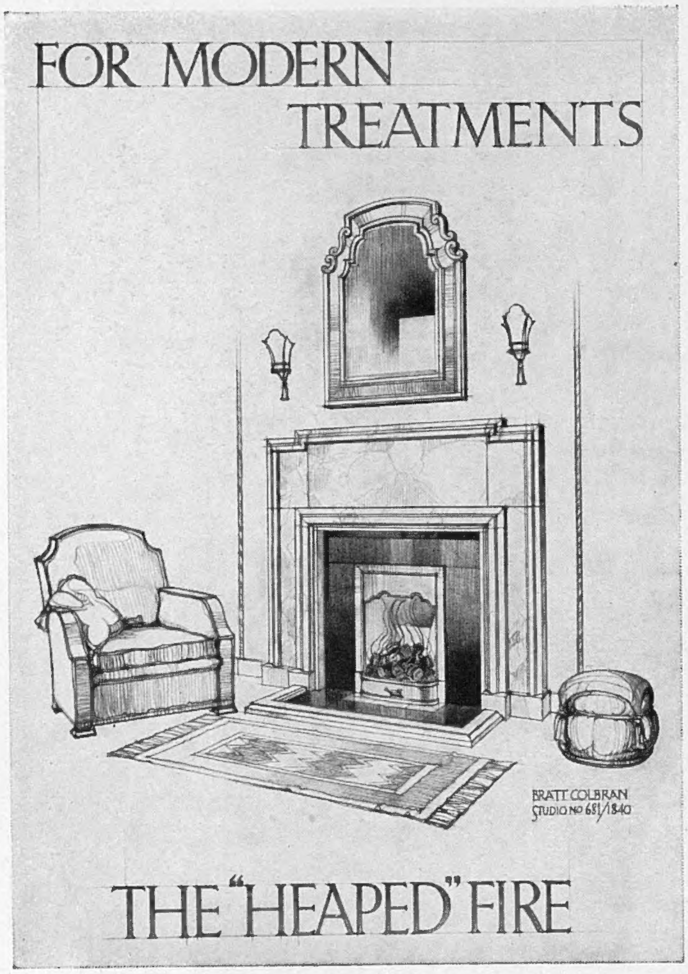
ROSITA FORBES

ROLAND PERTWEE

HANNEN SWAFFER

etc., etc.

1/-



THE "Heaped" Fire receives the unanimous approbation alike of those of æsthetic and practical judgments. It fulfils every demand which can be made for luxurious comfort, whilst at the same time achieving that dignified simplicity and suitability to purpose which is the very essence of true art.

We invite you to visit our showrooms and to see both modern and classical designs in Fireplaces (made in our own foundry in London) for cottage, flat or mansion, at a wide range of prices. Alternatively if you will write giving us some indication of your requirements, we shall be pleased to send you illustrations and prices.

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Put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the germ-killing vapour . . . . Notice how it becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. It acts like a charm, clearing the head, liberating the passages of nose and throat, destroying the infection which is the real cause of the cold. Breathe ever-increasing relief with each breath you take.

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Never neglect a cold. It is always dangerous. Colds are caused by infections of the nose and throat, which may spread rapidly and grip the whole system. A single germ, neglected, may become many million by this time to-morrow. Deal with your cold immediately the first symptoms appear—before the infection becomes dangerous.

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Use "Vapex" at once. It penetrates all the complicated passages beyond the reach of any liquid medicine. It kills the germs and acts like a gentle stimulant to the whole respiratory system. You can literally feel it charming away your cold by this swift, safe, effective and most convenient method.

Of Chemists
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V61

corot models by instalments

vitality and growth

news of the growth of the house of corot

so great has been the success of the policy of offering beautiful corot models by instalments that corot has long outgrown its accommodation at no. 8 new bond street.

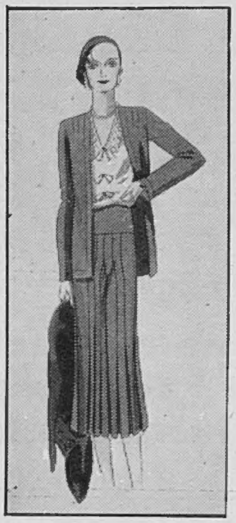
the task of finding new premises in bond street was not easy. at least five times the space was required, while there could be no question of sharing a building with another establishment, for the business of the house of corot with its clients is absolutely confidential . . . in fact the search lasted two years.

at last success arrived.

messrs. yardley's, that distinguished home of fragrant perfumes, from whose building at no. 8 new bond st. the now famous "corot models by instalments" offer was first launched, found that they too had outgrown their old shop, and announced their intention of building a magnificent edifice at no. 33 old bond street. this they were going to call yardley house, and invited corot to join them at this address, they as before, occupying the shop only, and corot the whole of the house above.

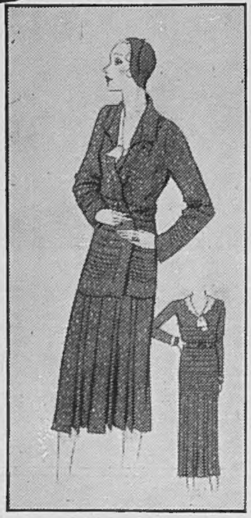
corot agreed on one condition. it was essential that corot should have its own separate and private entrance in bond street with its own lift and its own private lift attendant.

details having been arranged, the last twelve months have been occupied in constructing this splendid building to suit the needs of the corot clientele from every point of view. the first visit by an old or new client will immediately convince her that here is the ideal home of a dressmaking establishment suited to the particular needs of the well-dressed woman of to-day. (continued on page 2)

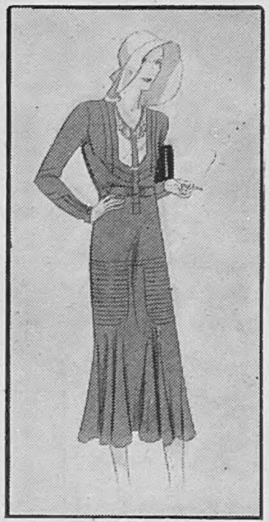


"claudette"
a smart jumper suit is in wool crepe with the hip-yoked skirt made with the new flat pleating. the straight cardigan coat opens over a sleeveless blouse of suede georgette that is trimmed with rows of stitching on collar and tiny self bows. can be chosen in many new shades with blouse in beige or white. cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly

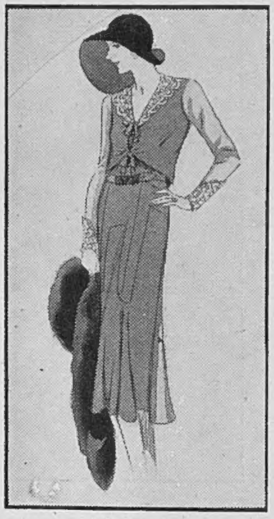
please note . .
our new address is 33, old bond st., london, w.1.



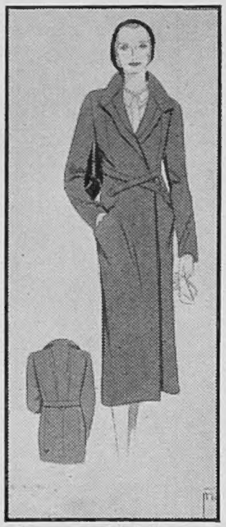
"hoppla"
the two-piece ensemble is a most practical style for spring wear, particularly when it comprises a smart frock and matching coat in a new flat woollen weave with a small white fleck. the dress shows the use of pleats in the skirt and has collar and cuffs of cream georgette, while the coat uses pin tucking as its trimming motif. in several new shades of blue, green, etc. cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



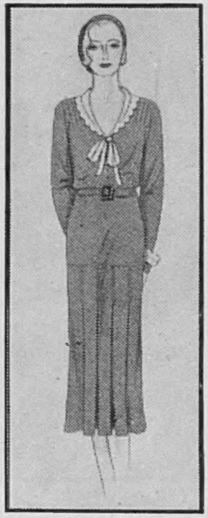
"denise"
supple heavy weight suede crepe has been used for this smart afternoon frock that relies for its chic on its cleverly cut skirt and its dainty inset vestee of white. here rows of pin tucks appear above the flared line, and are used to define the square yoke motif on the bodice. the flat pleated frill at the neck is also most becoming. in spring shades of new green, deep red, blue, etc. cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



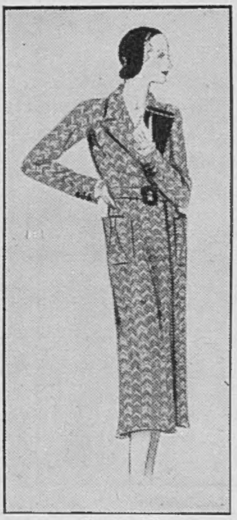
"francine"
filmy silk georgette sponsors this afternoon gown that has been chosen by reason of its delightful bolero bodice that ties with self bows. the flared skirt with its uncommon empiecement effect and the dainty collar and cuffs of beige lace also add to its effectiveness. lined throughout, it can be chosen in black, brown, green, red, etc. cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



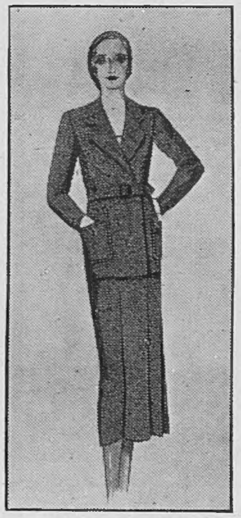
"roxburgh"
the ideal coat for spring wear is this style in a soft diagonal weave woollen in a new green shade. note the smartness of the cross-over belt, and the scallops on the trimming of pockets, cuffs and back. lined throughout. cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



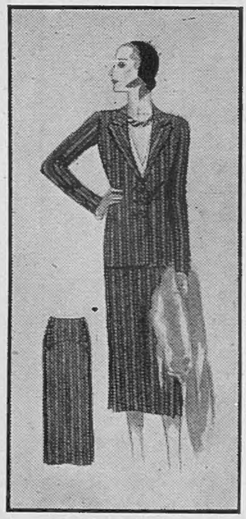
"brunhilde"
this tweed weave frock is one that can be worn under a coat or in the street later in the warmer days. it comes in new beige and brown mixtures, and stresses the simple line that is so good in this type. collar and cuffs are of crepe de chine. cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



"esmond"
a tweed coat in a weight suitable for present wear is a smart tailored model in a large herringbone design in brown and beige tones. it shows the popular all round belt, and two large patch pockets. the wide lapels are new and smart. lined throughout with crepe-de-chine. cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



"dartmoor"
brown and beige small checked tweed has been used to make this costume designed for sports or general wear. perfectly tailored, it shows a coat with all round self belt, and two patch pockets. and a skirt with fitting hip yoke and flat pleats. coat lined crepe de chine. cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



"clevedon"
a slim tailleur for spring wear comes in a pin-striped black suiting in a three-button, single-breasted style. perfect fitting, this has the skirt designed with a fitting yoke, and has a coat lining of crepe-de-chine. also in other materials. cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

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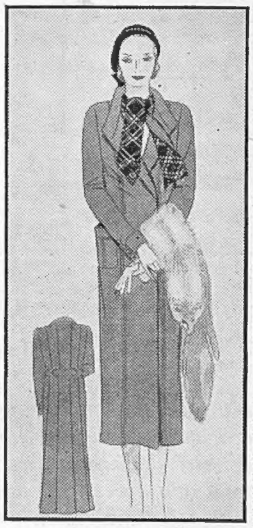
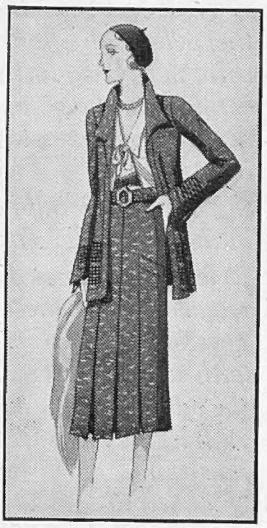
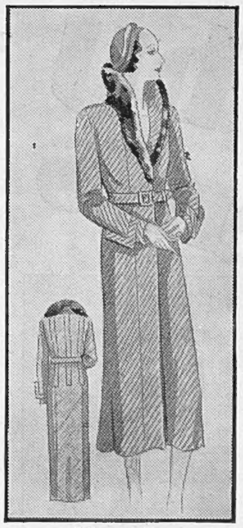


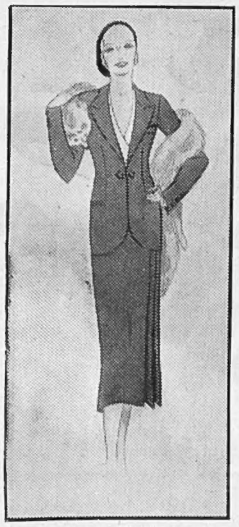
"brooklands"
smart spring coat in a light weight fancy diagonal woollen weave has the newest note of plaid introduced in its attached scarf, lined with self. note the clever use of self-pipings on the sides and back and the two convenient patch pockets. lined throughout, it can be chosen in several new shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



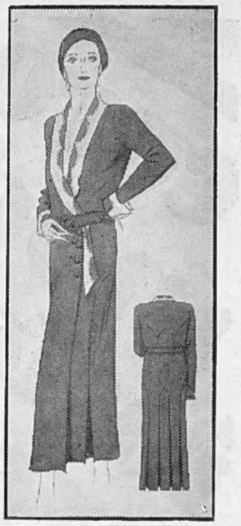
"zorika"
the smartest ensemble for spring is one that combines the blouse, skirt, and jacket in the new length. this is made of a fine flecked wool crepe, and has its blouse in white, with trimming of faggoting on collar and cuffs. the flat pleats in the skirt are topped with pockets, and the coat is trimmed with rows of tucks. in black and white and one or two colours.
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly



"st. omar"
the tweed that comes in a combination of blue and beige and is woven in a diagonal pattern is further enhanced in its smartness in this coat with a medici collar of the newest fur trimming, natural rock seal in a soft brown tone, inverted insets of self also lend interest to the back and cuffs. lined throughout.
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly



"splendide"
a perfectly tailored black costume has become almost a necessity to the smart woman of to-day. this style in fine black face cloth follows the line of the dinner jacket with its link fastening and rounded edges. the slip waistcoat of silk pique and the coat lining of crepe de chine are notes of the perfect finish. skirt has two side pleats.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"indigo"
the cross-over line is a most becoming one for the woman of larger than average figure. this useful afternoon gown in wool novelty shows a clever side and back treatment of flat pleats and has its soft roll collar and cuffs in crepe-de-chine. in a deep blue, this model can also be copied in other shades.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly

please note.. our new address is 33, old bond st., london, w.1.

there is no extra charge whatever for payment by instalments.

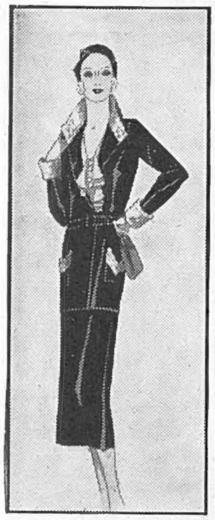
(continued from page 1)

corot issues a special invitation to you to visit yardley house to try on its beautiful models and, if they appeal to you, to pay for them according to your wish, either in cash or by their now world-famous system of payment by instalments. the prices are extremely modest and are plainly marked on each model. they are not varied in the slightest degree whether you pay cash or by instalments. they are the finest clothes in the world and will give you nothing but pride and joy in the wearing.

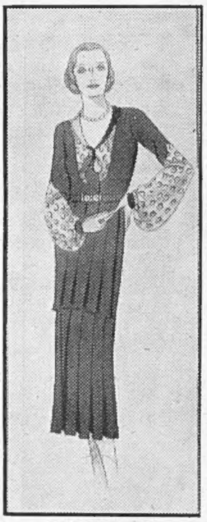
there are many women who would like to consult an expert as to how they should dress. this problem cannot be satisfactorily solved without taking one's personality and appearance into account.

madame corot offers her personal services to every reader of this paper for the purpose of advising her on this subject,

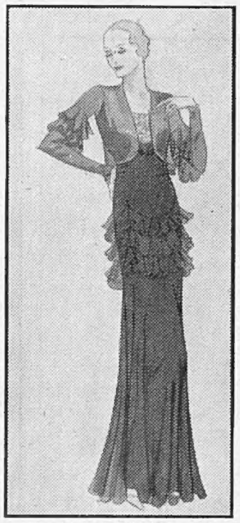
(continued on page 3)



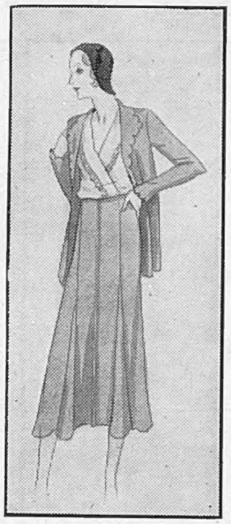
"michele"
the jacket costume for daytime wear is very smart in black velveteen. the little belted coat is trimmed at neck, cuffs and pockets with astrachan cloth, and the wrap-over skirt is shown over a blouse of suede crepe that has the jabot front. coat lined throughout.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



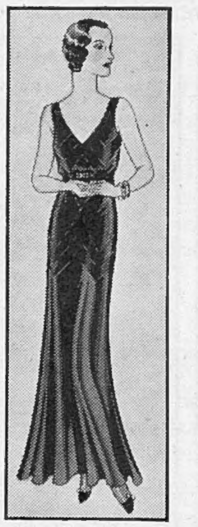
"thé dansant"
the afternoon frock takes the tunic note in this chic style of black silk morocain, with its flat pleated skirt with double flounce. interest also passes to the sleeves with their large balloon cuffs in the new coarse net lace in pink that is also used for the inset gilet. the collar is half black, half pink.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



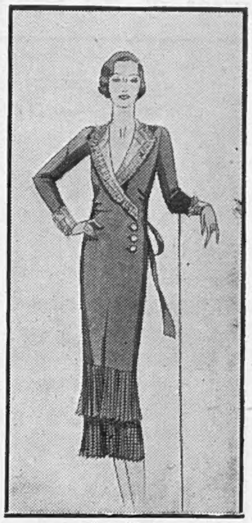
"cocktail"
the evening line is subtly demonstrated in this lovely gown of black silk georgette that uses a yoke of pink taffeta veiled with beige lace as a note of relief at the neck. the frilled motif of the peplum of the skirt is again repeated on the sleeve of the short jacket in georgette that completes the ensemble. lined throughout-
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



"cap ferrat"
the new ciel blue is the shade that has been chosen for this delightful ensemble in fine sheer wool romain, with its jacket showing the serrated edge that is so popular as a finish. the skirt is cleverly flared, and is worn over a tuck-in of ivory georgette, lace trimmed. light in weight, and yet seasonable, it is ideal for the first days of spring.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



"daphne"
an evening gown in supple art. satin is a delightful suggestion for the coming season. it is cut on the new empire lines with the higher waist belted in self, and uses tiny pin tucks to give the defined line to the bodice and hips. the skirt is a fully flared one that hangs gracefully. in many new pastel shades, also black.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



"camille"
an afternoon gown in all silk georgette shows the becoming cross-over line defined with a long collar of lace edged net, in which the cuffs are also. two pleated flounces at foot and a tie belt that defines the higher waist-line are also smart. in many shades and black, lined throughout
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly

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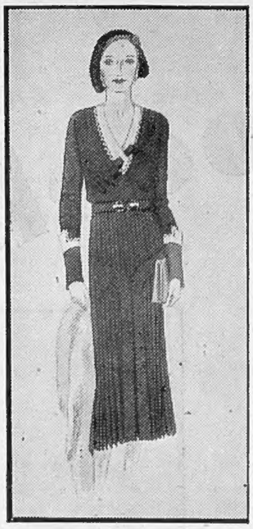
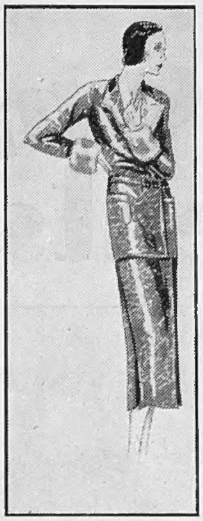
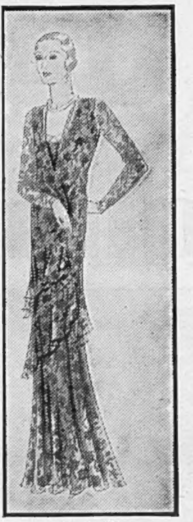


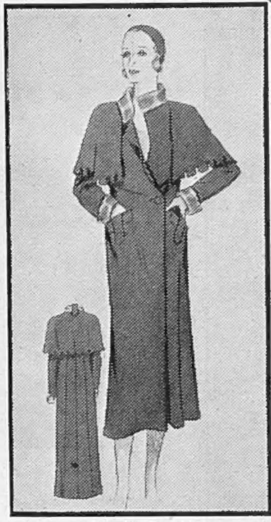
"erda"
for the formal afternoon gown for spring we choose this model in fine sheer wool marquisette. beautifully cut, it shows the perfect line, achieved with the use of pin tucks and flat pleats on the skirt. a dainty touch of relief is shown in the flat collar and cuffs of white georgette edged with faggoting. the tiny bow at the neck is also delightful.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



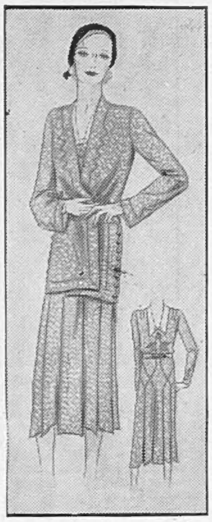
'la journee"
the use of fur fabric as a medium for a smart little street costume is one of the newest notes. this style has a straight little skirt which can be worn over a tuck-in blouse, completed by a belted coat with patch pockets. the cuffs are in sable dyed squirrel. in black only.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



"erica"
the ever-smart two-piece for dinner and evening wear is made of fine black silk lace, and sponsors the broken skirt line with shaped flounces. the coat with its slim-fitting sleeves is in the new rounded style. slip of crepe de chine. in beige also.
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly



"paris plage"
a distinctively cut coat in the new shade of navy blue that fashion sponsors, has twofold interest in its cape with the unusual "turreted" edge, and in its collar and cuff trimming of gazelle. the smart piped back to give the fitting line and its strapped pockets are other points. lined throughout, it can be chosen in one or two other shades.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



"cascade"
the jacket is again featured in this spring-like ensemble in crocus yellow with a tiny white fleck. clever manipulation of pleats in the skirt of the frock and an unusual binding on the coat are notable features, while the collar of white is the dainty relief note required. buttons are used smartly, and a self belt marks the natural waist. also in one or two other shades.
cash 8½ gns. **25/6** monthly

please note . . . .

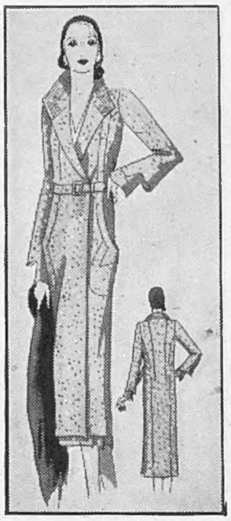
we have now removed from no. 8 new bond street to our new premises at 33 old bond street, yardley house, at the corner of stafford street.

(continued from page 2)

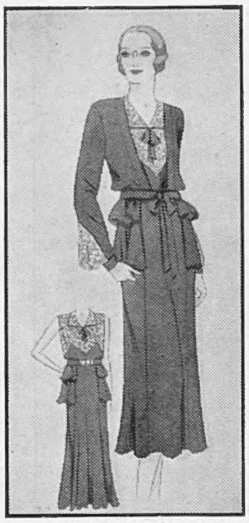
then for the rest of her life the reader may choose her own frocks with the knowledge that the greatest of experts will admit that she is making the most of her individuality and her personal appearance.

if you cannot call and see the new corot showrooms do not hesitate to write for the beautiful collection of illustrations of the newest range of corot models and full particulars of the now famous system of payment by instalments, and order through the post with every confidence of receiving that satisfaction which the well-dressed woman of to-day has a right to expect of her personal dressmaker.

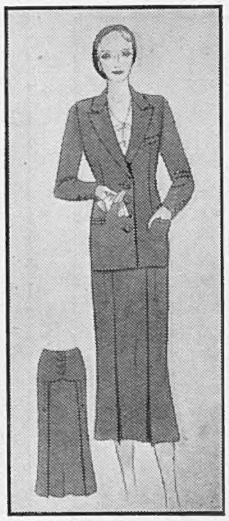
let there be no doubt of this: corot will guarantee to please you. ***write or call to-day.***



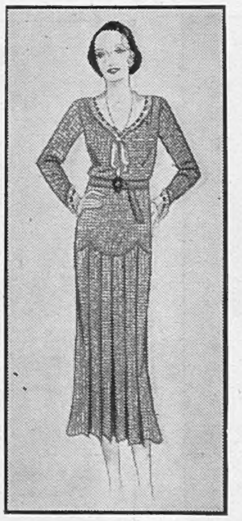
"gerard"
a smart two-piece in the new harris-weave tweeds has an uncommon touch in the self insets on the sleeves and pockets. the straight stitched collar is also notable, as well as the tuckings on the back. the skirt has a stitched wrap at side and can be worn with tuck-in blouses. in beige and brown tones.
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly



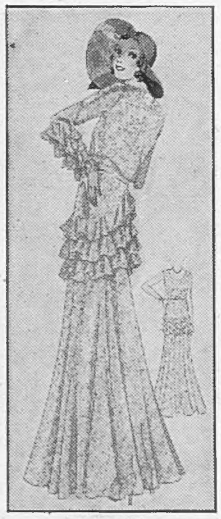
"tallulah"
the afternoon ensemble that can be used for dinner or restaurant wear is made of a heavy weight black silk marocain with trimmings of ecru lace. note the cleverly cut flat collar bound with black, and the deep yoke of lace, and then the balloon sleeves with insets of lace. the new waist length jacket that ties, and the peplum flounces are quite the latest.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



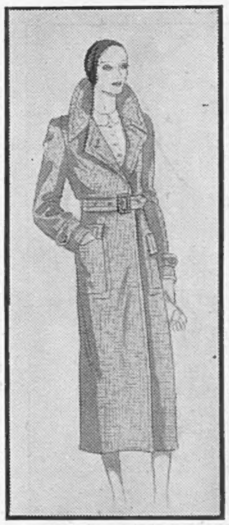
"hotchkiss"
a trim tailored costume in brown suiting shows a new note in its smartly hip-yoked and pleated skirt. cut on single-breasted lines, and having four-button fastening, the coat is lined throughout with crepe de chine. can also be chosen in other materials and colours.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"auguste"
a trim little street frock for spring wear is very fresh and dainty in a sheer woollen weave in green with basket fleck in white. the skirt uses inset pleats and has a slight flare at the back. the collar and cuffs with frilled edge and rouleau of green are in cream georgette. also other shades.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



'margot"
this most delightful ensemble that has two-fold uses for both afternoon and evening wear is made of the new filmy blonde lace that is so notable a feature of this season's styles. it shows the use of frills on both skirt and coatee, and can be worn as a smart evening gown if required. lined with crepe de chine.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"manhattan"
quite the smartest coat for sports wear or travelling is this sporting model in beige checked tweed. cut on the informal lines shown, it has the side revers which can, of course, button to the neck, and two large patch pockets. all round belt of self. lined throughout in crepe de chine.
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"daimler"

a smart and practical coat in 'delacrome" leather shows the new embossing as trimming on collar, cuffs, and pockets. made with all-round belt, and lined throughout with fleecy material. in all colours. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.

"appleton"

a smart sports costume that comprises a "prinsuede" coat and toning skirt in "delatex" weatherproof tweed is a perfect spring outfit. with coat lined throughout. single button fastening. full colour range. **22/6** monthly
cash 7½ gns.

"stoke poges"

for golfing wear one chooses a soft "prinsuede" jacket with the convenient zipper fastener. perfect fitting, and unlined. in many shades. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.

there is no extra charge for payment by instalments.

"crossley"

"prinscrome" leather has been used to make this exceedingly smart coat with its use of the new embossed tucks on the collar, cuffs, and pockets. lined throughout in fancy woollen weave, and finished with belt. in many shades. **19/6** monthly
cash 6½ gns.

"cairn"

a perfectly tailored suit in prinsuede and tweed is a most becoming style. the coat is cut with inverted tucks, and shows trimming of the same tweed in which the skirt is made. in shades of red, green, blue, etc. **22/6** monthly
cash 7½ gns.

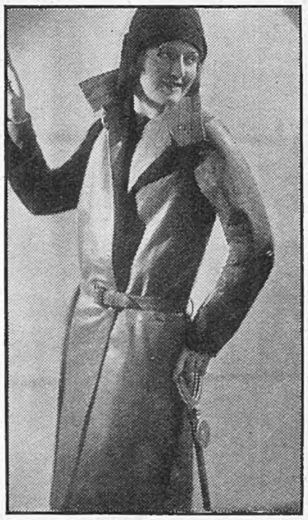
so great has been the demand from our clientele for leather sports wear that we have decided to offer the finest of its kind on our now famous instalment system, at the usual advertised prices ruling throughout the country, without, of course, making any extra charge for the instalment accommodation.

the illustrations on this page show what we consider the smartest and most practical of this season's range of the well-known "dela" sportswear.

although these models are not actually designed and made by us, we have pleasure in recommending them to our clients, and we offer that same guarantee of service and satisfaction which has always been associated with the real corot models.

"glastonbury"

the interest in this "prinsuede" and tweed suit is in the smartness of tweed insets in the belted suede coat that is lined with silk. the side pleated skirt is made of "delatex" weatherproof tweed. in many shades. **22/6** monthly
cash 7½ gns.



"selby"

a coat of the famous hard-wearing "delacrome" leather is a snug style for uncertain weather. made with the desired all-round belt, and lined throughout with woollen fleece. two large pockets and storm collar are notable. in many shades. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.

"marlborough"

a hip-length jacket in fine soft "prinsuede" has three unusual pockets, one in flap style, the other two patch pockets. the all-round belt is popular, also the convertible collar. lined throughout. in many shades. **18/-** monthly
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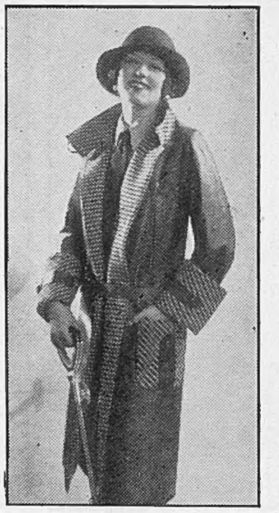

"carisbrooke"

quite the most unusual style in leather coats is this "prinscrome" model that is combined with diagonal tweed in matching tones. perfectly worked with self strappings and buttons, this is lined throughout with tweed. in many shades. **25/6** monthly
cash 8½ gns.

"foster"

cut with an uncommon back with self pipings, this model in "delacrome" leather is wearable and inexpensive. cut in a smart style, this has the all-round belt and patch pockets that are so popular. in many wanted shades. **13/6** monthly
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A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

MARCH, 1931

Vol. III—No. 3

Complete Contents of this Issue—March, 1931

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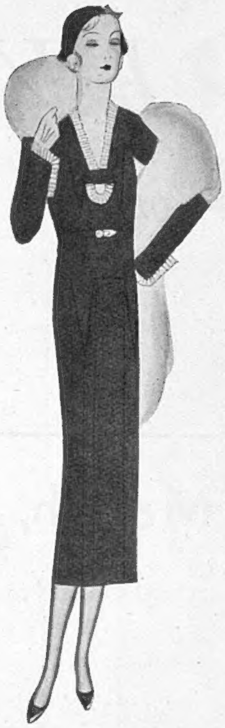
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 144. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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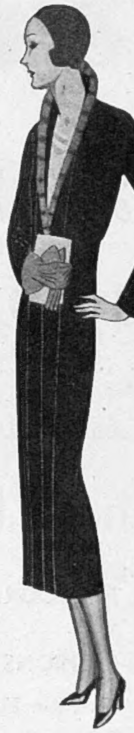

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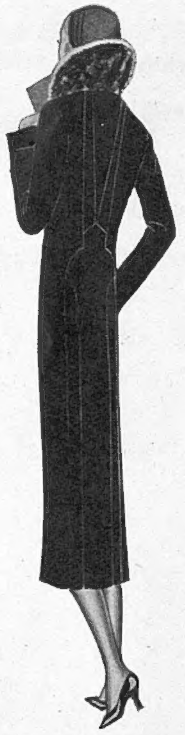

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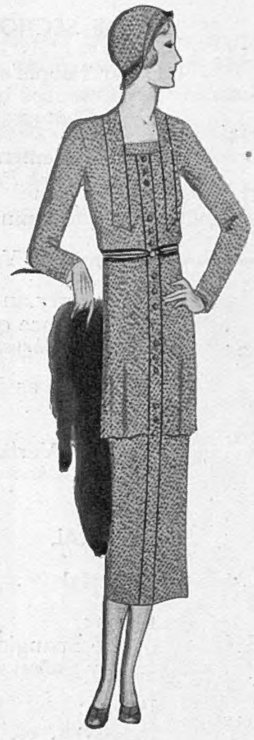

● A charming day dress in the new tinted woven fabric, made with the new tunic effect, with scarf and moiré belt of corresponding colours to the dress, hat to match. Obtainable in mixture of green, black and yellow; black, white and tan; black, white and red 6½ Gns.

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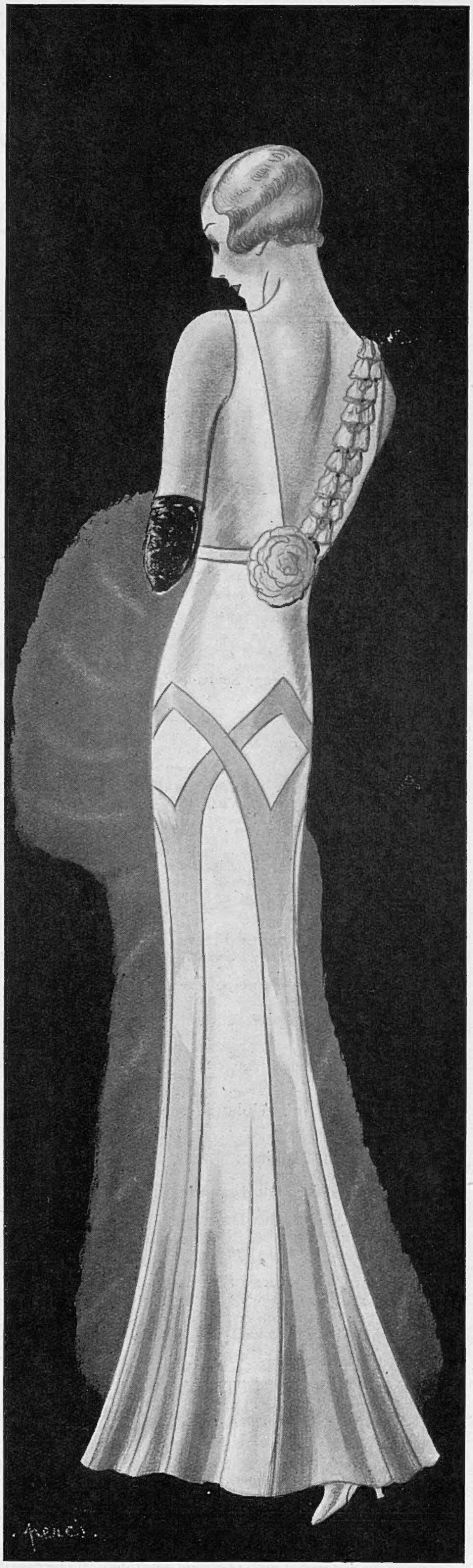

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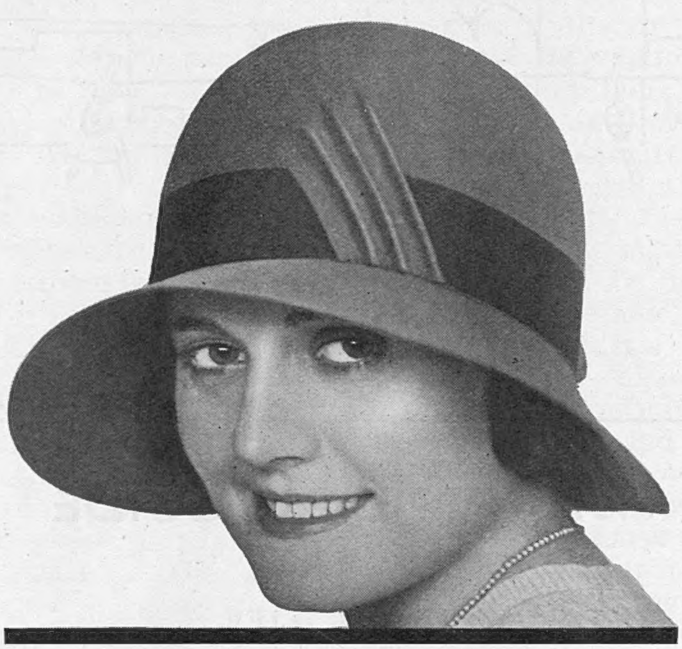

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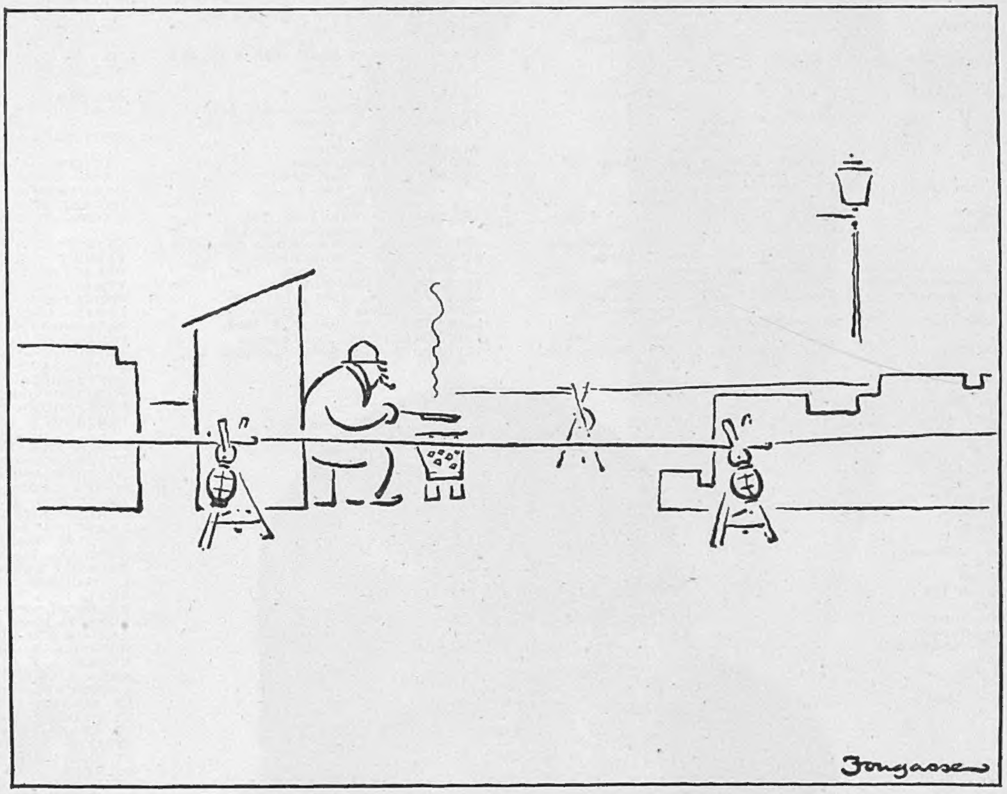
LONDON—WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

NIGHT LIFE

Now let us turn our attention to the night life of London, for, after all, life must go on at night as well as during the day, and it seems so silly, having come so far, not to see all there is to be seen.

Well, then, if you don't mind drinking champagne out of tumblers, to make it look like whisky and soda (which it possibly is), you can, if you like, keep up high revelry (or low revelry, for those of riper years) until the very smallest hours of the morning—lights, glitter, music, laughter, entrancingly beautiful women, revoltingly beautiful men, youth and gaiety (very often dancing together), gay butterflies with attendant cocoons, men about town up in town for the evening, and, in short, all the gay throng who wake while London sleeps—well, here's one of them, possibly enjoying himself more than most; and that's one side of London—London, where, as you know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from. FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III., No. 3 — *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* — MARCH, 1931

Editorial

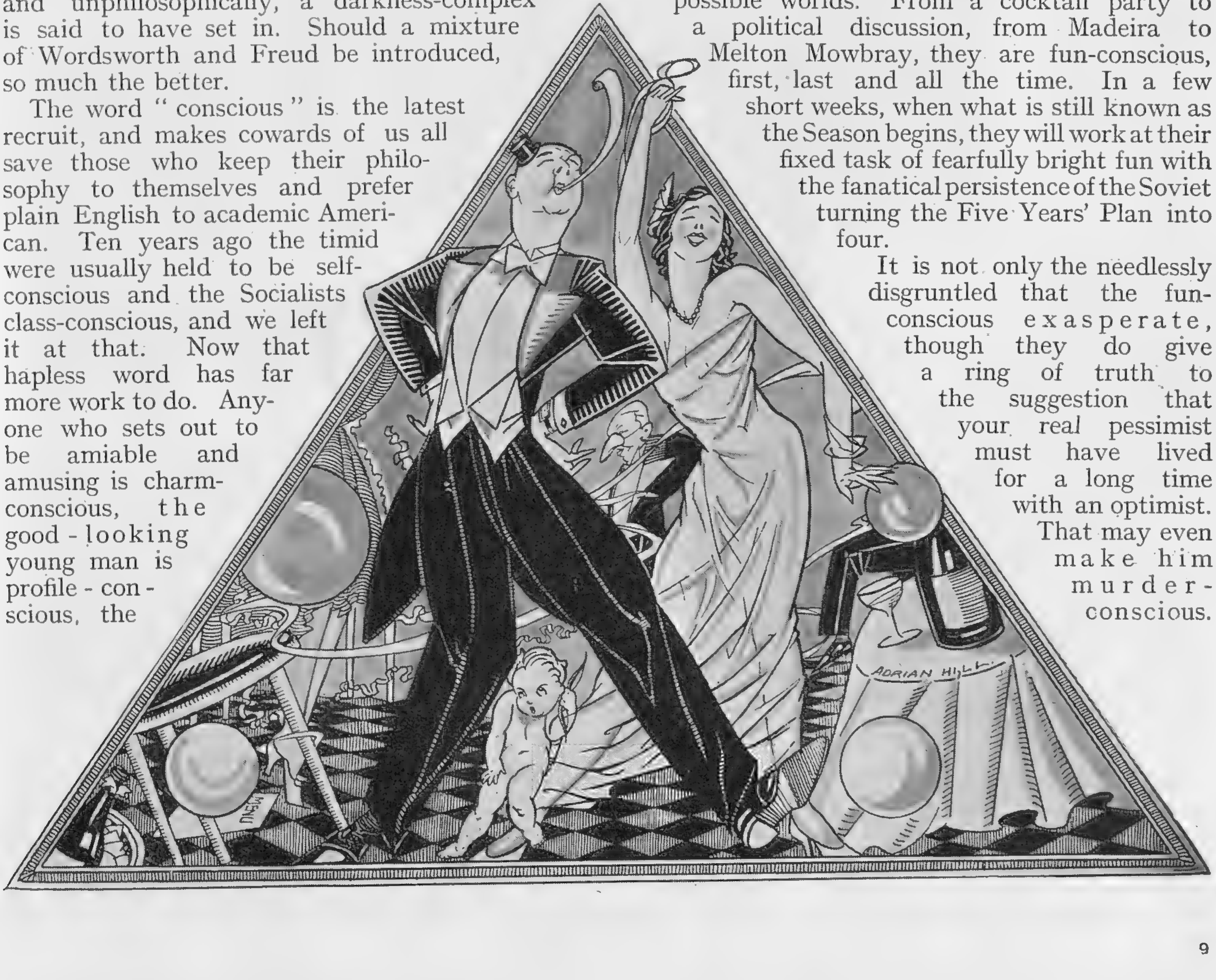
Fun-Conscious

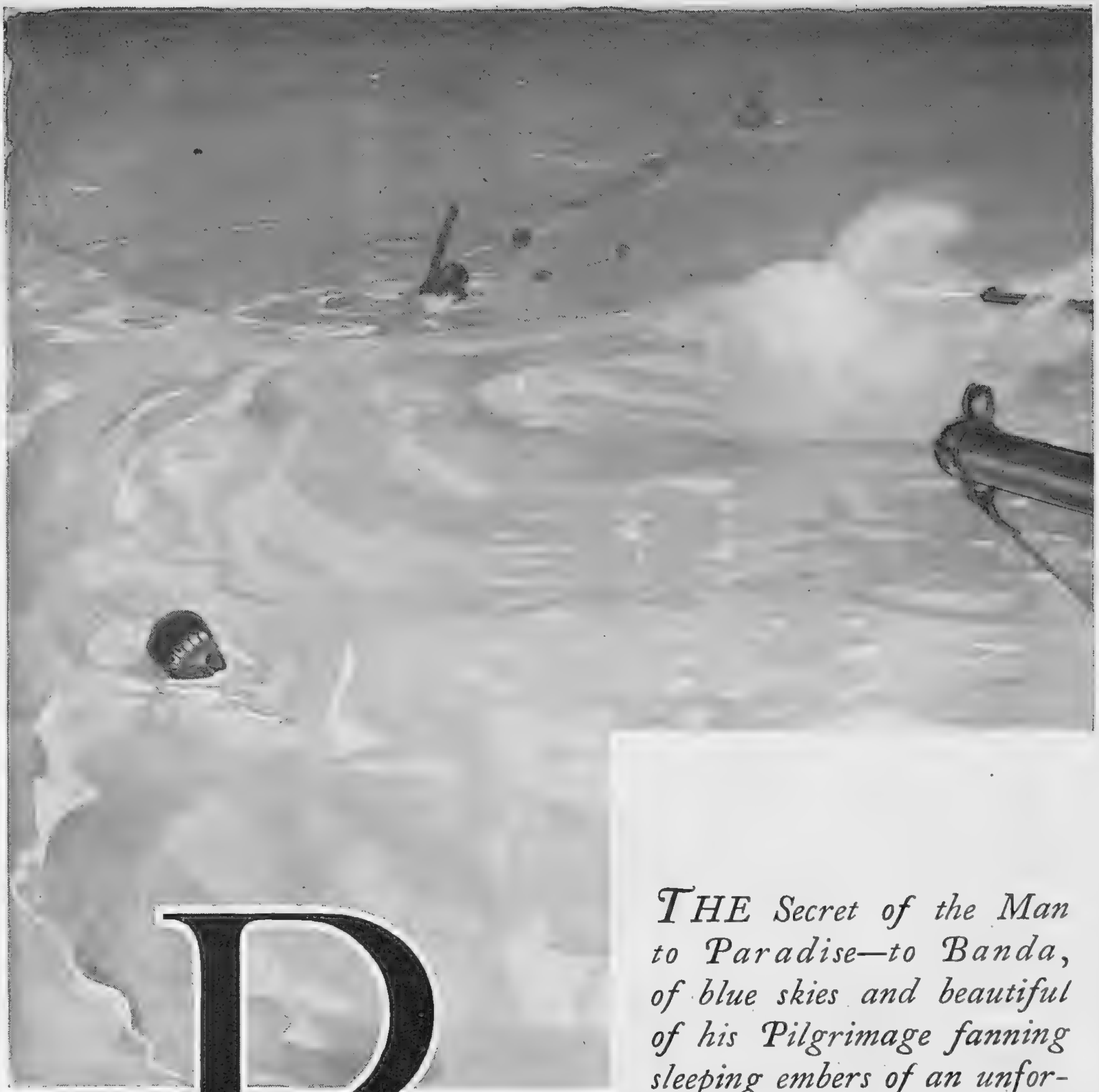
A COMPARATIVELY recent gift from America is a philosophic jargon of peculiar clumsiness and futility. We are now blessed or cursed with “complexes”; no one is modest or unassuming or uncertain whether a formidable obstacle can be overcome without being said to have an “inferiority complex.” The label is getting badly frayed, but the tag still holds. We are no longer allowed to like or dislike things; we “react” to them. Even a child is not considered to be afraid of the dark. Instead it has its light and shade “reactions,” and if in a room from which the light has been removed it bawls, honestly and unphilosophically, a darkness-complex is said to have set in. Should a mixture of Wordsworth and Freud be introduced, so much the better.

The word “conscious” is the latest recruit, and makes cowards of us all save those who keep their philosophy to themselves and prefer plain English to academic American. Ten years ago the timid were usually held to be self-conscious and the Socialists class-conscious, and we left it at that. Now that hapless word has far more work to do. Anyone who sets out to be amiable and amusing is charm-conscious, the good-looking young man is profile-conscious, the open-air person who dresses the part is tweed-conscious.

But the jargon will have its use if it can rid us of the prevailing epidemic of fun-consciousness. Already it has of its very absurdity put the victims on their trial. For a vastly different thing from the normal desire to get some amusement out of life is the procedure of the confraternity of the fun-conscious. Theirs is an irritating form of Hedonism. They hold aloft the standard of Deliberate Brightness and make an unnatural crusade of what should be natural high spirits. For them all is laborious fun in the funniest of all possible worlds. From a cocktail party to a political discussion, from Madeira to Melton Mowbray, they are fun-conscious, first, last and all the time. In a few short weeks, when what is still known as the Season begins, they will work at their fixed task of fearfully bright fun with the fanatical persistence of the Soviet turning the Five Years’ Plan into four.

It is not only the needlessly disgruntled that the fun-conscious exasperate, though they do give a ring of truth to the suggestion that your real pessimist must have lived for a long time with an optimist. That may even make him murder-conscious.





Pilgrimage

THE Secret of the Man to Paradise—to Banda, of blue skies and beautiful of his Pilgrimage fanning sleeping embers of an unfor-

Illustrated by

Steven Spurrier

THE moment I saw the man I wanted to know him.

Erect and bareheaded, an unlighted pipe between his teeth, he stood against the rail of the steamer as it picked its way, outward bound, through the maze of shipping at anchor in Singapore Harbour—white ocean liners; freighters with few portholes and many winches; gracefully impudent destroyers; broad, menacing battleships. There were Chinese and Arab junks and windjammers, too, some of which were trim and newly painted, others woefully weatherbeaten and looking as if they had battled all the raging seas since the beginning of time. Here and there barges were being laboriously propelled by crews of sweating Chinamen with gigantic wooden sweeps; a thousand native *prahus* with little red-brown sails glided about like insects on a stream. The warm air was tinged with the peculiar smell of ships.

Somewhere I had read that more vessels cleared from Singapore than from any other port in the world. It seemed likely.

I looked at the man again. He was about forty; lean and hard and deeply sun-burned. His white linen clothes fitted him admirably; a short moustache and a firm chin gave him a soldierly appearance. He might have been an explorer.

I was starting on a trip through the romantic islands of the Dutch East Indies, places I had read about for years and had dreamed of visiting. It was all very pleasant, despite the heat that struck through the steamer's awning. Occasionally a puff of cooler air reached us from the land.

The passengers, stout Dutchmen for the most part, lolled full length in deck chairs, and their equally stout wives—all with the appearance of overflowing at bust and ankle—sat reading or doing needlework. A troupe of travelling entertainers stood outside the smoking room door, laughing and chatting with each other. A tall Armenian paraded the deck, animatedly talking with a bright-eyed little Frenchman and waving a new meerschaum pipe from which depended a vivid green tassel. Malay stewards, picturesque in their native costume, moved about carrying trays of tea and iced drinks.

Soon we passed the last of the big red Channel buoys, and Singapore, now a streak against the skyline astern, gradually sank out of sight.

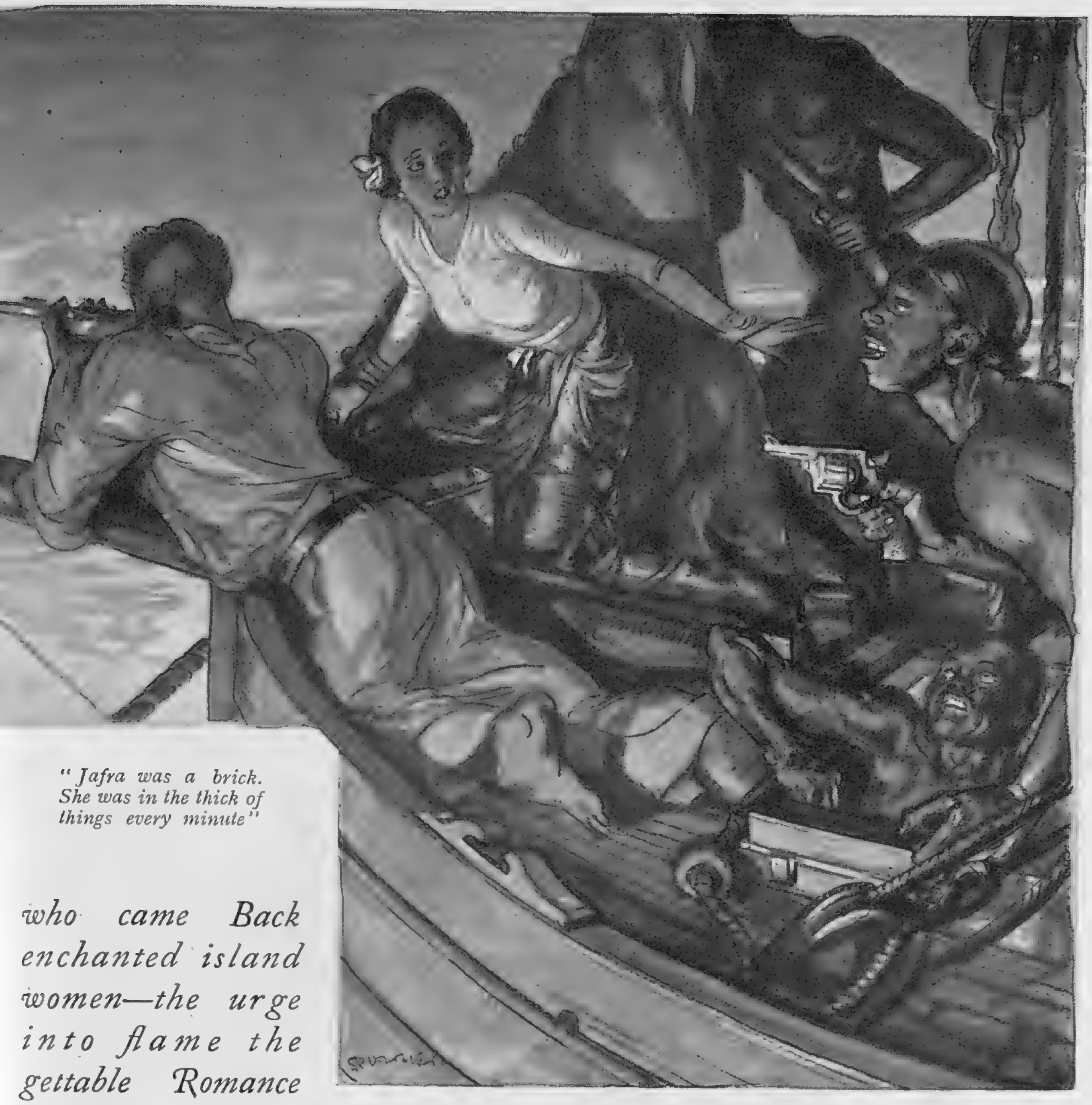
A steward offered tea to the man who had challenged my interest, the which he accepted with an engaging smile and a kindly word. I noted that he spoke to the boy in Malay, which told me he was no stranger to the East. I decided then and there to get into conversation with him at the first opportunity.

But making his acquaintance turned out to be no easy matter. Either he was uppish or he had some good reason for keeping to himself. His name was Philip Astley and he was booked for Banda. That was about all I discovered.

ALTHOUGH Astley pointedly discouraged our advances, he was extraordinarily cordial towards the Malay stewards and deck hands. Frequently I noticed him chatting fluently with one or another of them, that amazing smile of his occasionally breaking out to transform his habitual expression of remoteness into one of warmth and friendliness. A queer bird.

We were leaving Tanjong Priok, the port of Batavia. I had pulled out a pipe and was patting my pockets in search of tobacco when Astley, from a nearby chair, addressed me for the first time. "Care to load up from my pouch?" he inquired.

I thanked him and repeated the old story about the Scotchman who confessed



"Jafra was a brick. She was in the thick of things every minute"

who came Back
enchanted island
women—the urge
into flame the
gettable Romance

By Rex Beach

that he hated to borrow tobacco because he always crammed his pipe so full that it wouldn't draw. Astley was kind enough to laugh, and we fell to discussing pipes and tobacco. We yarned for the best part of an hour, after which I ordered a couple of gin *pahits*; then we went below to change for the evening.

He was on deck when I came up from dinner. On a small table at his side stood coffee and brandy for two, and with an amiable lift of his eyebrows he invited me to join him.

Bridge tables were soon filled on all sides of us and, as only too often happens, partner began upbraiding partner. There were a lot of irritable and senseless post-mortems. Several times I noticed my companion fidget in his chair and frown. Suddenly he said, "Let's drink up and go for'ard. I can't stand this."

When we were alone he said: "That silly squabbling gets on my nerves. They're none too good anyhow. White people are usually unpleasant—not nearly so decent as Malays. I much prefer the latter."

I felt that this was said in a fit of peevishness and let it pass. Just the same, it stuck in my mind because I had already noted his apparent preference.

BETWEEN Astley and myself a real friendship soon developed. We spent a lot of time together, and, at his suggestion, I relinquished the seat allotted to me in the dining saloon and teamed up with him at his side table. He piloted me about wherever we went ashore—Samarang, Soerabaja, Bali, Makassar, and so on, all of which he knew well. More than once I tried to draw him out about himself by remarking on his knowledge of these places, but I learned nothing except that he had lived out this way, which was obvious.

He told me much about the beauties of Banda, but nothing could have prepared me for the breath-taking splendour that met my eyes when I stepped out on deck early one morning. Through the lifting night mist we were approaching a narrow passage between an immense volcanic mountain and the island of Banda Neira. The blue of the water was so incredibly vivid, the green of the densely verdured hills was so brilliant, the outlines of the volcano were so symmetrical, that the very perfection of Nature's workmanship gave the scene an appearance of artificiality.

Soon we were steaming through the passage, and ahead I could see a white beach, white houses dotted amongst the plantation, and a series of medieval fortifications on a steep hill.

"Rather good, isn't it ?"

I turned at the sound of Astley's crisp voice.

"Superb !" I agreed.

"It's the paradise of the East, the Enchanted Isle. And the women of Banda—— ! But you've heard about them ?"

I shook my head.

"They're famous for their beauty. Always have been. They say the houris in Mohammed's garden came from here—nymphs of perpetual youth, created from musk and spices. . . . Why don't you stop off a few days ? There's another boat in a week and I'll show you around. I'm lonesome as the devil and—I wish you would."

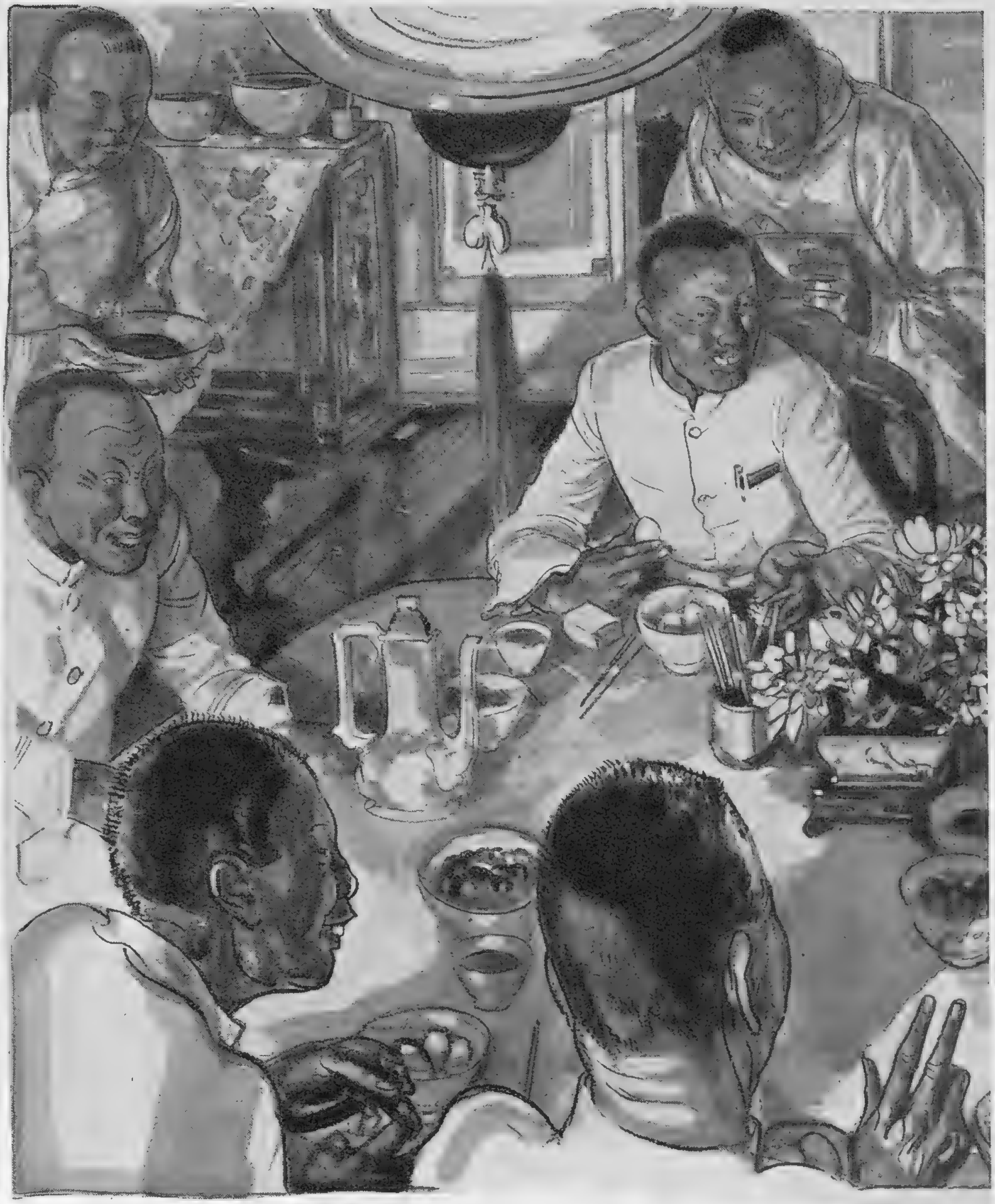
I HAD no serious intention of breaking my trip when I went ashore, but Banda intrigued me and Astley's arguments eventually prevailed. It was indeed a slumbrous paradise, an island of memories, and its history was both quaint and tragic. Once it had supplied the world with nutmegs and mace—the business was a monopoly then and jealously guarded by the Dutch. No fertile seeds were permitted to leave the shores, and the plantations paid fabulous profits. Those bold Dutch planters lived in state and luxury; they built mansions, there were banquets and balls and gaiety. Remains of the old houses are still standing, their marble floors and stairways cracked, their bronze gates blackened and broken, their gardens overgrown.

With the passing of the monopoly prosperity fled, but the stout stone forts, the underground passages used for centuries as protection to women and children against marauding Portuguese and Arabs, still remain. The whole place dozes now, dreaming pleasantly of heroic days when hardy merchant princes fought for their nutmegs and their ladies.

Those ladies were indeed lovely, from all accounts, for adventurers like these could and did content themselves with nothing less than the choicest of everything. Many of them imported European mistresses—famous beauties who lived extravagantly until they tired of their surroundings and returned home. Needless to say, the blood of Banda was badly mixed. The present inhabitants, predominantly Malay, had inherited characteristics peculiar not alone to the Dutch, but also to the other strains so oddly mingled in their make-up — French, Spanish, Greek, Arabian. There was fire in them and that golden age had stamped them with a certain beauty all their own. If I cared to hear a story about the women of Banda, my new friend promised to tell me one. Her name was Jafra. He pronounced it softly, that smile curled his lips, a light glowed in his eyes. He had never told it to anybody, but as a writer I might be interested.

When I assured him that I was interested, he asked if I'd mind getting up early the next morning and going with him. I readily agreed. It seemed I was to make the acquaintance of this lovely Jafra.

We put up at a quaint hotel, a rambling affair with vast, airy rooms and a luxuriant garden. The half-caste proprietor knew my companion, as did many of the Arab storekeepers and others. All greeted him with smiles and salaams.



“ Breakfast the next morning was a circus. I forgot to tell

We roamed about together most of that day, and the spell of the place fairly drugged me; that evening we lay on long chairs and languidly watched Banda by moonlight. Nothing more heavenly do I ever expect to see. Here was enchantment.

A long *prahu*, manned by a score of coolies each armed with a short, spade-like paddle, awaited us when we walked down to the dock after an early breakfast.

ASTLEY and I found seats under a small grass awning astern; then with short strokes in time to a sort of crooning from first one, then another, our boatmen propelled us across the bay.

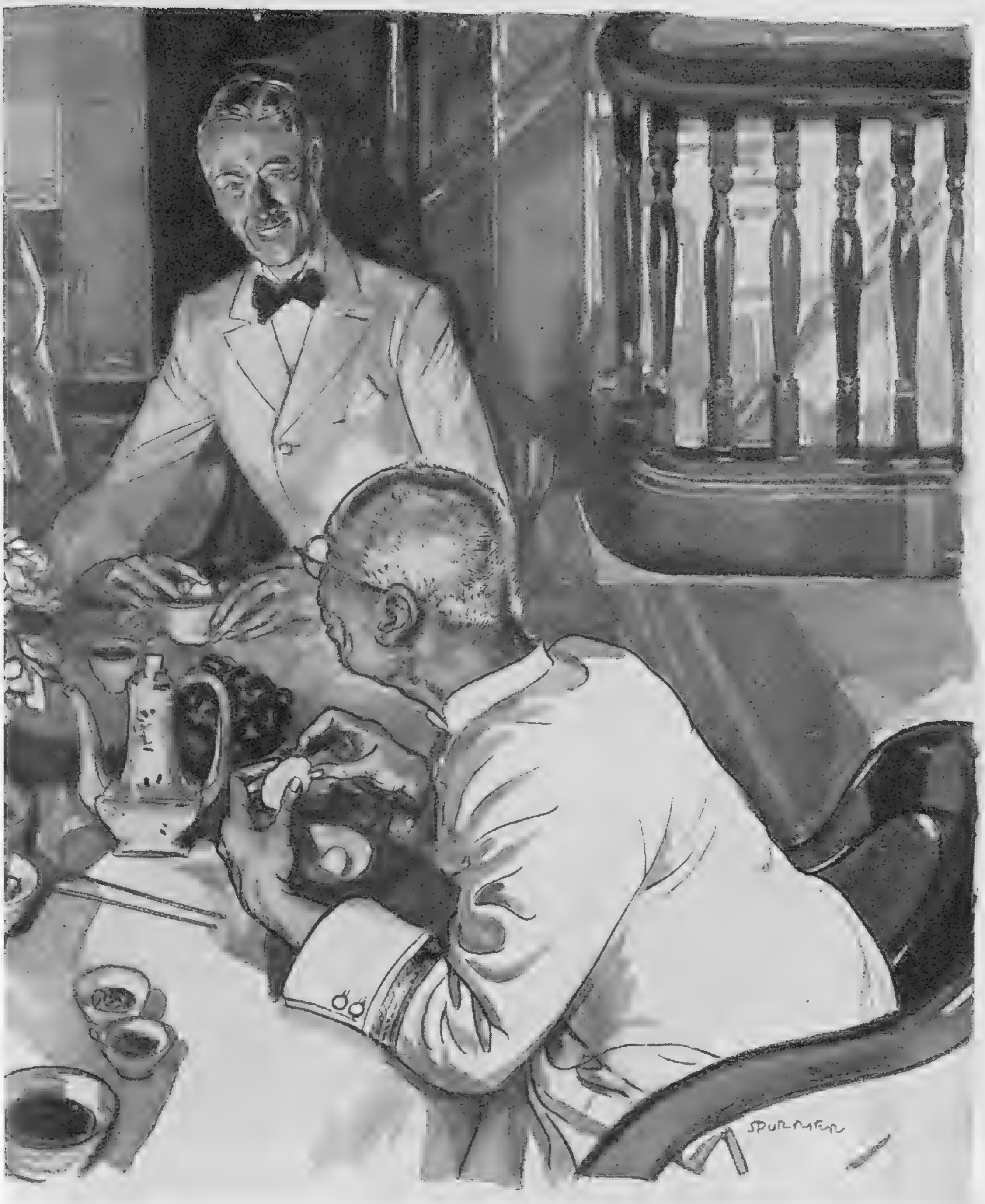
“It's a pretty long story,” Astley began with some diffidence, “ and there's no finish and no end to it. But life is like that, isn't it? Inconclusive, fragmentary, full of anti-climax. Real dramas happen only in books. . . . I hope it won't bore you.

“ I scarcely know where to begin. Back in the old war days, I fancy. . . . Yes. . . . I was engaged to a girl I'd grown up with, and very much in love with her. We got married just before I left for France, towards the latter part of 1914. I had a great pal—we were company commanders in the same battalion for a while—who was seconded eventually to permanent home duty after having an eye shot out on the Somme. I asked him to look after my wife and take her about a bit. Rather foolish of me, as it turned out. Just before the Armistice I got a letter from her—a brutally frank document—saying she had closed up our cottage in Surrey and was living with this pal of mine. She explained that they'd become gradually attached, then—things had happened. She had no regrets. Nothing was said about a divorce. She had simply dropped me and gone to someone else. Women acted like that during the war. It shattered them as badly as it did us Possibly her seeming cold-bloodedness was intended to make me feel that I was well rid of her. Or it might have been her queer, female way of hiding what she really felt. I don't know.

“ Anyway, you can imagine how it hit me. To be let down by the two people I thought I could stake my life on!

“ I managed to get demobilised soon after peace was declared, but what with nerves pretty shaky from trench life, and the shock of this thing, I had no heart to settle down to—to anything. Before long I got to hate the sight of England. I was always afraid of meeting those two, and that fear preyed on my mind until one day I up and packed a few bags and boarded a steamer bound for Colombo. Why I chose Colombo I can't say. Maybe I liked the sound of the name.

“ From there I drifted up to Calcutta, then across to Rangoon and down through Siam to the Straits Settlements. I was terribly depressed. Eventually, having wandered about through Sumatra and Java—it was now just over six months since I'd left England—I awoke to the fact that I was all but broke. Rather alarming, I confess; it caused me to do



you that I was the first white passenger they'd ever carried"

a bit of heavy thinking. I realised that I would have to buck up and do something immediately. But what?

"I was in Soerabaja at the time, and, being unable to speak either Dutch or Malay, I was in a fix. Finally, I decided to go down to Australia and try my luck there. But two things bobbed up to crab that idea. First, I discovered it would cost more than I had left to buy a passage, and, second, there was no boat going for about three weeks.

"However, through a half-caste tally clerk I happened to know, I learned there was a small Chinese cargo steamer leaving that evening for Amboyna. He arranged a passage for me. From Amboyna I figured I could pick up a trip on some trading schooner bound for one of the more northerly points of Australia, say Thursday Island or Port Darwin.

"Have you, by any chance," Astley inquired, "ever travelled on a Chinese freighter?"

I told him I hadn't.

"Well," he said, chuckling, "you must try it some time. The boat I went in was carrying a thousand live pigs in crates on the for'ard deck and a full cargo of dried fish below hatches. It was—appalling!

"Breakfast the next morning was a circus. I forgot to tell you that I was the first white passenger they'd ever carried. All the officers were Chinese, and as I didn't understand a word of their language, nor they of mine, we talked in gestures and grunts and smiles. But they were jolly chaps, friendly and anxious to please. About seven of us sat down at table, and a steward promptly served each of us with a small bowl containing a banana. From the amused chatter and the self-conscious glances in my direction I saw they were doing their best to put on an English breakfast for my benefit. I tried to show my appreciation by nodding and grinning. That banana was lukewarm.

"What with the food and the smells and the heat and the heavy seas, things seemed about as bad as could be until I woke on the fourth morning with the most terrific headache; I was afire and my tongue felt as big as a horse. I knew I was in for something pretty bad.

"I don't remember much more—delirium set in quickly—but I can recollect that the captain and one of his officers came in to see me and that their voices reminded me of turkey gobblers. They gave me some water, and, after a while, I recall being carried down the gangway on a long chair and hoping I wouldn't be dropped.

"Next thing I knew I was in bed in a large room, without the foggiest notion why, how, when or where. I was looking at my surroundings and trying to put two and two together when I noticed a girl, a most bewilderingly lovely creature, sitting at one of the open windows, sewing. Probably it was her chocolate-coloured skin—more gold than brown—that put me on the track of things, for it came back to me then that I was somewhere in the Dutch Indies, and that I'd been carried ashore from a Chinese freighter loaded with squealing pigs.

"Finally, I remembered the war, and the man and woman who'd behaved so rottenly. But somehow those things seemed quite unimportant. I was wonderfully calm and well pleased with myself. All I wanted was to lie quietly and watch that girl for the rest of my life.

"She looked up finally—her eyes were enormous and fringed with the longest lashes I ever saw. . . . She dropped her sewing and hurried over to my bed. Then she turned and ran out of the room.

"Almost immediately a man appeared—a figure right out of some book of old Eastern tales. He was tall, powerfully built, dark-skinned; he wore a rich purple and orange *sarong*. He was a little past middle age; he had a great big head, a curved nose, a broad chin, and tangled eyebrows that gave him an aspect of fierceness. But when he spoke I was struck by the gentleness of his low-pitched voice. He asked me how I felt, and told me his name was Abdul Buraala and that he had the honour of being my host. Then he went on to explain in excellent English that the skipper of the Chinese cargo boat had got the wind up about having a sick white man aboard, and had put me off here at Banda. But there was no longer a hospital in Banda, so he, Buraala, had insisted upon taking me into his house. I'd been there three weeks with a darned bad go of typhoid—off my nut the entire time except for the past twenty-four hours.

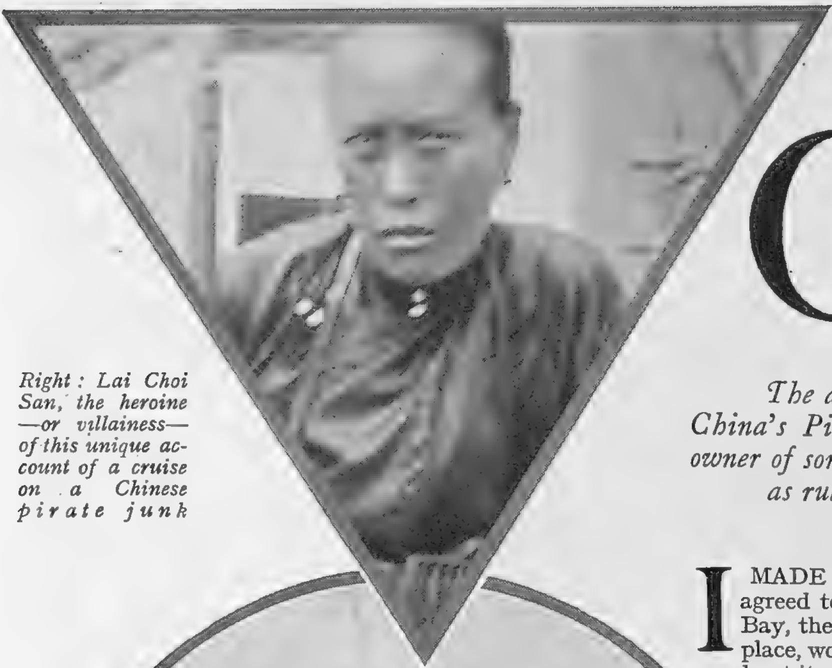
"Presently the local doctor—a little Eurasian—arrived. He went over me, and decided that I was doing all right, and said my recovery was due wholly to Jafra's nursing.

"At the mention of her name Jafra smiled and curtsied.

(*Continued on page* 91)

Lai Choi San

The author describes an adventurous journey with China's Pirate Queen, and tells how this amazing woman, owner of some dozen swift-sailing junks, has established herself as ruler of the waters west and south of Macao



Right: Lai Choi San, the heroine —or villainess— of this unique account of a cruise on a Chinese pirate junk

I MADE many trips from Hong Kong to Macao before she finally agreed to let me board one of her junks. I wanted to go to Bias Bay, the very nest of the South China pirates. I wanted to see the place, worm my way inside the head village, Fan Lo Kong, wander about its streets, take a good look at the houses and the villagers, photograph them, and get out—alive.

The authorities in Hong Kong told me that I was becoming somewhat of a nuisance—I had no business going to Bias Bay. And what if something should happen to me there? Did I expect the whole British Navy to come rushing to my rescue? Would I be so good and not bother them, please? And so the harbour master was instructed not to let me sneak away on a vessel from Hong Kong.

I had to go all the way to Macao, where this harbour master had nothing to say.

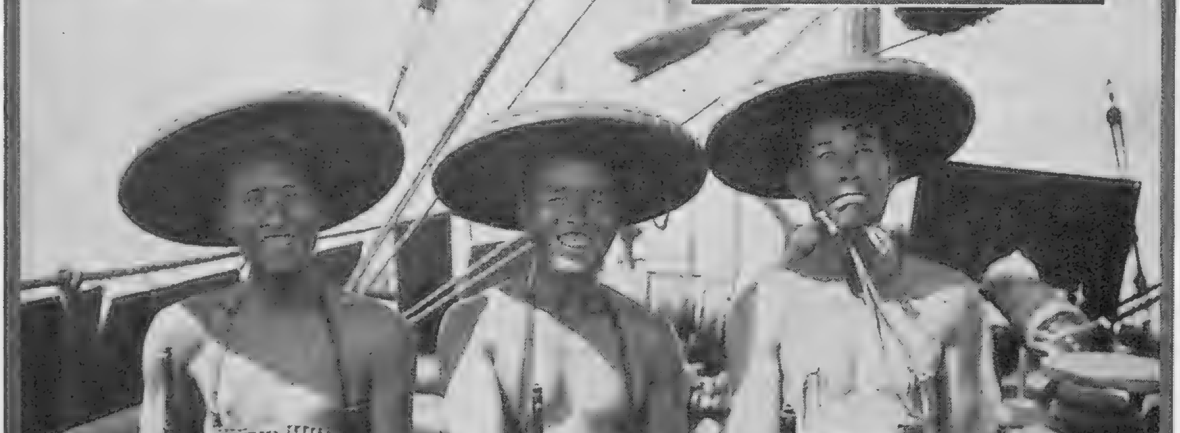
It took weeks to arrange matters.

In an opium-reeking fan-tan den in Macao I made the acquaintance of a slant-eyed gentleman, and, judging from his looks, he could have been the Chief Cut-Throat or at least Head Torturer of any first-class pirate gang. Weeks passed by in endless parleying with this Celestial, and I grew almost desperate. Things were moving too slow. But one day he surprised me by introducing me to his "Number One Boss"—a woman.

She was Lai Choi San.

LAI CHOI SAN was the owner of a dozen swift-sailing junks, each armed to the gills with cannon and carrying fierce-looking crews of half-naked fighting men.

Above: The author suitably undressed for the company and the climate. Right: Mr. Lilius with a beard and a terrifying and toothless member of the crew



Left: Three members of the Pirate Queen's crew. A gun with gun shield can be seen on the right of the picture

The Chinese Pirate Queen

By Aleko E. Lilius

Above: The ring presented to the author by a pirate chief of the West River. A token or passport to come or go unmolested within his territory

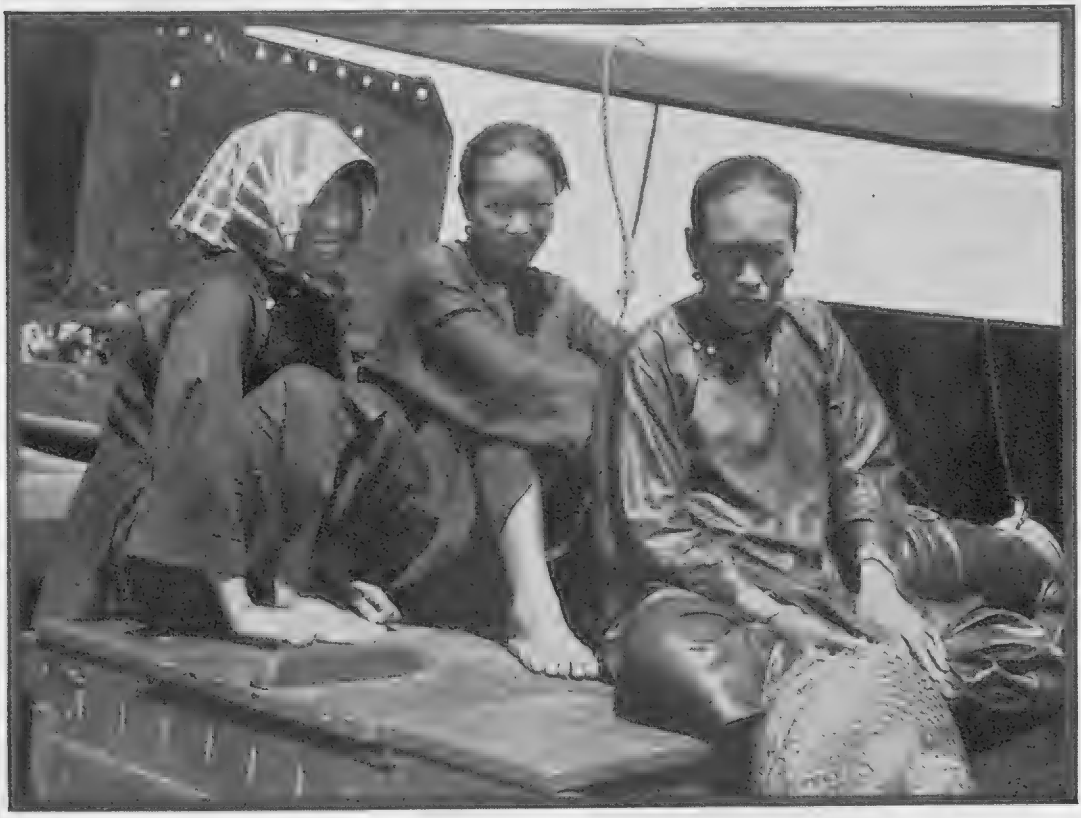
Quite in the spirit of "Treasure Island." Taking in gunpowder on the pirate junk

When I had proved to this remarkable woman—after a severe cross-examination—that I was neither a sleuth, government agent, nor any other sort of a nuisance, but a foolhardy journalist on a hunt for "unusual" copy, she agreed, though reluctantly, to take me along.

And so we sailed away.

It is not generally known to the outside world that all the country along the South China coast, starting from a point only a few miles west of Macao, stretching all the way to the Leichow peninsula, and probably as far as to the very shores of Indo-China, is *the* kingdom of pirates. The islands adjacent to the Portuguese colony of Macao, and especially the delta of the West River, are infested with various pirate clans. The chiefs of these clans are actually tyrant rulers within their "principalities," which they have either inherited from their forefathers or wrested in warfare from rival chieftains. Nobody disturbs them. Here they rule supreme. Their laws are the only laws obeyed in this part of "the Orient earth." As to the Chinese authorities, they are too busy with their own internal wars.

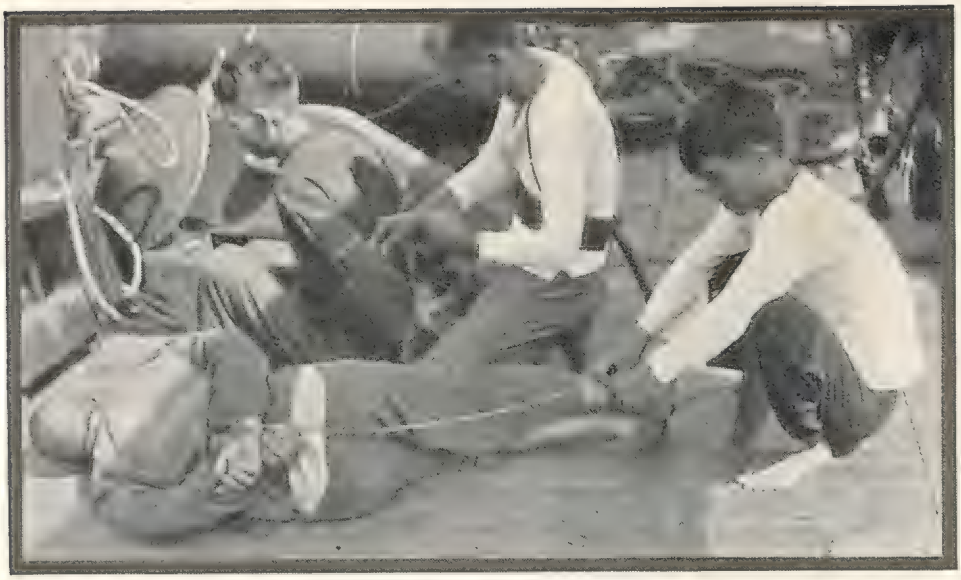
Many of these pirate chiefs have built formidable forts on the islands along the coast, and have even organised small armies. From these fortified islands they prey on passing junks. If the cargo is not valuable enough to be stolen outright, they levy a tax on the vessel and occasionally take a few of the passengers to be held for ransom. If the ransom is not forthcoming within a reasonable time, the victim is killed—for the Chinese believe wholeheartedly in the axiom that dead men tell no tales. As a "reasonable time" the pirates consider the third demand for ransom, which is usually accompanied by the victim's ear, a finger, or a whole hand; not so much as a means of identification as to emphasise the sincerity of the demand.



Below: Lai Choi San with her two amahs. These two servants carried arms and partook of any fighting that was going

We had adventures enough on the trip to Bias Bay.

The very first day Lai Choi San stopped a few junks—and their owners paid up. On the second day we hove to near an island, where she wanted to talk matters over with a few rival owners of a smaller junk fleet. These men had plotted with other gangs to consolidate into a stronger fleet and oust the lady as the "protector" of the thousand



Releasing ransom prisoners

The Look-out

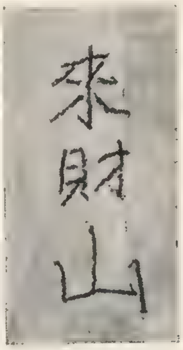
fishing junks that ply in these waters. Her business was *to protect the junks against attacks of other pirates* !—against a certain fee paid into her treasury by every "protected" vessel.

These rival gangs, of course, wanted the business of "protecting" for themselves. So she just sank two of their junks with a few shots from the mediæval cannon on the deck of the ship and took the captains on board, bound hand and foot.

While this battle was going on my interpreter and I were thrown below decks. It was of no earthly use to protest that I wanted to see the show; so below decks I went. Later in the day the captains were ransomed for cash, and peace dawned again upon our adventurous path.

Until we came to Bias Bay.

The going ashore there and the actual visit to this "very nest of the South China high sea pirates" were uneventful and tame, but the send-off we received while wading away through the shallow water with our dinghy was accompanied by flying bullets and loud best wishes, in profane Chinese, for a direct trip to Hades. Luckily for my bodyguard of five men and myself, the bullets missed us by many yards, and we all got back on board the junk unscathed.



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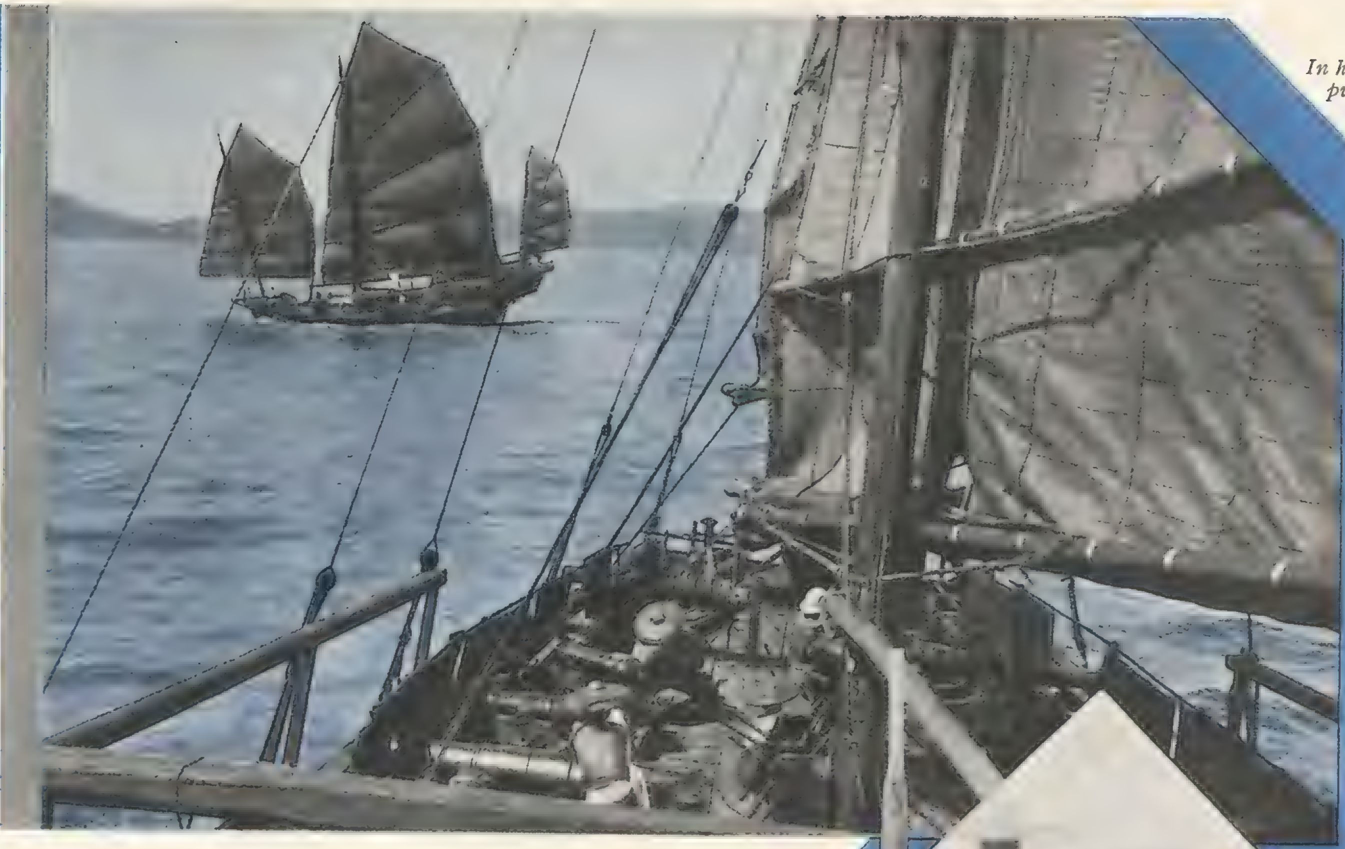
A pirate's autograph. How Lai Choi San wrote her name in the author's notebook

In short, I had sailed on her ship, tramped her deck, and even eaten her *chow*, probably the first white man ever accorded such honour by a Chinese woman pirate chief. She had at first refused me permission to take photographs on board, but I convinced her that this was the whole object of my trip, for which I paid her a goodly amount of money each day. I might as well go ashore at once if I were not to take any pictures. And she finally agreed—not only to my "kodaking," but even consented to have her own picture taken.

LAI CHOI SAN was—and doubtless still is—a pirate all right, but as such she follows her own code of ethics. She does not approve of high sea piracies and wholesale murders of the passengers, officers and the crews of coast steamers, and she confines her operations strictly to her own territory, which includes all the waters west and south of Macao and as far west as the mouth of the West River.



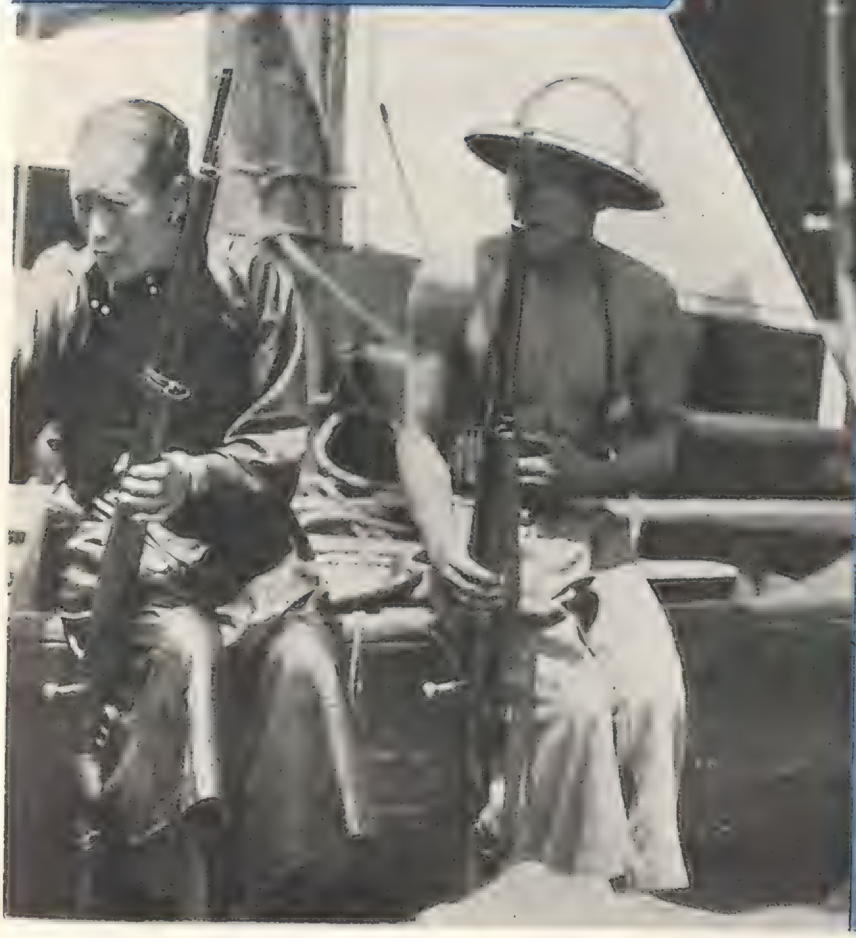
In hot pursuit

來財山

來財山

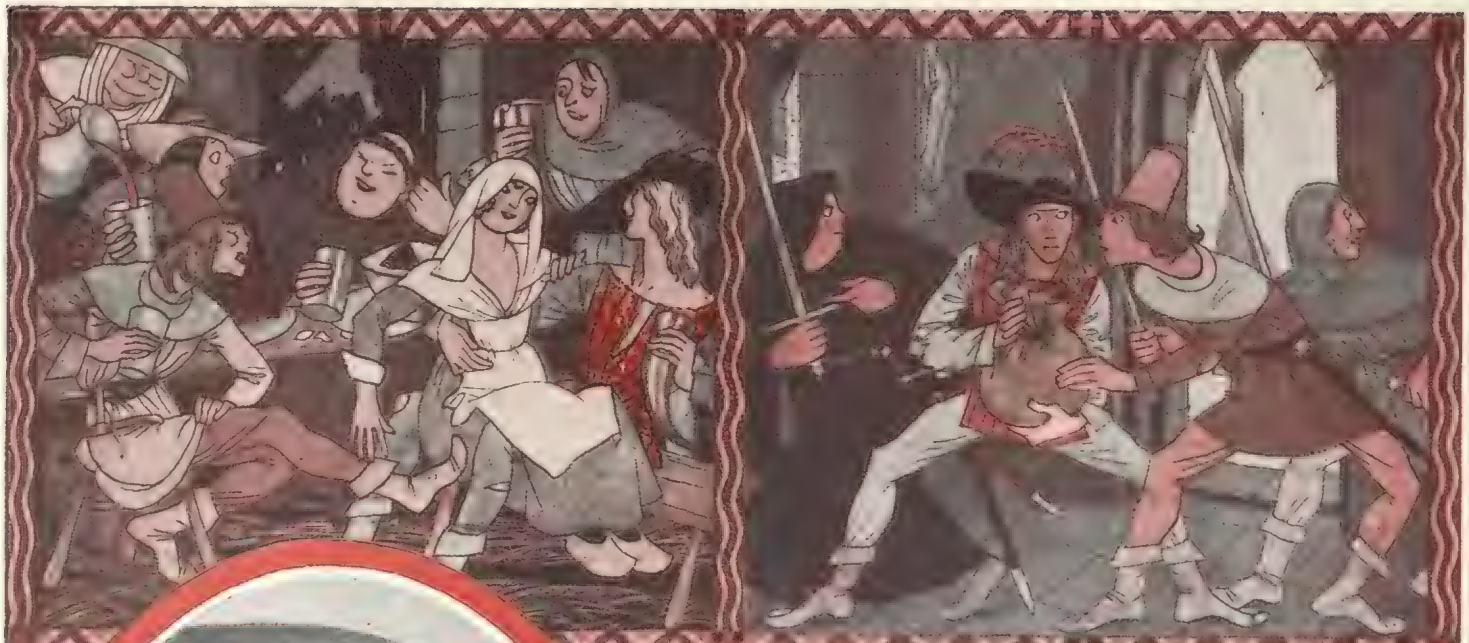
This Pirate Queen's court was very simple. Her throne was an empty wooden box on the high poop, and her only personal attendants were two *amahs*. Her cabin, too, was in the poop. It was not larger than a grand piano case. The interior was decorated with gilt and painted hardwood carvings in the common Chinese style. An image of the goddess A-Ma, the patroness of all seafaring people, hung against the wall next to a small ancestral tablet bearing the name of Lai Choi San's father. I could see a few burning incense sticks thrust into a pewter vase in front of the tablet.

(*Continued on page* 88)



Above : Following in mother's footsteps. The youngest son of the Pirate Queen

Left : Lai Choi San with some members of the crew and one of her amahs armed ready for a fight



Drawn by Thomas Derrick

François Villon, Poet of France and King of the Vagabonds

François
Prince *of* Poets *and* King *of the* Vagabonds

IT is impossible to show you the Paris of 1456 by unrolling old maps or beating the dust out of history books. It was a living thing, just as the London of to-day is a living thing, and one can give some hint of that living reality only by contrast.

Suppose to-morrow in Henrietta Street you were horrified by the screams of a human being and were to discover that they were boiling a coiner alive in Covent Garden Market. Suppose passing the Law Courts you saw a man going in, leading a dog and a goat and carrying a rooster under his arm and you were told he was taking in prisoners to be tried on the charge of witchcraft. Suppose passing St. Paul's you saw Dean Inge and other dignitaries crowned with roses and dancing round an altar—absurd, yet all that would not have been absurd in mediæval Paris—the Paris that was twirling its weather cocks to the winds of spring in the days before the Hotel of the Black Musketeers was built, or the Rue des Frondeurs had received its name.

1456!—1456!—away beyond the times of Monsieur D'Artagnan the hypnotism of that date leads the mind, past veil and veil till—clash! we are on the Petit Pont and the picture has stilled into a day of spring.

Instantly noise rises round us, the rattle of hand carts, the chatter of girls, and the cursing of beggars; footsteps, fish women calling their wares, and with the noise the picture becomes moving and alive.

What a crowd! What trivialities!

Fish offal thrown in the gutter, a girl stopping a step to pull up a garter, priests, students from the University, nobles from the Ville and shopkeepers of

A scene from the Paramount film version of "The Vagabond King." The niece of the King of France offers her life to save Villon from the hangman's rope

Villon

By H. de Vere Stacpoole

the Cité, all moving in the bright spring day livened up by the bells of St. Landry on the breeze blowing from Pincourt. I know the names of a lot of these people, and some of their businesses too. That man with a red blazing face is Saint-Amand; he got drunk last night in the Mule Tavern and will get drunker to-night in the White Horse, and there goes Jacques Cardon, fat-faced, a draper with a house in the Place Maubert; he has stopped to speak to a young man, well dressed, a young man of noble family, but with a dark sinister face; it is René de Montigny, destined yet to be hanged at Montfaucon—but the bright spring day says nothing of this.

THE students are coming across now in great force, for the classes in the Rue du Fouarre are over and the girls and the drink shops of the Cité and Ville are calling. What a crowd! all tonsured, and so protected by Ecclesiastical Law, dressed in short robes—the Arts students—with shoes *à la poulaine* and a dagger somewhere hidden; impudent, jesting and jostling the townsfolk, and there coming along, Arts students to their heels, thumbs in belt and ready for anything that may turn up, are the men I am waiting for, a group of three. Rogier Pichart, Hutin du Moustier and François Villon. That is the name of the third young man, almost a boy, just back in Paris from a sequestration owing to a row last June in which he killed a priest, Phillipe Sermoise by name. He is called Villon after his godfather, old Canon Guillaume Villon, who lives over there in the University quarter, but he was born under the name of Montcorbier, and his old mother is still alive and lives somewhere in the Cité—takes in washing, they say, to help this young scamp who has just tipped over a barrow of greens, who lives for the moment and looks it, yet who, five hundred rolling years hence, will be an object of discussion for the very learned and of interest to the crowd in all countries of the world. Why?

The Fir Cone Inn won't answer that question. You can scarcely hear yourself speak this morning with jolly old Jean Cotart—a bandage over his eye, which he knocked on a butcher's stall last night when drunk—banging a fist on the table, students shouting and squabbling, and Turgis the landlord trying to keep order.

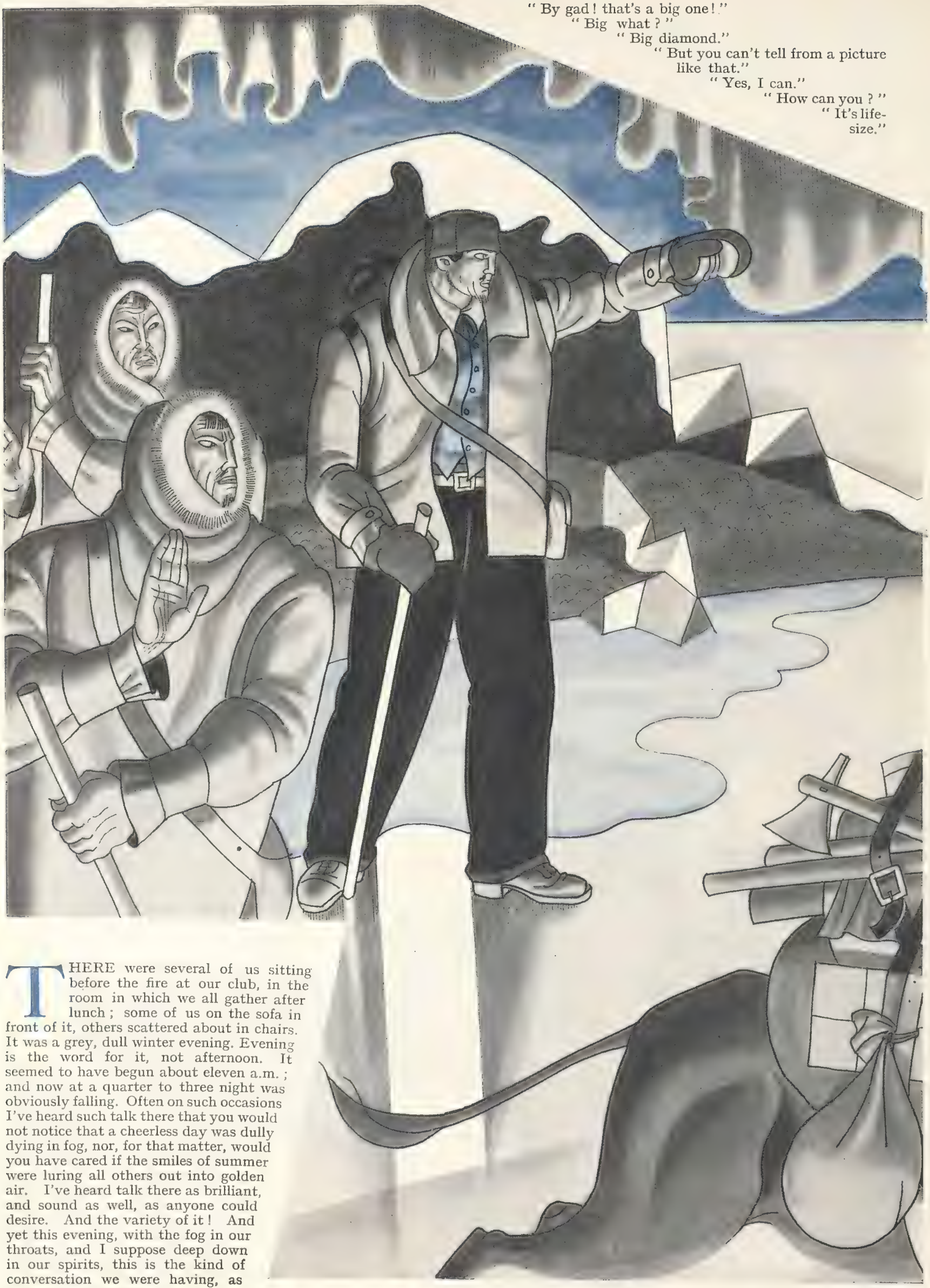
Villon, bright of eye, sharp tongued and full of devilment as he may be, is quiet. He has business to do. You simply can't squeeze girls and drink and roast chickens in any but fractional quantities out of an old washerwoman of the Cité or an old Canon of St. Jacques le Bien Tourné; you can get something out of Coquillards, though, and Coquillards are wicked men with shells in their hats, to imitate pilgrims, who travel France selling indulgences and false jewellery, coining, burgling, highway robbing and talking an argot of their own—and Villon this morning in the Fir Cone is talking to a Coquillard!

(*Continued on page* 102)

Another scene from the song film "The Vagabond King," in which Dennis King plays the part of François Villon. He is seen encouraging his followers to fight the King's enemies

(*Circle*) *A contemporary portrait of Louis XI of France*

" By gad ! that's a big one ! "
" Big what ? "
" Big diamond."
" But you can't tell from a picture like that."
" Yes, I can."
" How can you ? "
" It's life-size."



THERE were several of us sitting before the fire at our club, in the room in which we all gather after lunch ; some of us on the sofa in front of it, others scattered about in chairs. It was a grey, dull winter evening. Evening is the word for it, not afternoon. It seemed to have begun about eleven a.m. ; and now at a quarter to three night was obviously falling. Often on such occasions I've heard such talk there that you would not notice that a cheerless day was dully dying in fog, nor, for that matter, would you have cared if the smiles of summer were luring all others out into golden air. I've heard talk there as brilliant, and sound as well, as anyone could desire. And the variety of it ! And yet this evening, with the fog in our throats, and I suppose deep down in our spirits, this is the kind of conversation we were having, as far as I can remember :

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

A LARGE DIAMOND

A Traveller's Tale of Mystery and Imagination

By LORD DUNSANY

"How do you know?"

"Why, it says so."

"But do you suppose the editor knows?"

"Why, a stone like that is known all over the world; he has only got to ask."

"Still, I don't see how a flat picture can give one any idea of the size of a solid diamond."

"Don't you?" "No, I don't."

"Well, anyway, it's a big one."

"Oh, yes, it's big."

"Well, that's all I said."

One thing, and one thing alone, relieved for me the tedium of this discussion, and that was that Jorkens, who was in the club that day, was solemnly shaking his head. He began at the first mention of a big diamond, quietly continuing through the whole discussion. I hardly noticed him at first, and perhaps should never have done so at all had he not shaken his head with increasing vigour whenever anyone called the diamond big. But for this the monotony of his disagreement might have escaped my attention. I listened then to hear what Jorkens would say, and not a word came from him, but the confidence with which he sat shaking his head made me feel—you could not doubt it—that he really knew something about diamonds that was pretty well hidden from most of us. It wasn't like him to sit silent so long; and it was I that eventually broke his silence when my curiosity could bear it no longer. In any case, it was time these two dull fellows stopped discussing their diagram in an illustrated paper. I glanced at the paper and said directly to Jorkens: "It's a pretty big one, isn't it?"

"Not really," said Jorkens quietly.

"Why," I said, "have you ever seen a bigger one?"

"Yes," said Jorkens.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Well, people who think a stone like that is specially big," said Jorkens, "will hardly believe in my stone."

It was, if I remember right, a diagram of the Koh-i-noor.

"I'll believe anything," I said.

And one or two other fellows, bored, I suppose, by the fog, leaned forward and said, "So will we."

ERIC FRASER '31

SOMETHING in that seemed to cheer Jorkens and encourage him a good deal, and without any more ado he started his tale at once.

"It was a long time ago," he said. "Many years ago a meteorite had fallen in the far North of Russia, up in the Esquimaux land, a colossal thing; and it took a year or so for the news to reach civilised Europe. When it did, it came only as rumour. But what struck me at once, as soon as I heard the rumour, was that the thing must have been as big as a mountain. For one can sift truth out of a rumour as well as out of anything else, if you go the right way about it. It appeared first as a fable of the Esquimaux. A god, they said, had arrived in a flaming car and driven away southwards, and the sky was red all night and all the snow was melted for forty miles.

"It was not a matter of trusting the Esquimaux—I wouldn't trust them a yard—but simple people invent tales usually for simple reasons, and where was the reason here? Their report passed unnoticed; but to me it seemed that the only reason for its existence was that something like that, something that looked like that, must actually have happened—in fact, a meteorite, and one vastly larger than any that had hit the world before. In the end I went to look for it.

"I had no difficulty in finding it either; the Esquimaux had given geographical details. What was difficult was to find out what on earth had happened. I found a mountain of meteoric iron before I had gone a day and a half from the coast, and it seemed to be what I was looking for. It was not on the map, but then very little in those parts was; so that proved nothing. It was of the right material, and within forty or fifty miles of the right place; and yet, without shutting one's eyes to a very obvious fact, one could not be satisfied that one had discovered what I was looking for. My expedition was purely scientific, and in science you can't shut your eyes to facts that don't

ERIC FRASER

quite fit. I used to be very keen on science in those days. I made many scientific journeys. I may have told you of some of them."

I didn't want Jorkens to wander, because, if he did that, you never got him back.

"What was wrong with your mountain?" I asked.

"Simply," said Jorkens, "that a colossal thing like that, as big as one of the Alps, could not have hit the earth at the enormous pace those things travel at, plus the pace of our own earth, without having gone right in and utterly buried itself. But here it was sticking up in the air as high as the St. Gothard. Well, I questioned the Esquimaux then. I had three or four with me, running my reindeer sleigh; and you must remember that nothing had come to our end of Europe about this meteorite except Esquimaux' rumours, so that these rumours were the only scientific data that I had on which to work. Well, they stuck to their story that the god in his car had arrived much farther North and had driven away in this direction. And the conflagration had been where he had arrived, not here. That puzzled me for a long time. It seemed simple enough. It seemed so like burning forests. And yet there weren't forests there in the North; it was just snow and ice, except for one month in the year, when the snow melted and enough sparse vegetation appeared to feed a few reindeer. I knew very few dozen words of the Esquimaux language, and I questioned them largely by signs; but there was no doubt about that conflagration.

"And all of a sudden I got it—an exposed stratum of coal. The meteorite must have hit it and set it flaming.

"There was no sign of any coal round the mountain that I had seen, so it must have struck our earth a glancing blow and ricochetted on. That was what I eventually decided on, and it turned out to be right. You see, the meteorite had not merely dropped; the gravitation of Earth had not been its only influence; if so, it would have come straight; but it had its own orbit and a movement of its own; this, combined with the pull of the earth, had made its slanting course, and it had hit us obliquely and ricochetted.

"WHEN I had worked out this it was easy enough to follow up the course of the meteorite to where it had first struck earth. Theory is the difficult thing; anyone can do practice. Well, the mountain had hit the earth in several places, leaving shallow hollows like the beds of old lakes, about a mile apart. But after a while the distances grew greater and the hollows much deeper, more and more of them being partly filled with water. I had had to leave the reindeer behind at the mountain, because the snow was rapidly melting. I had chosen the one month in the year when the snow is gone, so that I could see the ground."

"By the way," said someone. "Are there diamonds in Russia?"

"Are there diamonds in Russia!" repeated Jorkens, with a sort of sad fervour.

"Well, you were telling us about a diamond, weren't you?" he said.

"You shall hear," said Jorkens. "You shall hear." And then he added, "You know what a diamond is, I suppose."

"Well, of course, we do," said one or two of us, with the rather irritable confident air that so often goes with ignorance. But one man knew. "Crystallised carbon," he said.

And then Jorkens went on with his tale. "The snow had all melted; I'd timed my journey just right for that; and we went on with three donkeys that I bought at a kind of village, if you can give such a name to a cluster of huts that comes one year and goes the next. I had three Esquimaux, one for each donkey. Our kit was on the donkeys and we walked.

"We came to a huge depression in the earth, into which water had come and frozen. A huge lake without reeds, not yet discovered by wild fowl. A most lonely waste; cold, empty and glittering dully, the ice turning to slush. And then no more of these hollows for twenty-five miles. It was, in fact, the last of the bounces the mountain had made. Or the first, rather; for I was travelling in the opposite direction. We camped about ten miles north of that vast lake, glad to see the last of its chilly miles of dull loneliness. Next day we packed up our crude little tents and did fifteen miles more. And that brought us to the place where the meteor had first hit our earth, striking a glancing blow. Right on the top of the earth it had fallen, partly pulled by our gravitation, and partly flying on some course of its own, which our arrival must have disturbed. Then, as I have said, it ricochetted away.

"There was no mistaking the place where it had struck; first of all, because I had been right about the coal, and we walked over about a mile of cinders, a fine outcrop of coal burned right down to the bottom of the stratum as far as I could tell. And then we came to a wide, flat dreary waste, going perfectly level to the horizon; and cold—it was horribly cold. And the snow still covered it, though it was gone everywhere else. I intended to camp that night on it so as to take a few miles off the long journey, next day, to the other side. But the Esquimaux would not come. I asked them why not. 'Bad ice,' they said. I stamped through the snow and it seemed hard as steel. But they repeated 'Bad ice.' 'What's wrong?' I asked, so far as I could manage their language. 'Too cold,' they said. 'Very bad ice.'

"'You don't like ice being cold?' I tried to ask. But you can't be ironical with natives, in their language, helped out by signs.

"'No,' they said. 'Very cold.'

"So in the end I took the donkey that had my own tent, and went on alone through the snow. Being unable to tether the donkey, he went off that night after the rest, but I managed to get my tent up, and tried to get some sleep, cold though it was. The silence was measureless, not a sound from the cracking of ice, not a rumble from water. There are hundreds of sounds that come grumbling up through ice; but here there was not a murmur, not a whisper, and no sounds of animal life but my donkey breathing. And later on, when he went away, I thought I heard him slithering on the hardness for five miles, till he reached the shore, for there was no other sound whatever in all that waste. That silence in the cold kept me awake for a long time. So that when a sort of morning came, and I put on my skates, I knew already, as well as the Esquimaux, that there was something odd about it. I put on my skates because the layer of snow had all melted. It had puzzled me to see it there at all; but I have seen the same on a hard tennis-court, when it has gone from everything else. I had trudged overnight in my boots, my snowshoes having gone back with the reindeer; but now I put on a pair of skates, and calculated on getting to the other side in a few hours. Yet I saw that there was something odd about it. The queer glitter of the thing was odd, if nothing else. Well, I soon found out what was the matter with that ice. It was harder than steel. That was one thing that was the matter with it. My skates wouldn't grip at all, and I sprawled and fell till I was bruised all over. What could that meteorite have done to ice? I thought. And all of a sudden the right idea struck me. If it was harder than steel, it wasn't ice. The idea came to me while I was on my hands and knees, looking down into depths of light. I pulled out my pocket-knife and tried to scratch it. Not a mark would it make. There aren't many things on earth that steel won't scratch, but this was one of them. I had a ring in those days, a stone set in gold, that as a matter of fact was rock crystal. Not the one I am wearing now, of course; that is perfectly genuine. People used to think it was a diamond, though I didn't buy it with that intention.

I don't remember why I bought it—liked the look of it, I suppose; took my fancy. Anyhow, I had this bit of a crystal in a ring, and I tried it now on the cold glittering substance; and not a scratch would it make either. It would have scratched it if it had been rock crystal too. This left very few things it could be. Well, I sat down on the wet stone and took off my skates. Then I stood up and shaded my eyes from that frightful glare, and tried to think. It was no use going back to the idea that that wide plain was of ice. An unscientific mind might have wasted time considering such things; but the touch of the steel had proved that that was impossible. I had, therefore, to think forward to new theories. Well, it was easy enough. The first thing you do when you see a stone—I mean, if you are a scientist—is to consider what stratum you're on. The moment I thought of it, it was clear enough. I was on coal; I had seen the burnt cinders all along the edges. You know what coal is."

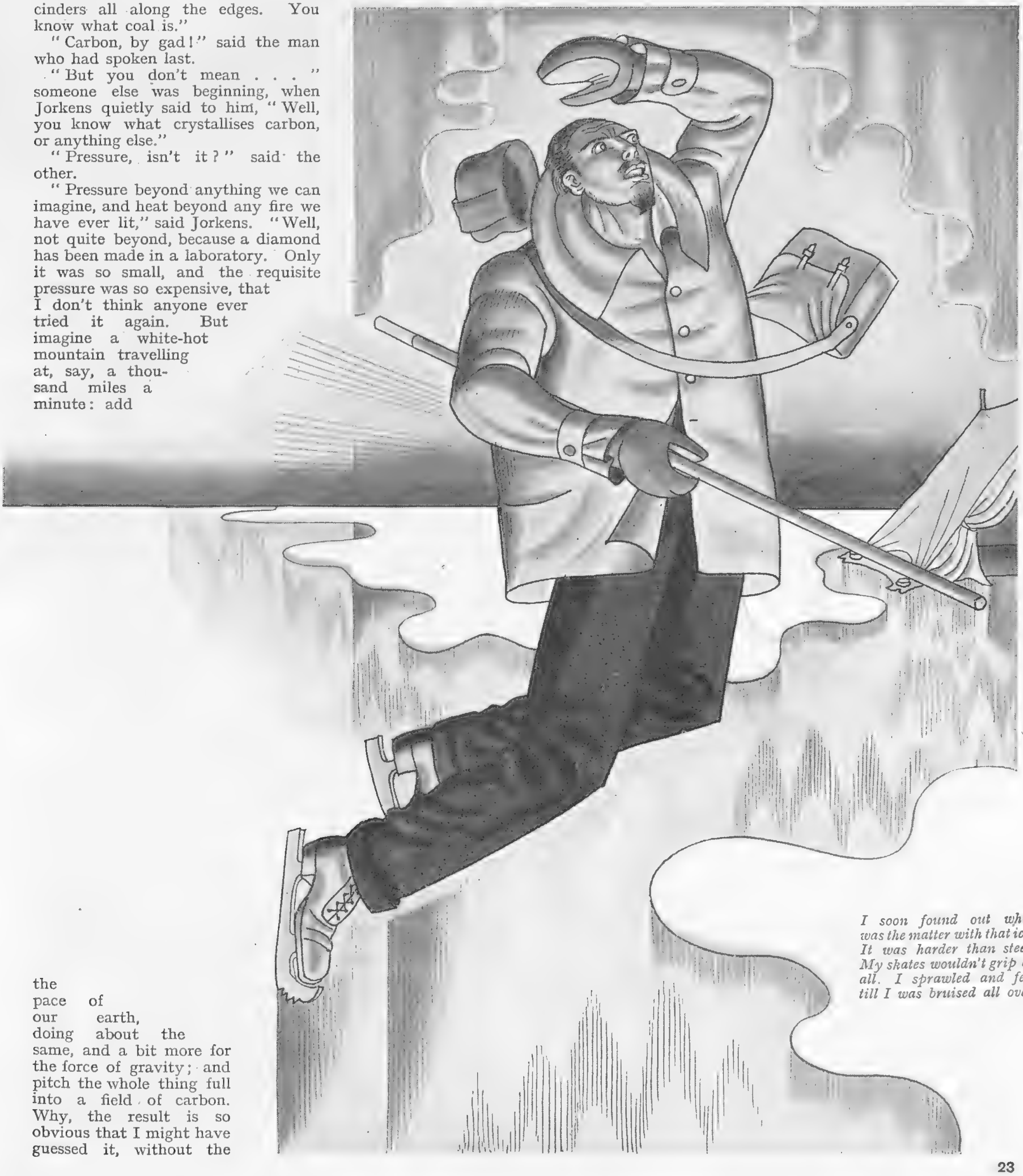
"Carbon, by gad!" said the man who had spoken last.

"But you don't mean . . ." someone else was beginning, when Jorkens quietly said to him, "Well, you know what crystallises carbon, or anything else."

"Pressure, isn't it?" said the other.

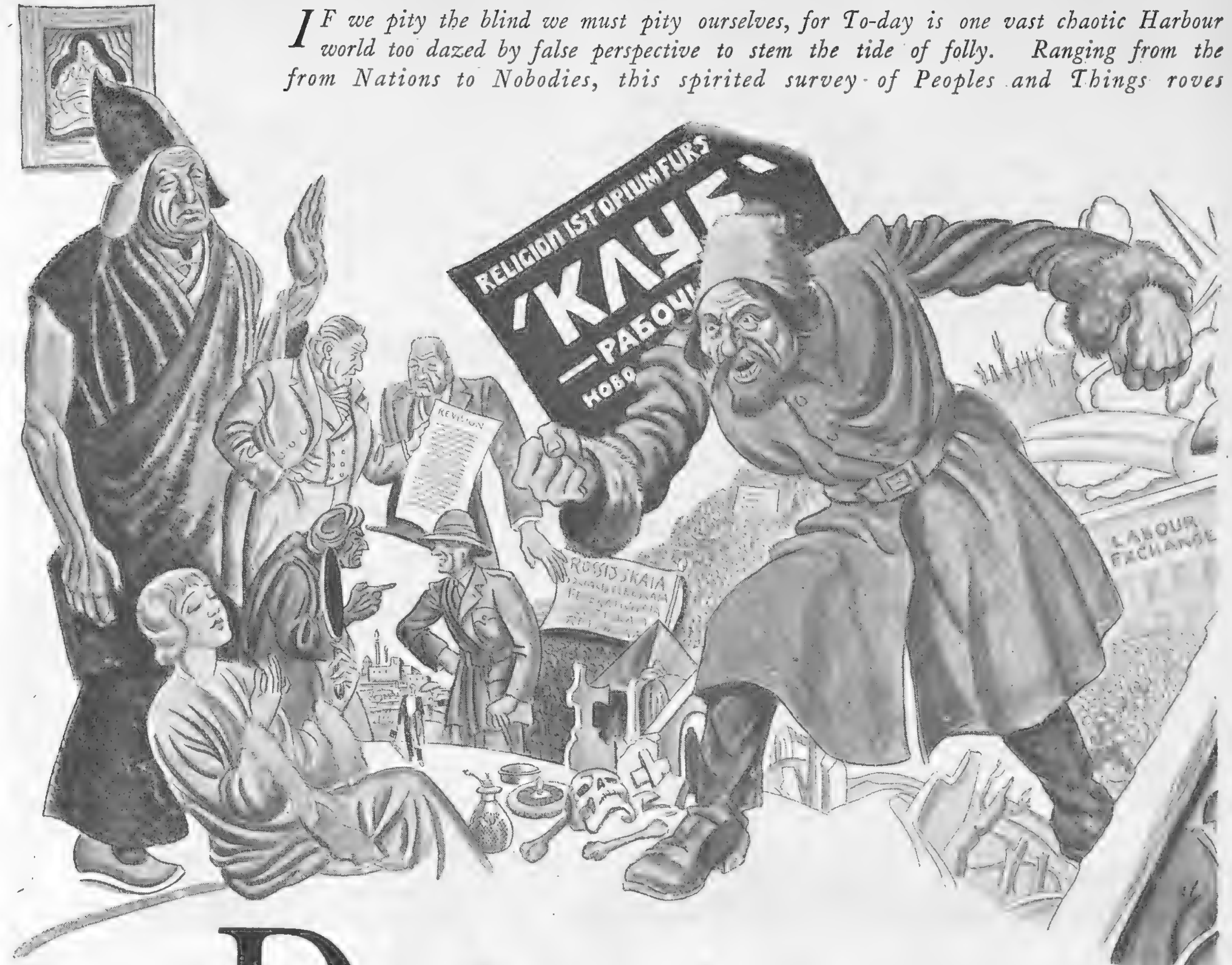
"Pressure beyond anything we can imagine, and heat beyond any fire we have ever lit," said Jorkens. "Well, not quite beyond, because a diamond has been made in a laboratory. Only it was so small, and the requisite pressure was so expensive, that I don't think anyone ever tried it again. But imagine a white-hot mountain travelling at, say, a thousand miles a minute: add the pace of our earth, doing about the same, and a bit more for the force of gravity; and pitch the whole thing full into a field of carbon. Why, the result is so obvious that I might have guessed it, without the trouble of going to look. But now that I had gone to look I decided to go right across it and see the other side. And a weary journey it was. The awful hardness, the cold and that deadly glitter, wearied feet and head and heart. Chiefly I was looking for a flaw, in order to insert a knife-blade or the edge of my skate, and bring a good slab back. And—would you believe it?—there was not a flaw in the whole of it.

"A headache I got from the glare grew worse all the time; and there was no nightfall to help me at the end of June in those latitudes. I plodded wearily on, and the sight of any considerable display of diamonds has wearied me ever since. That is the true reason why I don't go to Lady Clashion's evening parties any more, and you can tell whom you please. Well, I went on and on, and at last, late in what would have been evening in any civilised country, *(Continued on page 102)*



I soon found out what was the matter with that ice. It was harder than steel. My skates wouldn't grip at all. I sprawled and fell till I was bruised all over

If we pity the blind we must pity ourselves, for To-day is one vast chaotic Harbour world too dazed by false perspective to stem the tide of folly. Ranging from the from Nations to Nobodies, this spirited survey of Peoples and Things roves



Delusions

DELUSIONS! How we do cling to them in this uncompromising age! We are more fatuous than the pre-war adult generation, with our futile self-deceptions about almost everything, from Disarmament to the soul-strengthening properties of Expressionism, and our false perspective of Things That Matter, against the sombre twilight of the old gods.

Conjuring the Romance that never was, the Ideal that never will be, we delude ourselves that " As you were " would step us back into a chimerical Utopia, and that " Forward march " is due to bring us blindly to some controlled, doled and mechanised Paradise. We are floundering in Delusion, ambushed in peril as no generation before. Too blind, too apathetic, too spiritually anæmic to haul ourselves out and look round. Unless we get a grip on our meandering imaginations, Providence will stage another war for our spiritual salvation. It is a delusion, alas! that *only* Peace is progressive. It is a delusion to call the War a " tragedy." War is ghastly, but realistic; barbarous, but vitalising; destructive, but emancipating. The World War killed its millions, but released tens of millions from the bondage of prejudice and stifling tradition. Wars have brought more human freedom, mental and spiritual, than ever has Peace. A pity that it should have to be so. The inescapable fact that mankind only learns through suffering argues strongly for the theory of eternal progress of the Soul.

Having mourned our dead, exalted the Ideal for which they died, honoured the sacrifice, it would be unnatural, hypocritical even, not to examine with gratitude and optimism their legacy of a New Era. Women, popularly regarded together with children as the " innocent victims," have certainly been the most immediate and greatest beneficiaries of this last war, instrumental in giving hundreds of thousands a measure of freedom that twenty-five or even fifty years of peace might not have brought. In England and Germany war levelled strongholds of conservatism and prejudice. In Turkey and the Near East it razed harem walls. Revolution and civil wars have brought progress and emancipation to legions of Chinese women, unbound their feet, ended their slavery. Then, again, only through near-revolt and bloodshed in India have the suffocating veils of Purdah and crushing bars of the Zenana been torn away for woman's good. Delusions there are of War, and in war time—not the least of the former being the world war tales of atrocities, which proved how the sanest people can be infected with delusions. It was an American delusion that America went into the war to " make the world safe for Democracy." It was a world delusion that prosperity and brotherhood would follow Peace. The League of Nations is a delusion.

ATHEIST Russia, whose name is anathema in many circles, is one of the greatest beneficiaries of the war. It is dangerous delusion to make light of the tremendous spiritual force of that dynamic drive from the iron Kremlin. The mystery of her fierce, vital intensity surpasses all understanding. We know that Russia owns the most up-to-date air force in the world to-day, possesses incomparable aircraft, inestimable ambitions, and almost unlimited man-power.

of Illusions, drifting madly, dangerously, before a last War to the next, from Democracy to Death, like a restless searchlight across many waters

By Lady Drummond Hay

Decoration by
BATT

INRI
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS
TO
FROM
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WE know the day is upon us when Germany's demand for revision must be heard, or she will join this Soviet Russia. We know that France is fortifying, arming and hoarding gold. That the Polish Corridor represents a danger-factor to all Europe. That Central Europe itself is seething with potential revolution. We know that over-populated Italy demands, intends to find, an outlet for her millions, and aims at domination of the Mediterranean. We know that the Balkan pawns are provocative pieces. We must foresee the inevitable in India, must reckon with the wakening of China's 500,000,000 to national consciousness, with the bursting of Japan's territorial limits and emigration restrictions. We must reckon with the menace of her emptiness to Australia as a "White Continent"—the revelation of America's economic vulnerability. It is no good deceiving ourselves, or allowing Government or Press to deceive us upon such issues. There is no room for delusions here.

One inevitably asks, however, what has it profited the Allies to gain the whole war, subsequently to risk losing their souls in apathy and defeatism?

BRITAIN has never properly pulled herself together since the War. No great leader has arisen from the chaos, no inspiration from the people. We have been deluding ourselves for nearly thirteen years that "better times are coming." How should they come—or why—without intelligent planning and effort on the part of anticipative beneficiaries? What have we been doing to deserve them? Muddled through more than a decade, from depression, pessimism to defeatism. Agreed to the ever-increasing cost of expanding bureaucracy; submitted to inefficient public services; watched quiescently unemployment grow and doles multiply unchecked; allowed our foreign trade to diminish alarmingly; fatalistically deplored the loosening bonds of Empire; waning prestige in the East, lack of stability in the nation's social life, insularity and superficiality in the daily Press, and lukewarm influence of the Church. Is *this* Victory! What a delusion! What greater delusions than election promises?

It is a delusion of republicans that only in republics can people be free and happy; of monarchists that exiled monarchs will one day be romantically recalled, and dispossessed princes come into "their own" again. The vast majority of citizens of the United States republic are firmly convinced that theirs is the freest country on earth, whereas it is a land of unmellowed codes, with laws untampered by tradition and usage. America is not free. That idea and prohibition are two of the biggest delusions of the century.

IT is doubtful whether Man with his limitations, unless here and there one of extraordinary character, could be stripped of all illusions and delusions, and still seem human to us. He would appear cold, hard, insensible to suffering. Men like Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, may have believed that they had no illusions, but in the end fell victim to one or more.

It is a common delusion of all those in power to believe that by edict they can set back, or halt, the hands of Time and Progress. Evolution, divine and intangible secret of Infinity, can never be stilled. To-day is moribund with the dawn, dying in seconds. Nothing short of devastating cataclysm can stem the tide of human advance and experiment. Easier, therefore, is the task—as difficult as it may be—of a Mussolini, a Kemal Pasha, a Stalin, to force disconcerting progress upon a people than that of the Pope to impose the demands of his New Year Encyclical upon a generation first thrust into unprecedented responsibility following the War, then forced into self-reliance, independent thinking, faced with unsounded economic conditions, desperately alive to the new perspective.

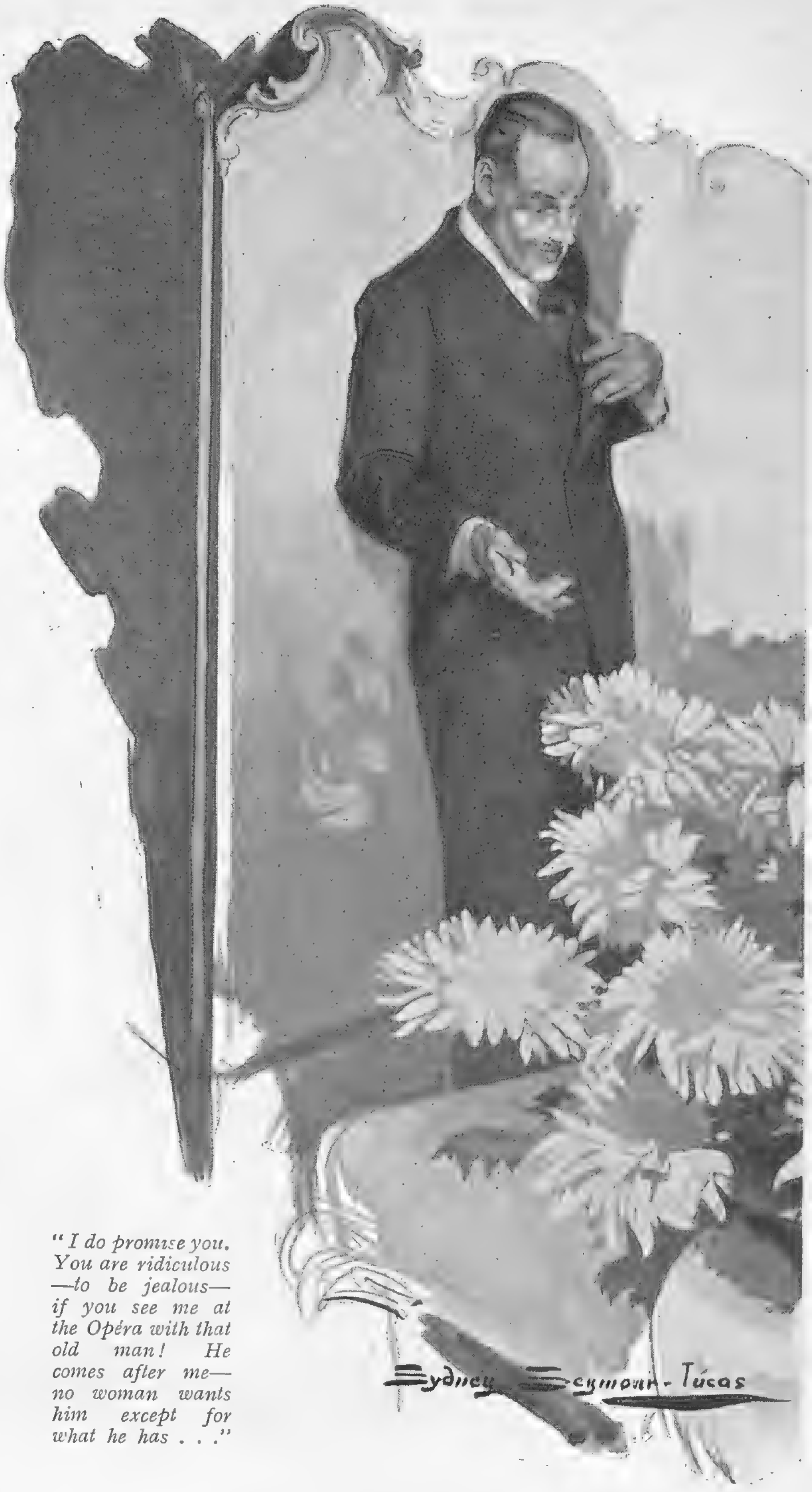
I do not think it would be disrespectful to surmise that the Pope hopes for more results carried out in the spirit of his Encyclical than for its fulfilment to the letter. His intelligence is hardly to be deluded into believing that the present generation can unlearn its bitter experiences or retreat mentally several decades, as much as his heart may long for the one, and his principles urge encouragement of the other.

IN the case of lay rulers throughout the ages, and to-day, one cannot but marvel at the incongruous futility of truly great men concerning themselves with little affairs of no national import, such as women's dress, "Sunday shaves," and attempted pettifogging restrictions upon the

(*Continued on page* 121)

Illustrated by

Sydney Seymour-Lucas



"I do promise you. You are ridiculous—to be jealous—if you see me at the Opéra with that old man! He comes after me—no woman wants him except for what he has . . ."

THE pretty woman was a disappointment to Sir Ben. "Cold, begad, cold!" he said to himself both with surprise and resentment. And you wouldn't have thought it. He had danced round her for quite a while now—quite a while. Time wasted. Her little notes to him had been sweet; and she herself sweet, too. Lunches and flowers, compliments, edging her into corners by themselves when they met at parties, listening to that sad, romantic, womanly tale she had about her husbands—he had been through the whole familiar gambit. Then to-night, warmth, spring, nightingales, river; the smartest country club in England at its best and very quiet: very, very quiet—she must have known what declarations impended. She couldn't have failed to know that his kind of man was hot; wasn't going to wait for ever. For months he had been wondering when she would drop her laughing mask and show him that she loved him. To-night he had staged her chance with the discretion and security of long experience.

And she had . . . she had . . . He did not care to recall the expression fleeting over her face as she turned her mouth away. Well, it was over She was that revolting thing—a cold woman.

He had taken trouble over her; it had come to mean something to him—the quest of little Mrs. A. These last one—two—three years he had been engaged on similar quests, and somehow—for some obscure reason—had not brought them—as he had been accustomed to do—to charmingly satisfactory results. Each time something in him seemed to have drawn back, in case—well, in case . . . supposing he were just being made a fool of!

He had had trouble with himself to scotch such an absurd uneasiness, and he had felt sure that Mrs. A. would set his doubts at rest. . . .

Of course, the explanation was plain to any man of observation and understanding of women. It was just that nowadays women were cold.

There were no more women like the women of the old days. They were now thin, restless, chicken-hearted. He had to look back to the past for the glorious girls who had known how to love.

Yet for all the adequate explanations, going into the suite which he still kept in St. James's though his wife had long ago ceased to trouble about a town house, he was lonely. He was wistful and arid and wretched. No woman in his life! Reason enough for this desert loneliness of the heart! He sought anxiously in his mind for solace, and quite suddenly, over his last whisky and soda, studying his figure—thick, but still well set up—and his bald patch—which was, however, only a patch—in the mirror, he remembered the beguiling little Countess in Paris.

This time last year he had been wild about the Countess—wild. She was wild about him—not a doubt of it! But after all the reconnoitring, before he could put her passion to the test, her husband had come back from serving in the Near East—for a whole six months' leave; and it had looked dangerous; and those irresolutions—that he never used to have—had beset him again; and the husband had taken her South; and soon afterwards in a country house in Hampshire Mrs. A. had crossed the horizon.

But now it was restless, devilish spring again; and the Countess's last letter—she usually answered his letters, loving little heart!—had mentioned that the husband was once more away.

Sir Ben assured himself: "I've treated that little woman pretty callously! I've made her suffer! By God, I'll run over to Paris now. . . . There's a woman for you! By Jove, yes! I'll go!"

AS Lady Warder went out into her garden she was almost a completely happy woman. For there about her lay the creation of her last ten years—the years from forty till fifty. Up till forty there had been a daughter to bring out, and a son to watch; the daughter married and away, the son out East with his regiment, seldom home, she had built again. She had built her garden, the loveliest in Hampshire. Its beauty was incomparable. People stood in it entranced. And now on this spring morning, the cloud of bluebells under the larches at the north side, and the hyacinths and crocuses; the daffodils; and the violet beds whose scent sprayed the air—all these filled the heart with happiness and joy. Once more, summer approaching, the famous roses would draw all Lady Warder's many friends. So that she was almost a happy woman this spring morning, but not quite. There was, indeed, something eating at her heart.

"Good morning, Earle."

"Good morning, my lady. The new delphiniums are going

Cool *of the* Day

TO have and to hold, to love and to keep love, to grow old together . . . things didn't happen that way to the lonely woman who planted all her dreams in a garden, waiting for the man who came back, stung at last by the turn of Youth's cold shoulder . . . too late?

By May Edginton

to do grand. We're bedding out the violas." She nodded, contemplating the gardener's work, and yet abstracted.

"I'll go up the Blue Walk."

"Shall I come, my lady?"

She shook her head; and she looked through the gardener and his work to infinite distances beyond.

"Not if you're busy. I have decided on going to Holland at once, Earle."

"You have, my lady?" Her head gardener's eyes fixed her attentively; he appeared almost excited, but calmed himself. "Will you want me?"

She shook her head again. "No."

She went slowly up the Blue Walk, where she had her blue and mauve borders—delphiniums, lupins, violas, lavender.

She was thinking hard. Her soft mouth drew a resolute line; there were creases puckered into her forehead. The eyes of this woman of fifty were hungry. Then all at once she was aware of her husband's thick but still well-set-up figure coming towards her, his bald patch going pink under the very warm sun.

She stood perfectly still, holding her basket and scissors.

As he approached her Sir Ben was still in his vexed, sulky, obstinate, defensive mood. Yet there was that something new in this mood; the wistfulness . . . the fear, and it irked him. A fear of what? Of what nonsense could he be afraid? He shook his shoulders; and as he walked towards his wife he observed her more narrowly than he had done for a very long time. She wore that brooding look, that concentrated brave look that, many years ago, he had seen on her face when on occasions she had wildly reproached him, when she had been jealous and miserable and afraid of losing him; when she was a much younger woman.

Here was the look back again—the look of the woman who is going to fight for something—someone—very dear to her. And without articulating it even to himself, he was in a curious fashion pleased and reassured after this unsatisfactory time of light-hearted cold women.

Here was one who faithfully if futilely loved him—poor soul! poor soul! Well, but she must realise—had already realised—that a virile man of only fifty-nine is too young for a woman of fifty to whom he has been, moreover, married for thirty years.

Still, on this morning of all mornings, he could not help wondering: would those burning thoughts behind her fair, pale, faded mask break out again as they used to do?

"Morning, Eva," he said.

She replied from the depths of her deep brooding anxiety: "Good morning, Ben."

He said robustly:

"I'm only down till this afternoon, m'dear, just to see after that business of what's-his-name's tenancy. Because I'm slipping over to Paris for a week or two."

Her eyes, blue, a little faded like her face, steadfast, rested on him for quite a long time. And he saw that they were hungry. "Paris," she said, "the chestnuts will be nearly out."

She concealed her love and her anxiety and her jealousy very well, he thought. A dignified woman—give her her due.

"I'm just off to see what's-his-name."

"Back for luncheon?"

"Certainly; certainly."

That was all. There was hardly ever more than that between them now.

He looked back when he reached the end of the Blue Walk, and she was still standing in her misty grey tweeds exactly where he left her, gazing into space. Well, he thought, she must remember she had had him once—and a good lover he had made; and now she had her home and her social duties and her family and everything. A woman's love life was so short—a man's so long: until death. Some day—he thought this also—he would tell her that bluntly, because all women should know.

Pitiful things, women.

SIR Ben dined in town at his club, because he was taking the night boat. Club was full of rusty old men. His contemporaries? You could never have thought it. They nodded curtly to him, and looked away. These friends of his youth had for long been too damned dull to bother with—like the people rooted in Hampshire. He didn't bother much with them either. It was a good time since any of his county neighbours had asked him to dinner . . . Eva did all that stuff, flower shows and dinners, and tea parties, and all of it.

He dropped into meditation.

The London season approached, but it wasn't what it used to be. Everything had deteriorated.

Well, it was still a man's world; and a man must—and, luckily, could—make his own life.

As he finished his bottle of Château Latour his thoughts and anticipations were warmly about little Julie; with her soldier husband safely away with his regiment in Morocco.

WHILE her husband had been seeing what-was-his-name, and then travelling up to Town, Lady Warder had been extremely busy. Galvanised suddenly into her decision to go to Holland, she had, with her quiet executiveness, told her maid to pack, and go ahead to London to get visas; while she herself telephoned the Vicar about this and that, and put off the Girls' Club meeting, and rang up her dear Dorothy on one side of the county, and her dear Duchess on the other, and excused herself from a luncheon party and a tea party, and told them she was off instantly for a few days to Holland. In Town she dined with the Sussex Rochesters—who were already up—and heard all the latest, intimate, interesting family news. It was so delightful that, in the activities of making new friends, one never lost the old ones. Old friends aged with one.

There had been Earle also at the station to see her off with his most prayerful good wishes. In fact, all her loving, faithful servants seemed to sense that this was a sort of crisis in her life.

And, indeed, it was crisis.

So to Harwich, and the boat; a night crossing like Sir Ben's on a mill-pond sea.

Minna Van Fruën's car was at the quay to meet her, with Minna, her friend who had married into one of the oldest families in Holland, in it.

Lady Warder always enjoyed arriving in Holland; she liked the kind faces; and the leisureliness; and the fat happy horses drawing the luggage trucks along the quay; and the mildness of everything.

Not that she felt mild. For was she not engaged in fighting? She felt strong and young and vital: a woman who had set her course, and who would run it to the finish.

"Darling!"

"Darling!"

From her wise eyes in a red face—the eyes of a woman who has surmounted life—Minna Van Fruën looked into the eyes of Eva—also the eyes of a woman who has surmounted life.

"We're by ourselves, Eva!"

"How lovely! Wilhelm away?"

"Away." They leaned back in the limousine, nodding appreciation quietly as they looked at each other. "Isn't it nice?"

"There is so much I want to hear about."

"And so much I must hear about! Your boy . . . your girl . . . your garden . . . How is Lettice looking? How are the Rochesters? . . . I like your grey tweeds . . ."

"Come over and stay with me, and get some made."

LADY WARDER loved The Hague. She loved the simplicity, the ample spaces, the trees, the quiet waters. They reached Minna's house, immense, square and white, set in trees. News continued; so much had happened. Another Van Gogh had been bought; some rooms redecorated. There was so much to tell and to see. By the time they sat together at the dark table—with the candles making pools of light upon it—in the dark mellow dining-room whose character had been unchanged for centuries, most of the threads had been picked up. They drank the most delicately full and fragrant of white wines, and ate slowly and fastidiously a perfect dinner.

"We have come to a very happy time of life, Eva," said Minna. "All the suffering over; everything we want, both of us."

"Everything we want."

"Although you've got a look as if you still seek something, Eva."

The blue eyes looked into the beady brown ones.

"Perhaps I do."

"Give it up," pleaded Minna. "Grow fat like me."

Lady Warder smiled. "I shan't give it up, Minna."

"Is it such a great thing, dear?"

"Only the most important thing in the world to me, just now."

"Tell me, Eva."

"No, no!"

"I believe you're in love with your naughty husband. Tch! tch!"

They teased each other almost girlishly, and indeed they were girls again together, remembering so much. But Minna thought strongly to herself: "After all these years, that husband is on her mind!" For though she did not know Sir Ben well—one look at her plain red face and wise eyes was enough to send him to the other side of a room—she knew much about him, as an incorrigible hunter of women who had made his conquests all over the world.

Minna tried her friend with the comfort of placid philosophies.

"I love the middle life, Eva: crammed so full of interests, and people, and work and play. Isn't it now?"

"I never have time for all I want to do, or to see all the people I want to see, Minna," Eva answered. "Years slip by!"

"Getting more beautiful."

"Yes, more and more beautiful. Of course."

"She doesn't really think so, poor love," Minna thought.

Lady Warder went on: "You should come over in a month's time to see my Blue Walk."

"Oh, you gardener! . . . Well, we've got the sense to keep our friends, and have our hobbies. Women do. All women should have nine lives. When I was a young girl I was interested in only one thing."

"Wilhelm."

"And now, my dear," said Minna, laughing and nodding, "I'm interested in so many thousand things that the day is never long enough."

The blue eyes gazed again into the brown beads. "The poor love doesn't hear half I'm saying," Minna thought.

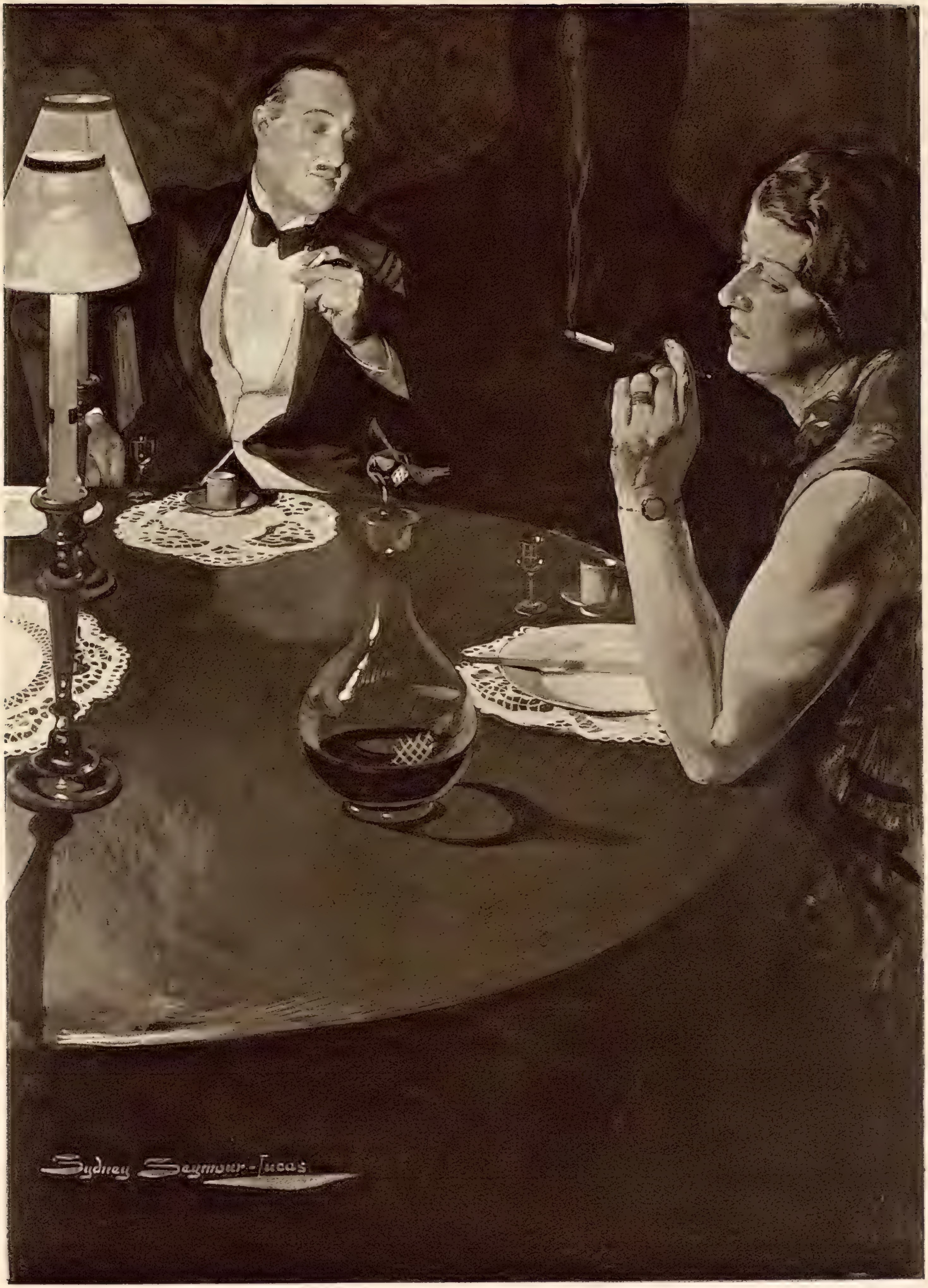
"You'll let me off to go to Haarlem to-morrow, Minna?"

"Ah! ah! I'll take you there. You are going to see Kelkamp's bulbs? You gardener!"

"And we'll stop and look at the Franz Hals like I always want to do?"

Sound, dreamless sleep. They enjoyed always sound, dreamless sleep now. They came down in their habits, mounted two fine horses; and with a fat, cockaded, conceited old groom riding behind, they trotted off into the mazy woodland rides. Mild air, mild blue sky, serenity . . . How sweet life was! Lady Warder thought, in spite of what gnawed her heart.

They drove out to Haarlem; sat meditating in the cold, high, bare, stern Old Church; saw again all the Franz Hals that both knew by heart, but of which—Minna teased her—Lady Warder could never have enough. And indeed the serene, strong Dutch faces, looking at her from their (*Continued on page* 106)


Sydney Seymour-Lucas

Here was a woman, discreet and quiet, behind her homely exterior concealing—like a great lady should—those attractions which surely she possessed

Yoshiwara

よしわら

Yoshiwara by night

FOR years novelists have surrounded the lives of the Japanese Yujos with the flowery camouflage of geisha-girl romance. These remarkable photographs, and the accompanying article, from a special correspondent in the East, throw the cold light of fact on the lot and legal status of the professional inmates of Yoshiwara, the restricted area of Tokyo where strangers are discouraged and cameras are taboo. Western civilization offers no parallel to a regime of private ownership, regulated with profit by the State. Critics of Yoshiwara and its system, which has been in existence for three hundred years, are beset with problems demanding insight into the laws, liberties, and moral code of a foreign people, as well as the courage to look disagreeable facts full in the face

Japan's Unlaughing City *of* "Romance"

NEARLY three hundred and twelve years ago, or, to be exact, in November 1618, the Japanese inaugurated a system of legal control of the yujos, by founding the Yoshiwara, the restricted area within the city of Yedo, later renamed Tokyo.

While authors have written, and are still writing, flowery novels around the lives of its unhappy inmates, there is probably not one single book about Japan or the Japanese which does not refer to Yoshiwara, somewhat self-righteously, as the omega of all that is vicious. While admitting the many objectionable features of Yoshiwara, it would be too much if we should lay the flattering unction to our souls that we as a race have a monopoly of virtue.

The Japanese authorities are naturally very sensitive of any criticism of their country. They guard jealously against every outside effort to give Yoshiwara undue publicity. Foreigners are tolerated within the enclosures of the district, but cameras are taboo. When it was decided to get authentic photographic illustrations for this article, no photographs were obtainable through the usual channels, the newspapers, photographic shops, or private photographers.

IT is a good half-hour's ride in an automobile to Yoshiwara from the centre of Tokyo. One passes the reconstructed parts of the town, turns to a dozen lanes, only to emerge into another broad street, dive again into another lane, finally to reach this famous city. The car stops at the front gate. Uniformed and plain-clothes men watch these gates for any yujo who may try to sneak through and escape the clutches of her keeper.

One may see the district at night gleaming in the light of thousands of bewitching lanterns. One may see it by day, when the famous cherry trees of the Naka-na-cho, the Central Street, spread their pink and snowy bare-leafed summits against the blue sky. One may see it with each and every house decorated with draperies. One may see it when the sun goes down, throwing into sharp relief the rock bearing the image of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, and when the last red rays of the sunset bathe in the playful waves of the little pond in the diminutive park of Yoshiwara; when the whole place rests "peacefully" in the early hours of the day, with the bird and gold-fish sellers wandering along the narrow lanes between the houses crying out their wares. And yet one cannot see the most bewitching thing in whole Japan; the happy, *genuinely happy*, smiling faces of Japanese girls. Oh, yes, one can hear laughter—noisy little squeaks of saké-filled merriment. But the girls are not happy.

THE majority of them are here against their free will. They are *sold*. Sold by their parents for cash, or kept by their keepers as security for loans extended to the parent. The owners have their agents working for them in all parts of the country. These agents are not loath to resort to kidnapping if they cannot obtain possession of their victim by "honest" means. Once within the walls of the houses, the girl is forced to sign a loan contract, and as soon as her signature is affixed to this document she has no redress. Japanese jurisprudence upholds the binding nature of this particular document, and the gates of Yoshiwara are closed upon her. She is now a prisoner within the walls of the district, and she cannot pass those gates unless she has a permit from the keeper and another

(*Continued on page* 35)

Silhouettes of Captivity

THE Yujo cannot pass the gates unless she has a permit from her keeper and another from the police. Even then she is accompanied by a servant from the house of captivity

よしわら

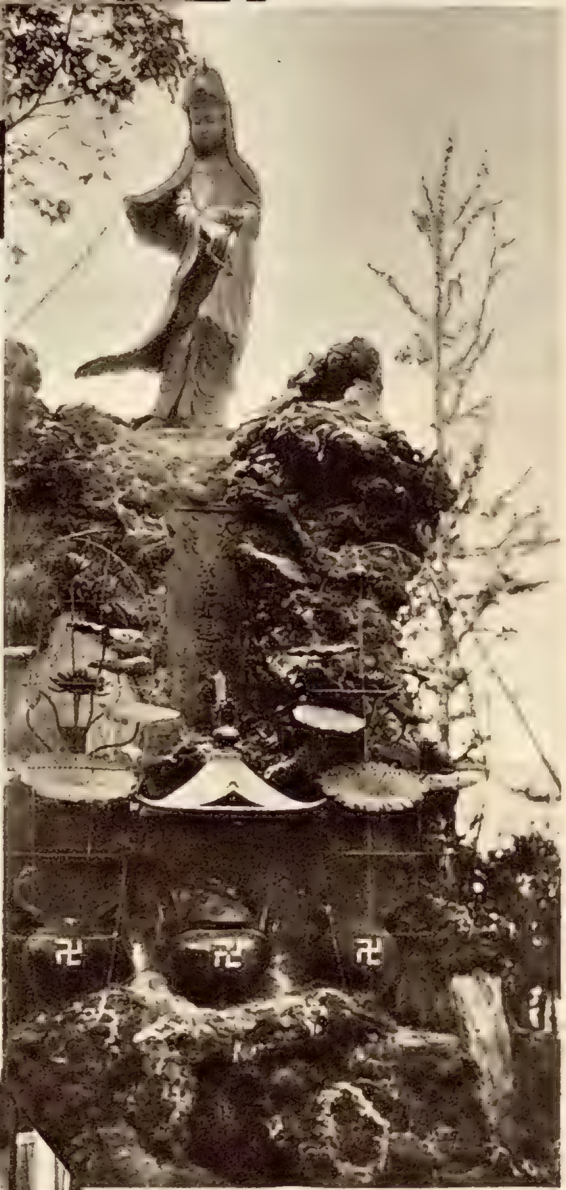
This Freedom

THE selling of girls is an old procedure in Japan. It used to be the honour or the life of a parent that the daughter was called upon to save; now it is only the greed of their parents that demands satisfaction. The girl takes up this odious burden in loyalty and devotion, and resigns herself to her destiny. To assert her independence would be contrary to the spirit of Bushido

ONCE in Yoshiwara, a girl is forced to sign a loan contract. After that there is no redress, for Japanese law upholds the document as binding. The Yujo is a prisoner

WHEN Tokyo was ravaged by fire in the earthquake of 1923, Yoshiwara suffered a heavy death-roll. Over two hundred frenzied Yujos, trying to escape the flames, met their death in a pond. A beautiful bronze statue of the Goddess of Mercy, the Kwannon, stands to their memory on an artificial rock. The incense-burner at the foot of the statue is always tended by those whose fate is equally tragic

A Summer Day in Yoshiwara

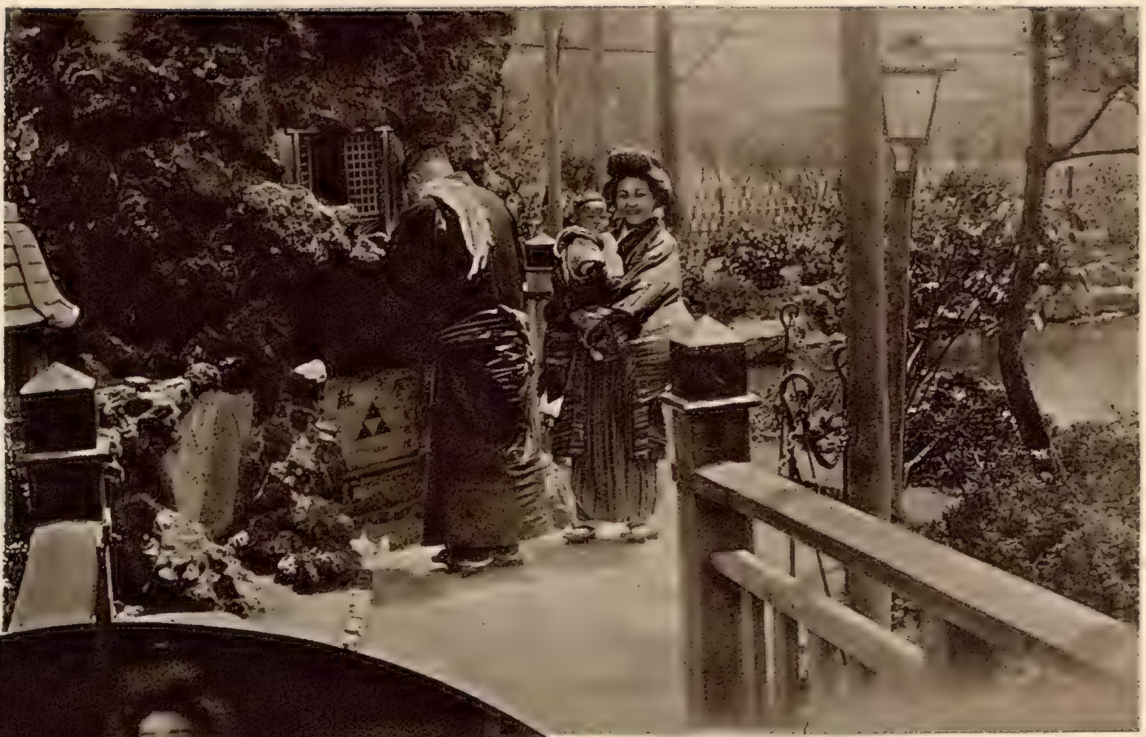


The Bronze Kwannon to the memory of the Yujos who met their death in the earthquake fire of 1923

Yoshiwara in holiday attire for a day of special festival

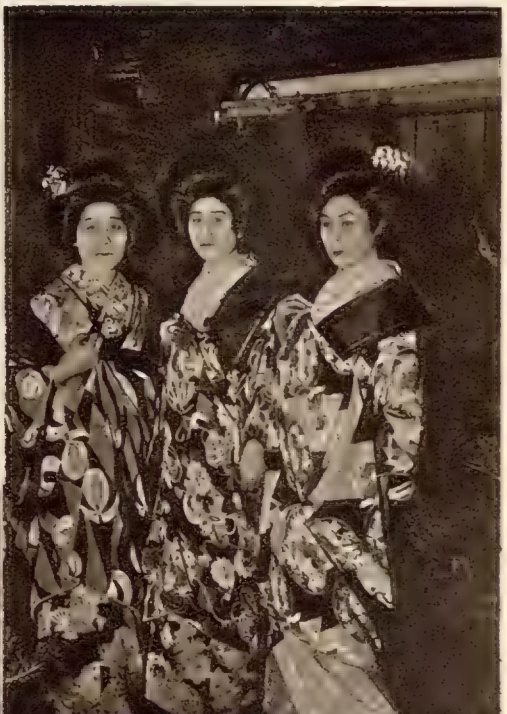
Left: In the dressing-room of two famous Yujos

OVER the pond described on the opposite page leads a crooked little bridge lined with lanterns. In its centre is an artificial rock, with a small cave, where is hidden a shrine dedicated to Benten, the Goddess of Fortune. Another shrine, a typical Shinto sanctuary, stands edgeways between two tea-houses at the further end of Naka-na-Cho. Our correspondent believes this to be the actual place of worship by the Yujos, visited occasionally by special permission

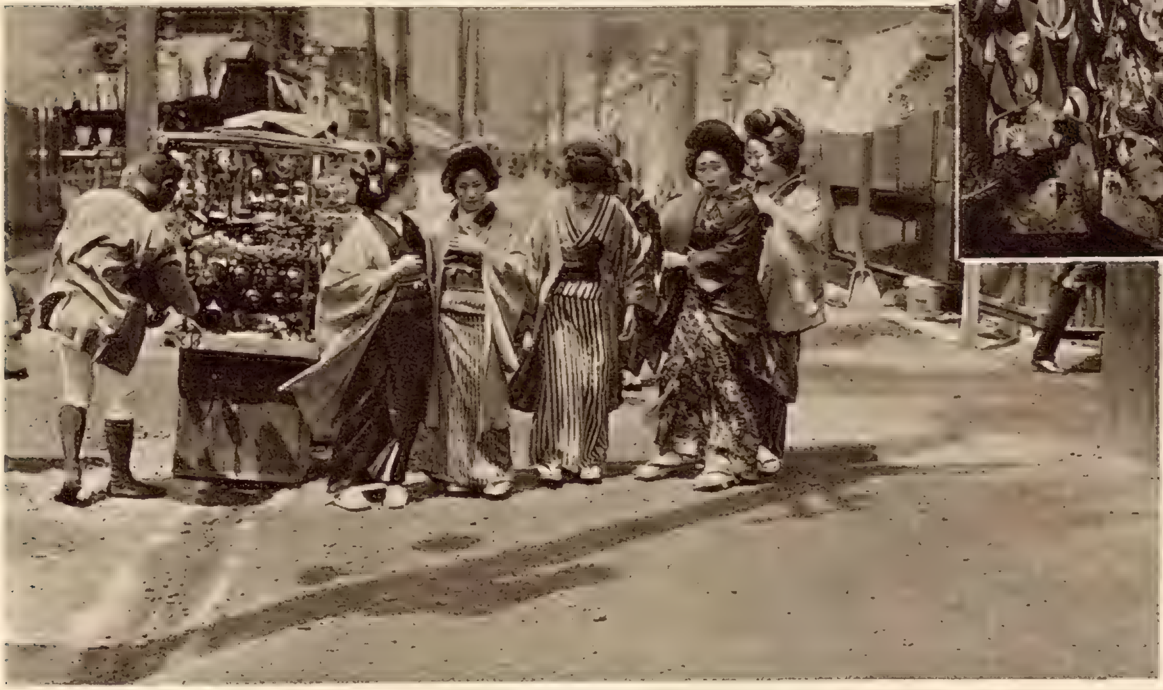


A prayer—for better business—at the Shrine dedicated to Benten, the Goddess of Fortune

Sad looks, sad fate . . .

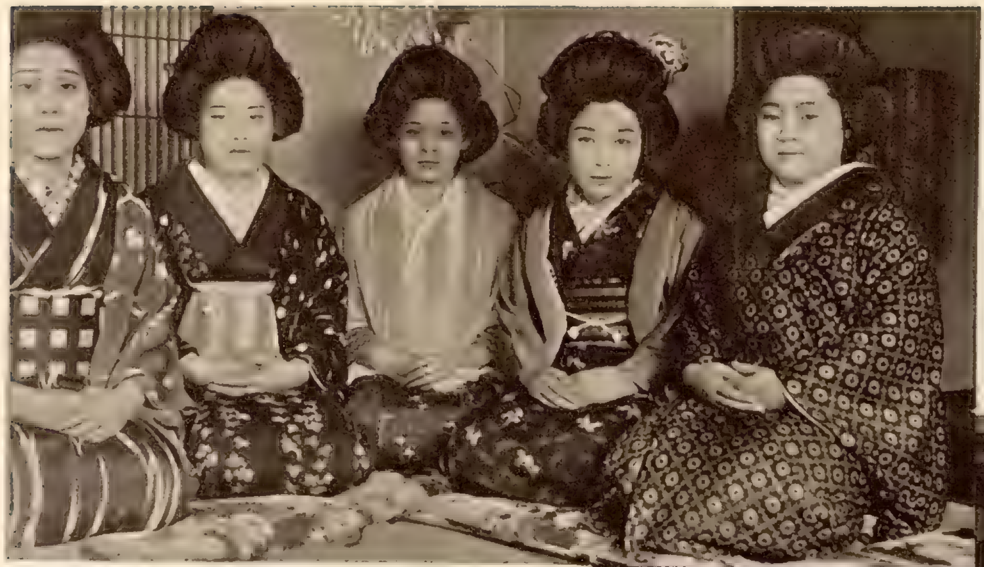


Full Regalia



A Shopping Interlude: Yujos buying small trinkets and amulets

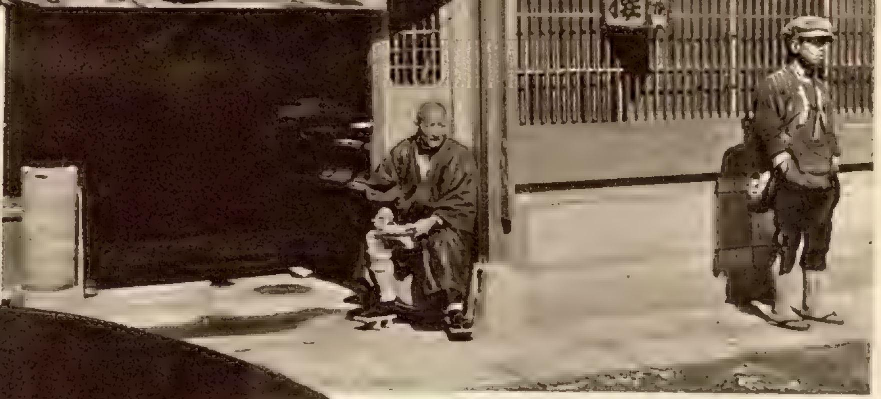
THE Yujo's room is a small cell with the usual Japanese paper walls. The only furniture is the lacquered wooden block—the pillow



Second or Third Class Yujos

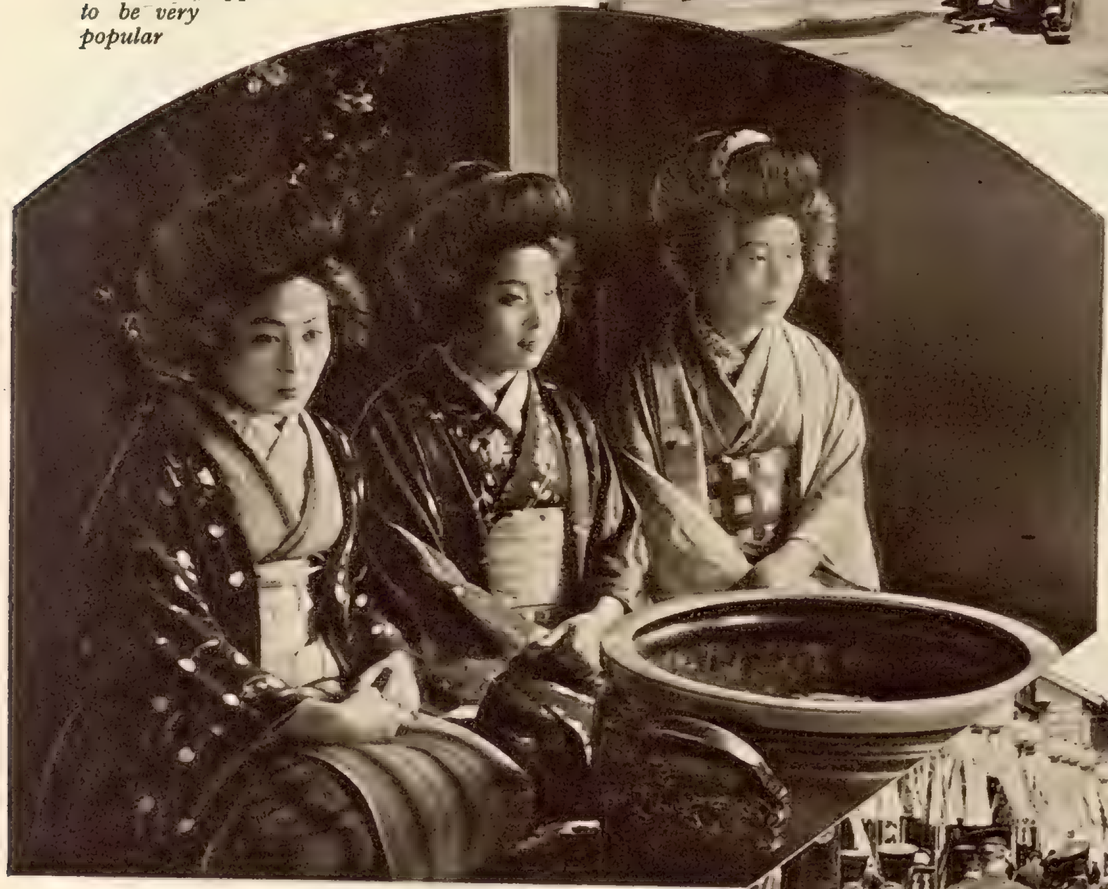
WHEN a girl becomes an inmate of Yoshiwara, she is bound by her agreement to repay her keeper the sum borrowed by herself or her parents. This she can only do out of her earnings. The loan-maker charges her one to two per cent. monthly interest; in addition, she must pay for her clothing, bed-clothes, and board. When she gets ill she receives neither free treatment nor free medicine

ACCORDING to some statistics, a girl's average earnings are about 1 yen and 4 sen per day. This leaves her small chance of regaining her freedom while still young—unless some rich gallant buys her freedom. Still sadder is the fate of the Yujo who falls ill, unless she happens to be very popular



The Keeper of the Door

HE may urge the passer-by to enter, but would not sacrifice his dignity (he considers himself a legitimate trader) by further entreaty. Illuminated glass cases contain photographs of the inmates

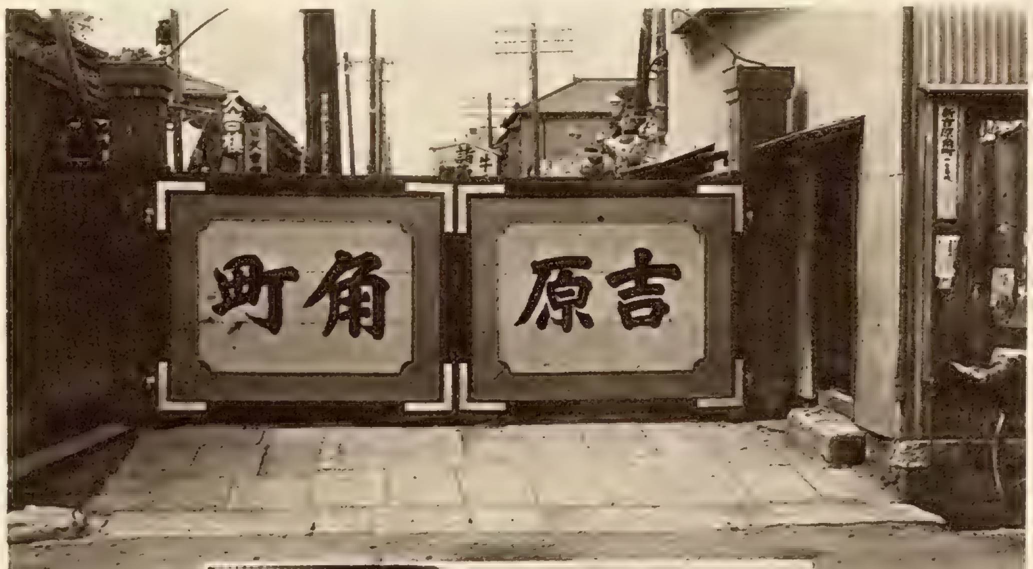


Three Yujos at the Top of their Profession

THE police, as shown in the picture on the right, deal promptly with any Yujos who shirk compliance with the state-controlled regulations. The up-to-date hospital is a large grey stone structure which adjoins the registration office

from the police. Even then she is not free, because the keeper would certainly not trust his victim alone outside the gates. She is always accompanied by a servant from the house.

Recently an enamoured gentleman from Osaka paid the keeper the price of a girl's freedom—very much to the keeper's chagrin, since this inmate had been a very popular yujo and, consequently, a decided asset. According to the Japanese laws, any yujo who wishes to regain her freedom must file a petition to that effect with the police, and this document must be "chopped" by the authorities before she can re-enter the community as a free woman. But this girl, after filing her application, did not get it returned. Something was wrong somewhere, and, after considerable waiting and "yakamashi"—useless talk—with the officials, it was clear that her owner had bribed the police to delay their signatures indefinitely. The yujo, urged by her gallant sweetheart, took the matter into her own hands and simply absconded. Her lover waited for her in a boat, but before she could reach the waterfront she was stopped by a band of ruffians. Her screams brought the water police to her rescue. As soon as her identity was established, she was arrested. Missionary bodies in Osaka have now taken the matter into their hands, and complaints have been filed against all the conspiring officials. The case has naturally roused considerable interest in Japan, being the first of this nature. It is hoped by many that a precedent will be established which will prevent a similar unlawful detention of yujos in the future.



Prelude: the Way In

The grim gates of Yoshiwara

L'Envoi: the Way Out

To pass these forbidding gates the inmates must produce many passes and permissions. Perhaps the fairest comparison between the yujo and many of her unfortunate Western sisters is that both are engulfed in a sea of circumstances beyond their control

When a girl becomes an inmate of Yoshiwara, she is bound by her agreement to repay the keeper the sum borrowed by herself or by her parents from the keeper. This she can only do out of her earnings. The loan-maker charges her one to two per cent. monthly interest. In addition, she must pay for her clothing, bed-clothes, and board. When she gets ill she will receive neither free treatment nor free medicine. Her personal income, applied to the loan and interest, is not large, only 29 per cent. of her gross earnings; 30 per cent. is retained as charges for the room and 42 per cent. is the keeper's share of the transaction.

The Japanese Government, which derives a heavy income from the licences to the houses of Yoshiwara, also stipulates the exact scale of charges allowed to be charged to customers. The licences are hung over the entrance of each house. Each house keeps from eight to fifteen yujos. According to some statistics, a girl's average earnings are about 1 yen and 4 sen per day. This leaves her small chance to regain her freedom while still young—unless some rich gallant buys her freedom.

Still sadder is the fate of the yujo who has fallen ill. Mercilessly, she is left to recover or die, with the minimum of attention paid to her condition, unless she happened to be very popular and the keeper simply could not afford to let her pass away.

In the destruction of Tokyo by fire that followed the seismic disturbance in 1923, Yoshiwara was one of the places that suffered very heavily, and the death-roll was very large.

Opposite the Yoshiwara hospital is a tiny park, with its sadly notorious pond, wherein over two hundred frenzied yujos met their death trying to escape the ravaging flames. In memory of this calamity, the inmates and keepers of the houses in the park erected a beautiful bronze statue of the Goddess of Mercy, the Kwannon. It stands on an artificial rock, and the incense-burner at its foot is always attended by the loving hands of the many whose fate, however, is surely not less deplorable, if not fully as tragic.

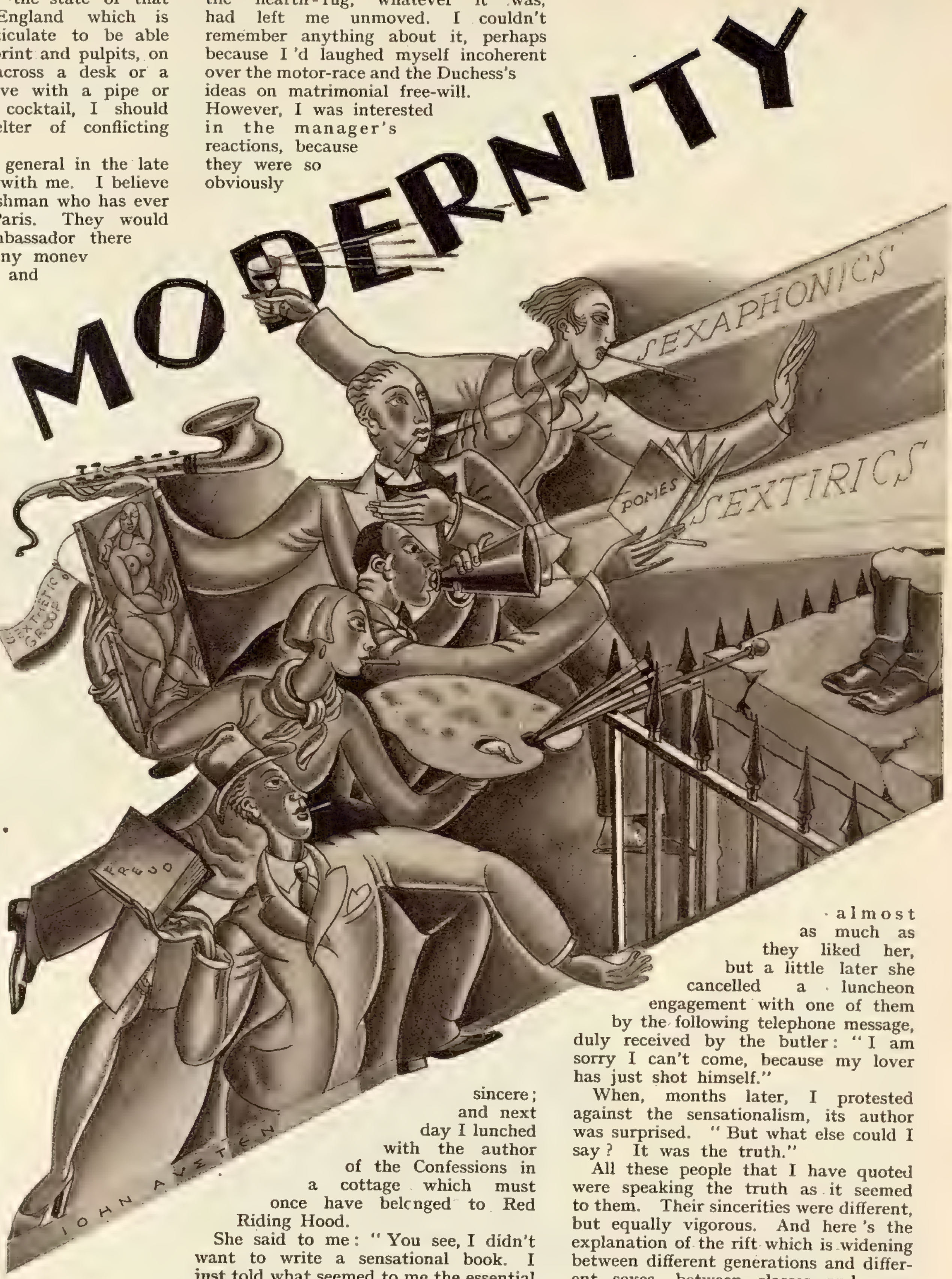
Over this pond leads a crooked little bridge, lined with lanterns. In its centre is another artificial rock, with a diminutive cave, where is hidden a shrine, dedicated to the Goddess of Fortune, *Benten*.

But there is another shrine, a typical Shinto sanctuary, pressed edgewise between two tea-houses at the further end of Naka-nacho. This is believed to be the actual place of worship of the yujos, visited occasionally while walking to and from the hospital, or when accompanied by a watchful servant should the keeper have magnanimously consented to let the yujo walk out of his house to pay the shrine a visit.

One may stand and watch at this shrine for a long, long while. But as soon as any of the worshippers see one they will turn and flee. Because, after all, the yujo is scarcely a soulless creature without feelings or conventional desires. On the contrary, she is probably praying day and night to her gods to be released; her greatest desires are probably to marry and bear children.

Perhaps the fairest point of likeness between the yujo and the girl who has "gone down the line" in the average American or European city is her existence in a set of circumstances most often beyond her control.

MODERNITY



IF I had to choose one phrase which would describe the state of that portion of England which is sufficiently articulate to be able to express itself in print and pulpits, on platforms, leaning across a desk or a dinner-table, reflective with a pipe or challenging with a cocktail, I should say it was a welter of conflicting sincerities.

Some time ago a general in the late forties was lunching with me. I believe he is the only Englishman who has ever been popular in Paris. They would have made him Ambassador there had he possessed any money He said: "My wife and I have been chaperoning a party of young people on the Côte Basque, and they were all reading D. H. Lawrence. It seems to me the most unmitigated rot, but they didn't bother about all the sex stuff. They said it was good literature."

"It's definitely original," said a very young man, "and a new point of view is always worth while."

The general shrugged his shoulders. "My cowman would say it was just about as commonplace as the farmyard"; but his eyes twinkled.

That afternoon I happened to be in the book department of an enormous store. The manager informed me that he disliked all "modern" books. I asked him why, and he replied: "Well, d'you think it's pleasant for the father of a family to find his daughter reading little So and So's Confessions, where she falls into some man's bed naked because she's too drunk to know what she's doing?"

He picked up a volume which satirised bright young people.

"And what about this? I had to get it out of the house before my wife saw it."

Vainly I cudgelled my brains to remember any blot on this delicious absurdity. "Didn't you find it amusing?" I temporised.

"What is there amusing in that scene on the hearth-rug?—bestial, I call it. If that's the sort of thing young people are going to read, I'd rather they weren't educated at all."

Unfortunately, the delinquency of the hearth-rug, whatever it was, had left me unmoved. I couldn't remember anything about it, perhaps because I'd laughed myself incoherent over the motor-race and the Duchess's ideas on matrimonial free-will. However, I was interested in the manager's reactions, because they were so obviously sincere; and next day I lunched with the author of the Confessions in a cottage which must once have belonged to Red Riding Hood.

She said to me: "You see, I didn't want to write a sensational book. I just told what seemed to me the essential facts, but I don't believe in going into details. It's unnecessary."

I remembered the manager of the book department, and changed the subject.

"Why d'you always parody the landed classes?" I asked.

"Well, they're finished. They don't count any more. They'd sell themselves for anything, wouldn't they?"

This fairly made me gasp. "Have you ever met any of them?"

"No."

I determined there and then that she should, and the party was quite a success. The prophetess appreciated the peeresses almost as much as they liked her, but a little later she cancelled a luncheon engagement with one of them by the following telephone message, duly received by the butler: "I am sorry I can't come, because my lover has just shot himself."

When, months later, I protested against the sensationalism, its author was surprised. "But what else could I say? It was the truth."

All these people that I have quoted were speaking the truth as it seemed to them. Their sincerities were different, but equally vigorous. And here's the explanation of the rift which is widening between different generations and different sexes, between classes and races and forms of religious expression.

IN every century there must have been some sort of a revolt against prohibitions and customs which were based on nothing more reasonable than antiquity. Galileo struggled against the accepted theory of a world flat as a tea-tray, and Elizabeth Garrett Anderson championed the revolutionary conception of a very comparative equality between the sexes. But, on the whole, right and wrong, truth and beauty, were as standardised as the conditions of life into which, strictly according to class, it had pleased a conservative Deity to

IN THE MAKING

A frank analysis of the problems and difficulties which Youth must face to-day. Born into a feverish, chaotic world, never before has the younger generation more needed help, and never has it received less from its elders

BY ROSITA FORBES

DECORATIONS BY JOHN AUSTEN

place the beings He created. In the days of our fathers everything was agreeably black or white. There was no grey at all in their conception of the things that could or could not be done. A man was a gentleman or a cad. There were only two classes of women, the ones who could be introduced to the family circle and those outside the social pale who did not count at all.

But to-day there is really no black at all and very little white! Life is made up of intermediate shades varying from one moment to another. Each individual is obliged to make his own code and to modify or develop it as he goes along. The old standards went down in the war. The old religions were found wanting. Men and women were keyed up to the expectation of something new and something better, but they very soon found they would have to evolve it for themselves. Naturally, the young people were the most energetic. They instituted a cheerful holocaust of all the idols to which Victorianism had bowed, and not until the last altar was bare did they realise they had nothing with which to replace the images destroyed.

Truth is no longer standardised. What we believe on the first of January may not be equally obvious on the first of June. Truth is many faceted, and perhaps the General and the manager of the book department and the author of the Confessions had each found one particular sincerity.

BEAUTY to-day is certainly in the eye of the beholder. Personally, I can't appreciate planes, angles and colouring which bear no relationship to the model as he, she or it appears to me, but if a large and intelligent section of the world sees the human body as a series of cubes, they must be justified. Nobody is necessarily mad, or bad, because he sees and therefore expresses things differently from the majority.

It is quite obvious that each human being must work out his ideas of right and wrong for himself. Once the individual is sufficiently developed to think for himself there can be no general standard beyond that enforced by law for the order and convenience of society. And even laws must change to suit the feeling of the people they affect. No statute can be effective unless it is backed by public opinion. Hence the flouting of prohibition in U.S.A. and the agitation for the reform of the divorce laws in England.

There is, quite definitely, among the young, a search for new moralities. Most of them are out to acquire knowledge in some form or other because they believe it to be synonymous with freedom. It is not only the restraint of Victorianism that they wish to escape, but its fears, its ignorances and its compromises.

Youth is not obsessed by sex, but it has dragged the whole question into the open and thrashed it out. Sex is as familiar now as sport or politics, and at least equally healthy. Consequently when the young read satires of contemporary life, to them "the incident on the hearthrug" is negligible, whereas to middle-age it is much more important than the gorgeously ridiculous description of the record-breaking, the airship party and the squire as a film-star, because it is (presumably) sexual.

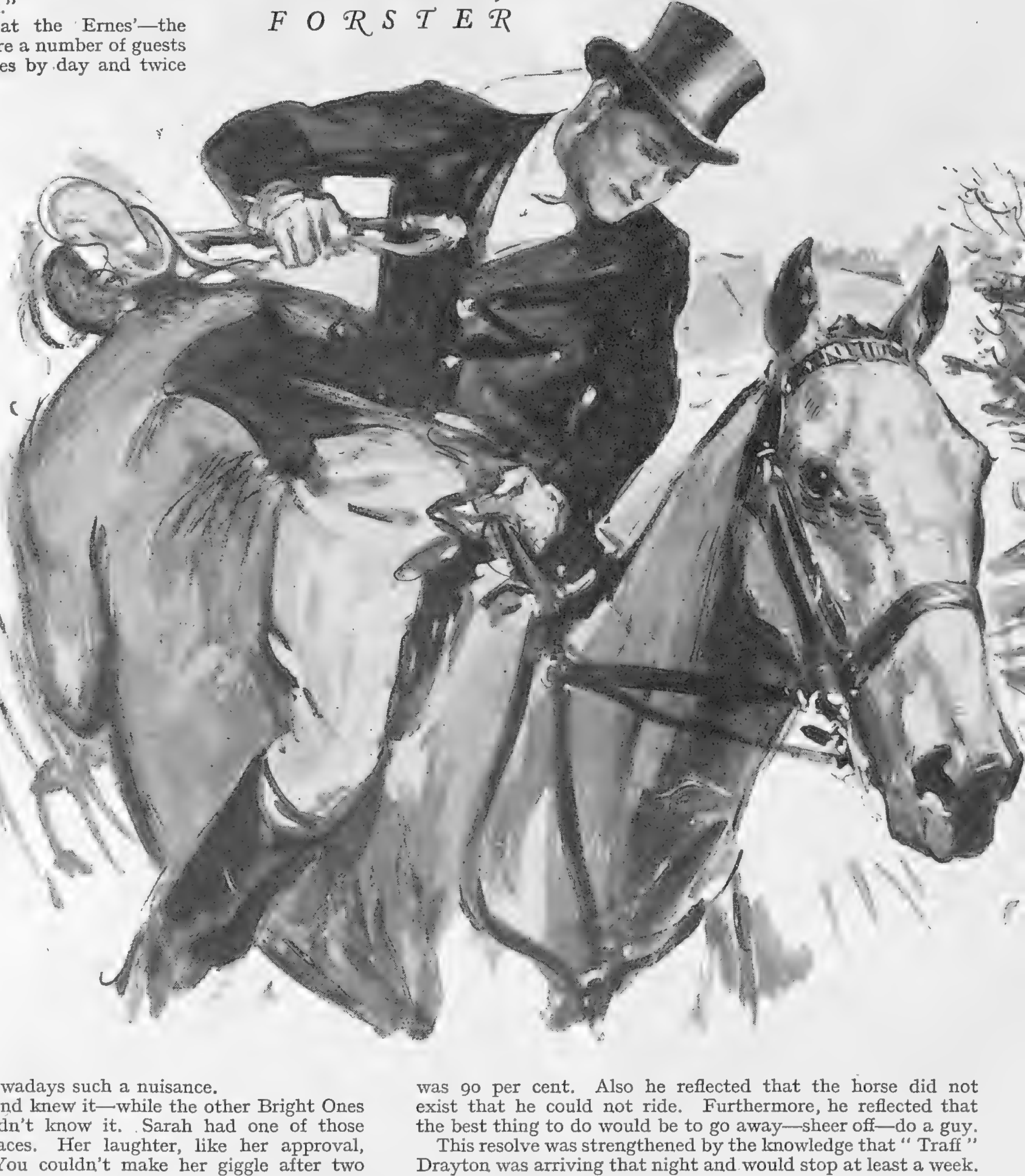
YOUTH takes sex for granted because it knows all about it. Marriage is a different proposition. In the eyes of many it is—in its present form—an impossible one. Obviously, it is irrational for any human being to promise that he or she will love another entirely different entity through all the upheavals of modern life. All that he can do is to behave decently while the relationship endures. Marriage cannot be a sacrament if it is indissoluble. Ye twain shall be "one flesh," translated into practical common sense, means that two divergent and sometimes antagonistic natures shall be put through the same mangle and reduced to the same condition of adaptability. Even the most successful marriage is a state of putting up with things, and when you come to think of it, it is appalling the amount you can put up with, but a certain amount of shrinkage is inevitable. The things said in the indecent mental familiarity of marriage are awful. First of all they are daggers; then they are knitting-needles, and last of all they are no more than blunted pins which neither party notices at all. In fact there is nothing so thickening to the epidermis as the old-fashioned, thoroughly successful marriage, in which husband and wife go on forgiving such an inordinate number of minor insults that they lose all respect for themselves and each other.

Reduced to its least common denominator, marriage in the majority of cases means intensive self-sacrifice. I remember an adorable woman in the late 'fifties saying in a puzzled voice, "But I don't think one's meant to be happy in this life. One does one's duty—that's all." This seems to me a desperate creed, and one against which youth may well revolt. There

(*Continued on page* 112)

He'd *been* Spoilt

Illustrated by FORSTER



"BUT I do think, darling," said Sarah, "I do think you ought to do some work."

This was at the Ernes'—the Hamilton Ernes'—where a number of guests were shooting partridges by day and twice that number talked about it at night, if they weren't dancing—or trying to kiss each other — or squabbling over the conventions of Contract Bridge.

Sarah was serious.

Darling, on the other hand, was sulky. Darling's real name was Aubrey Christopher Brice. Most people called him Wren for short, or it may have had something to do with Christopher and City churches. It was a justifiable nickname, for Wren's physical architecture was perfect—superb. Had he been born in Greece at the proper time he might have become a god, but he wasn't, so we won't waste any more time on that line of inquiry.

Sarah was very decorative, too, but in a serviceable and workmanlike sort of way. She was useful. Also she was bright, but of the order not to be confounded with the Bright Young Things who are making themselves nowadays such a nuisance.

Sarah had a mind and knew it—while the other Bright Ones hadn't minds and didn't know it. Sarah had one of those "I-really-mean-it" faces. Her laughter, like her approval, had to be earned. You couldn't make her giggle after two cocktails—because she refused even one. She was the salt of the earth, of which, just now, supplies are running a bit short.

Wren thought he loved her very much, and because she knew she loved him she made difficulties. Wren hated difficulties. He liked to be praised or left alone. There was no harm in him, but he was silly.

For that, his mother, who was clever, was to blame. She hadn't been clever enough with Wren. Her adored husband had died when Wren was quite little, and as a result he had come in for a double dose of affection, heaps of ha'pence and too few kicks.

Sarah went on to say:

"It's simply awful to be a waster at twenty-one."

Which made Wren sulk worse than ever.

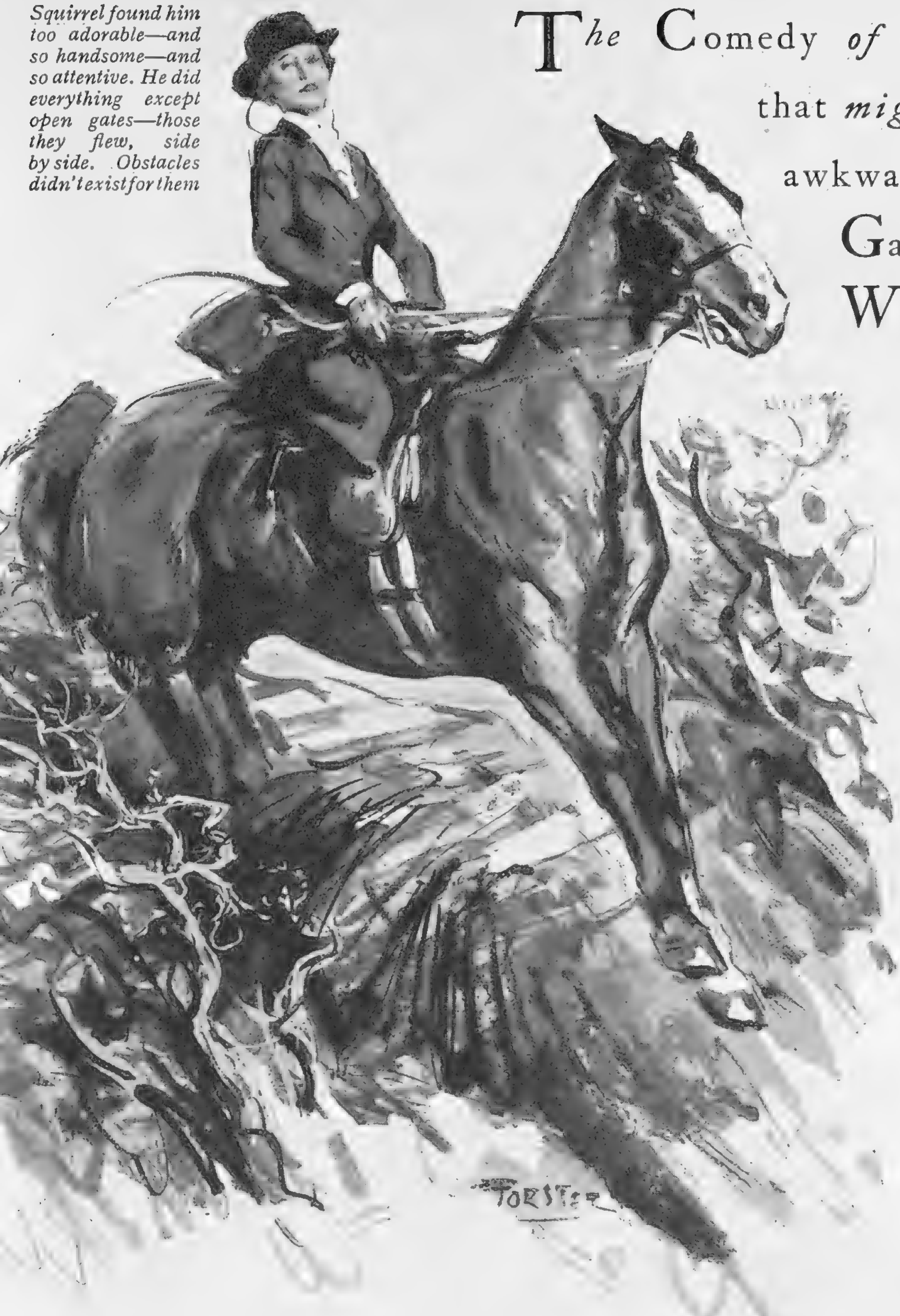
He reflected that his average of birds during the day's shoot was 90 per cent. Also he reflected that the horse did not exist that he could not ride. Furthermore, he reflected that the best thing to do would be to go away—sheer off—do a guy.

This resolve was strengthened by the knowledge that "Traff" Drayton was arriving that night and would stop at least a week.

"Traff" Drayton's wife, meanwhile, would be hunting with the Chaylesmoor—alone. "Traff's" wife was called Squirrel, and she never made the mistake of not appreciating. Come to think of it, Wren was very fond of "Traff's" wife and couldn't understand, upon his soul, how she could have been so unlucky as to pick on "Traff" for a mate. Why, the fellow was not matey.

A selfish brute. Shot well and threw a pretty fly, but didn't know the head of a horse from its tail. What could you do with a man like that? Oh, yes, he was generous, but Wren had been brought up in an atmosphere of money, and large allowances cut no ice in his opinion.

THE more Sarah scolded the more sorry Wren felt for Squirrel, and the more determined to slip away quietly and tell her so.



Squirrel found him too adorable—and so handsome—and so attentive. He did everything except open gates—those they flew, side by side. Obstacles didn't exist for them

The Comedy *of an* Infernal *Triangle* that *might* have *been* Eternally awkward *and* an Elopement Game in *which* a *clever* Woman held *all* the Aces

By

Roland Pertwee

That very moment would be best. His own car was in the garage at the back. His mother wouldn't mind.

After he had caused the footman to pack his stuff he looked into his mother's room.

She was in a rippling tea gown, preparing her mind for preparing her body for dinner.

She smiled at Wren.

" Off somewhere, darling ? "

" Yes. Those three hunters of mine at Biston. Pity, I mean, to let 'em eat off their heads. No sense, I mean. You can think up some yarn for Elsie Erne, Mum. Must run—Ciaou ! "

" Ciaou " was Wren's alternative to " So long."

Evelyn Brice called him back as he reached the door.

" What's Sarah been saying, then ? "

" Eh ? Not a word—no fear."

" This hunting," said she, " I'm only afraid one of these days you'll come a cropper, Wren."

" Not a chance, Mum."

" Oh, very well, darling."

" Ciaou ! " said Wren.

As he was getting into his car another drew up alongside and " Traff " got out.

" Leaving ? " he said.

" Must," said Wren.

" Huntin' ? "

" Yaou ! "

" Give my love to Squirrel."

" What a rotten message," thought Wren. " Shan't give it."

Traff said, " Plenty of birds."

" Stacks ! "

A 'plane flying low swooped down towards the commercial aerodrome half a mile away.

Traff shook his head.

" Damn things. Hope there aren't too many of 'em. Can't expect birds to rise with that stuff cruisin' overhead."

" No," said Wren.

" So long."

" Ciaou ! "

" Love to Squirrel."

There ! The fellar had said it again.

As he turned the car a window in the house went up and a head appeared—Sarah's.

" Hi," it said.

" Yaou ! " said Wren.

The head said,

" Pig—waster."

Wren was more than ever convinced that he hadn't left a moment too soon.

MARVELLOUS days with the Chaylesmoor—marvellous runs—marvellous companionship. Appreciation—Illumination—Sympathy—Confidence—Affinity.

Squirrel found him too adorable—and so handsome—and so attentive.

He did everything except open gates—those they flew, side by side. Obstacles didn't exist for them.

Such a darling he was and so pliant. There was none of Traff's tiresome obstinacy about him.

She saw that, but for his money, Traff was impossible. Quite.

But Wren had money, too—pecks and piles and barrels of it. A Bentley—six hunters—a mile on the Wye—a moor in Scotland—a town house in Curzon Street—Country houses—at least two. And look at the furs and jewels his mother wore. Horrid woman. Besides, Wren was nicer—younger and more manageable. A bit of an ass, perhaps, but anything for a change. Oh, *anything* for a change.

" But how did this letter arrive ? " asked Evelyn Brice.

" It was brought in Mr. Wren's car, Madam," said the footman. He added, " I did not know the driver."

Evelyn Brice looked at the clock. It was past seven.

"Thank you," she said.

The footman retired and she broke the seal.

Wren did not write good letters, but with a certain amount of inference you could make out what they meant. The meaning of this one was quite clear, even though its motives were rather turgid. Here are some of its more essential sequences.

"—Squirrel and I love one another. We have run away to France—Do not ask where—we left this morning from Southampton—unknown destination—treated her badly—will make up to her—Hope you will like her—That chap Traff—not worthy—to have seen you before I went—better not, Squirrel thought—Love—Love to Sarah—Know I am doing right."

Post scriptum. "Please send my letters to Hotel Beau Vallon, Deauville."

Evelyn Brice did not reel or swoon or sit down abruptly. She looked at her watch and looked at a Bradshaw and made some calculations with a pencil on the blotting paper. Then she said:

"I might—just."

THERE was a telephone on the table. There were telephones in all the guest rooms at the Ernes'. In these smart days most telephone talks are private. That's why exchange clerks sound so bored. They know too much.

Evelyn Brice rang up the aerodrome.

A voice said:

"Certainly. In half an hour."

Evelyn Brice told her maid to pack a suit case and a dressing bag for about three days.

"And I shall want the green suède coat with the sable lining. Those fur motoring gloves—a veil, and I'll keep on what I'm wearing."

Then she went to look for Elsie Erne. On the way she ran into Traff, which was a shock.

Traff said,

"Say good-bye, Mrs. Brice. I'm rolling back to Biston to-night."

It was then that Evelyn Brice got off her first lie.

"But must you? I've just had a call from the Conway Knights. They want a gun for to-morrow and I suggested you."

"Fine. Suit me," said Traff.

So Evelyn scuttled back to her room and put a call through to Lena Knight, who said,

"Oh, very well, I suppose."

After that Evelyn had two words with Elsie Erne, who was having a mud bath for her arthritis and looked awfully dirty. Elsie Erne said,

"Oh, very well, I suppose."

Evelyn's own car took her to the aerodrome.

It seemed only a few minutes later when the lights of Weymouth sparkled beneath them and faded out into starshine reflected on the sea.

"Do you know the Hotel Beau Vallon?" she asked the pilot, who was a Scot.

"Aye," he replied, as who would add "and nothing to its credit."

"Can we land near there?"

"Aye—alongside."

Presently—very presently—they dipped down and flurried along the ground.

Evelyn got out and beat her hands together.

"I didna' ken it was sae cold flying," she said.

"Ye ken now," said he.

Some men helped push the plane into a shed.

Evelyn walked alone to the Hotel. At the bureau she was welcomed with Gallic enthusiasm.

But certainly the suite awaited—a suite elegant, charming, and very how it must. The letter of command had arrived that morning. To the *ascenseur*, advance!

The lift conveyed them to the first floor.

M. le Patron himself displayed the charms of the apartments and the nicety of his preparations. Look—flowers—bottles and cherries for the making of cocktails—and as supper something very nice to be commanded.

Evelyn frowned just a little.

"You can take away the cocktails and presently, when Monsieur arrives, bring some tea and, oh yes—a wedding cake."

M. le Patron, who was beginning to think he had misread the letter of instructions cheered up at the words "wedding cake." So it was after all an "*affaire de noce*."

"Not altogether, Monsieur, although I spent my honeymoon at this hotel twenty-two years ago."

Ah, magnificent—then this was an anniversary. Bravo! But where—oh, where was Monsieur?

Coming by train. Madame had lost the train—she had followed by air.

And yet she was first to arrive. Ha, ha! How often—how very often women were faster than the men.

Evelyn agreed rather grimly.

"Take that tray," she said, "and do not tell Monsieur I am here."

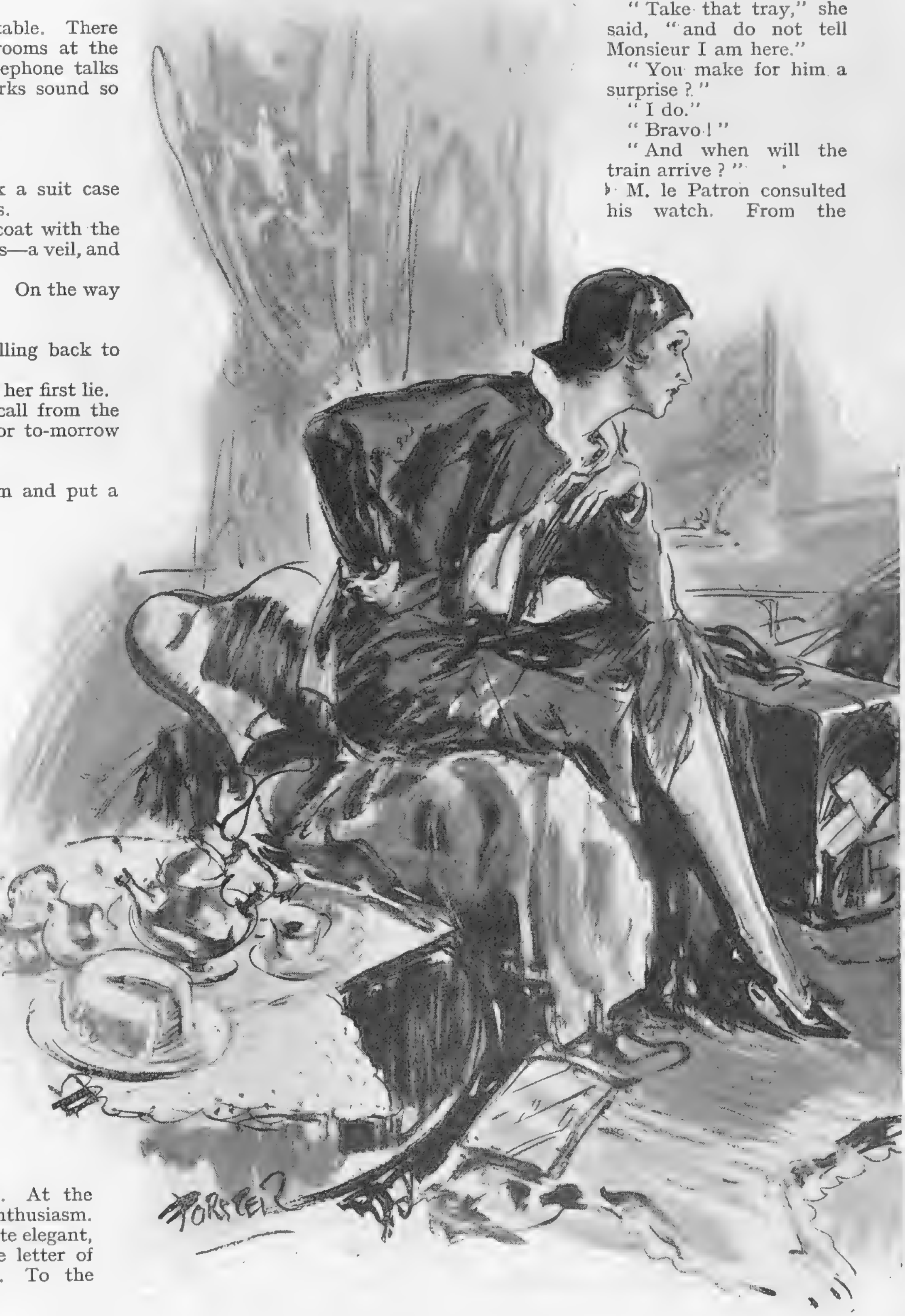
"You make for him a surprise?"

"I do."

"Bravo!"

"And when will the train arrive?"

M. le Patron consulted his watch. From the



distance came the sound of a whistle and the rumble of wheels. "Hola ! he is there."

LEFT alone, Evelyn debated with herself whether to meet them point-blank or give them five minutes to feel awkward with one another. Perhaps Squirrel Drayton would not feel awkward, for she was older and had experience. But Wren would certainly feel awkward. He had no experience. With any luck, Wren would be kicking himself, for there was no harm in Wren—only folly.

At the sound of voices outside Evelyn retreated into the bathroom and locked herself in. It was a marble bathroom and she felt very miserable there. What would have cheered her up more than anything else would have been to have a bath, but that was impossible—or, if not impossible, too silly. One can't fight for one's son's future through a cloud of steam. And that's what it was going to be—a fight—in velvet gloves.

It wasn't Evelyn's fault that she could hear the conversation on the other side of the door. A Swedish firm who had made it was to blame for that. Evelyn wondered why they hadn't put glass panels in the wretched thing so that one could be seen as well as heard.

The word "engaged" on the lock made her think of poor "Sarah." If ever a boy deserved a hiding Wren did. Squirrel indeed ! She'd chased the poor simp up a tree with a vengeance. And then—dialogue.

Wren was saying all the obvious things, like "Here we are"—"This is it." "Come to roost at last."

Squirrel, who sounded tired, was begging him not to.

M. le Patron seemed puzzled about the bedroom.

"But what of the bedroom ?" he kept repeating.

"That's all right," from Wren, "we'll rubber round and find it presently."

Ah, then it marched. Monsieur would find a bedroom. Good—good—good !

"What about those drinks I ordered."

"Madame say away wiz 'em."

"Did you say that, Sweet ?"

"I'm not quite a fool," from Squirrel.

"Then listen to me—drinks—a spot of soup and some chicken, savez. Ciaow !"

"But what good ees one bedroom ?"

"Out," said Wren.

"There is only two bed."

"Out," said Wren.

"I must demand at the bureau what is to do."

Sound of door shutting—uncomfortable sound. It made Evelyn Brice feel like a spy. Those two were alone now.

Wren said :

"That was a brick signing your own name on the Registration form."

"Who wouldn't after that vile crossing."

"Who ?" Wren asked, who seemed to think it was a riddle.

Squirrel said she still felt sick and supposed he must talk.

Wren said he rather thought anyone who'd run away with anyone else 'ud be expected to.

"Then at least you might try and say something amusing."

So Wren said :

"I wonder how Traff is taking this."

Squirrel didn't think that was amusing, and Wren agreed with her that that, really, was the rotten part. Poor blighter.

Squirrel said :

"If you'd only leave off talking for two minutes."

But that was asking too much. Wren weighed in reproachfully after fifteen seconds. He said :

"I do think you might be a bit more matey."

Squirrel said she hadn't forgiven him yet.

"What for ?"

"Writing to your mother."

"Oh, that," said Wren, cheerfully.

"Yes, that. Idiotic."

Wren thought for a long while and produced :

"I don't think so."

And then M. le Patron, his energies reinforced and quickened by a visit to the bureau, burst in upon them.

Helas ! Misfortunes. The hotel —full—full—full. Could he make another bedroom with his hands. Impossible. He could not.

"Don't try. We'll be all right in there."

No, and again no. For one, yes—for two, yes—but for three—no, a thousand times, no.

"Turn him out or I shall scream," wailed Squirrel.

"Clear out," said Wren.

"Ce n'est pas convenable," wailed le Patron.

Evelyn Brice opened the bathroom door and walked in.

"Please do not worry." she said, "only one of us is going to stay."

M. le Patron bowed himself out with protestations of delight and demands for pardon.

The battle was joined. Evelyn Brice opened up with a salvo of quick-firing smiles upon the enemies' position.

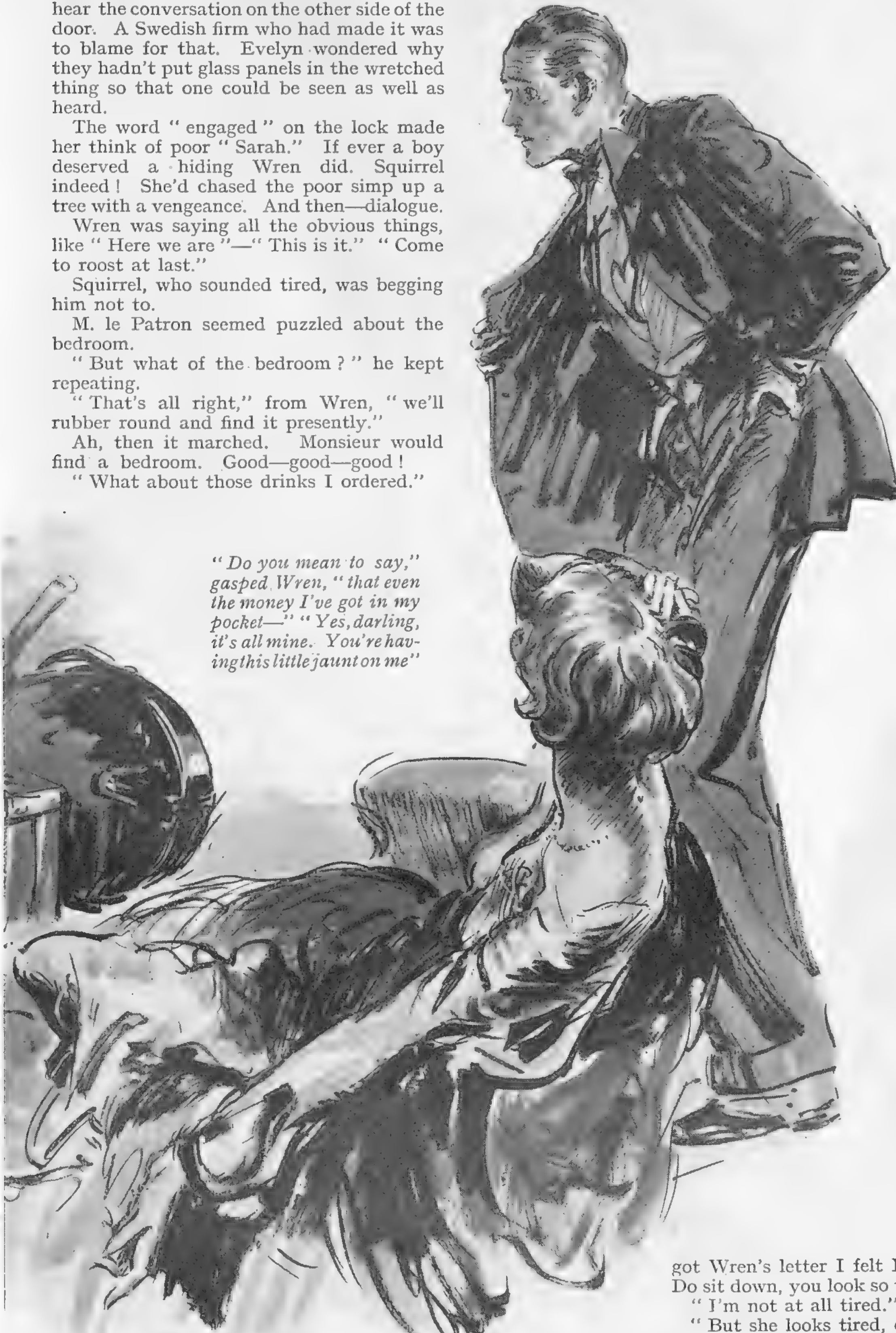
The smiles erected the first obstacle that could not be flown.

"Yes, I came by air. When I got Wren's letter I felt I must see you, if only for a minute. Do sit down, you look so tired."

"I'm not at all tired."

"But she looks tired, doesn't she, Wren ?"

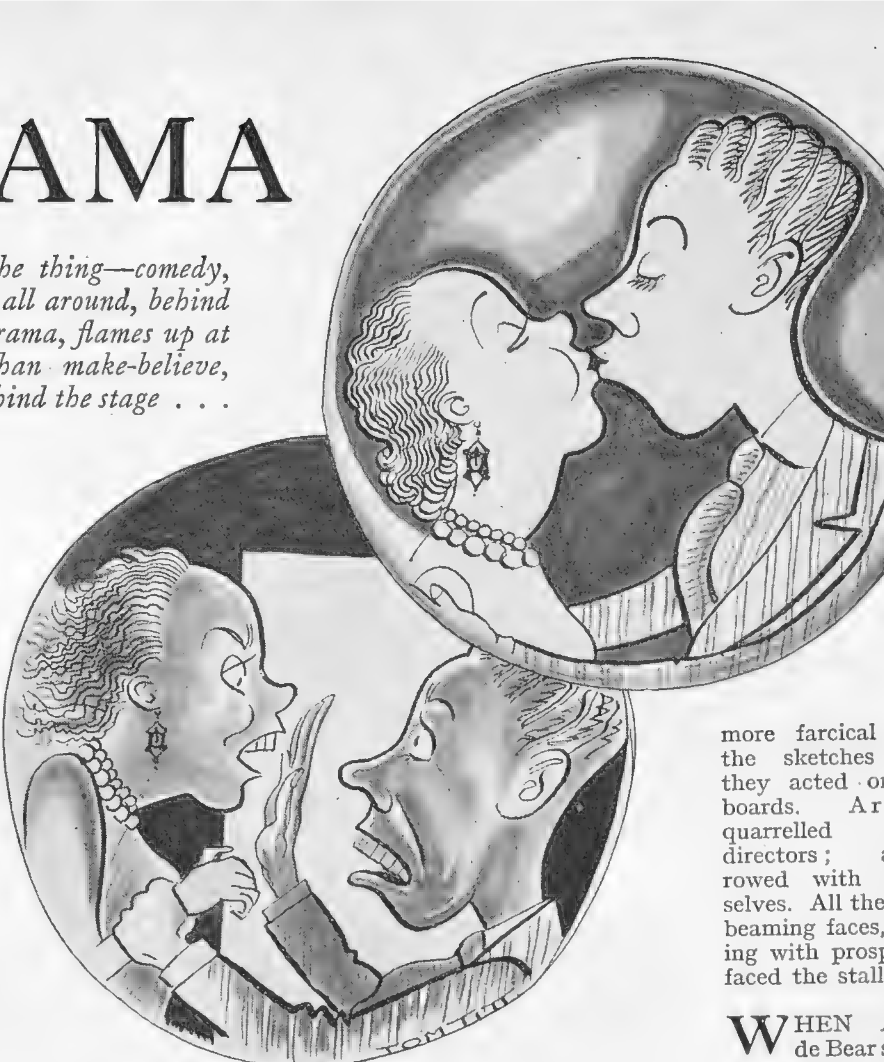
"Very," said Wren, who might have (*Continued on page 130*)



"Do you mean to say," gasped Wren, "that even the money I've got in my pocket—" "Yes, darling, it's all mine. You're having this little jaunt on me"

The DRAMA

THE curtain is up, the play's the thing—comedy, tragedy, farce. And all the time, all around, behind the scenes and in front, Drama, real drama, flames up at odd, ironic moments, more human than make-believe, deeper than grease paint. The stage behind the stage . . .



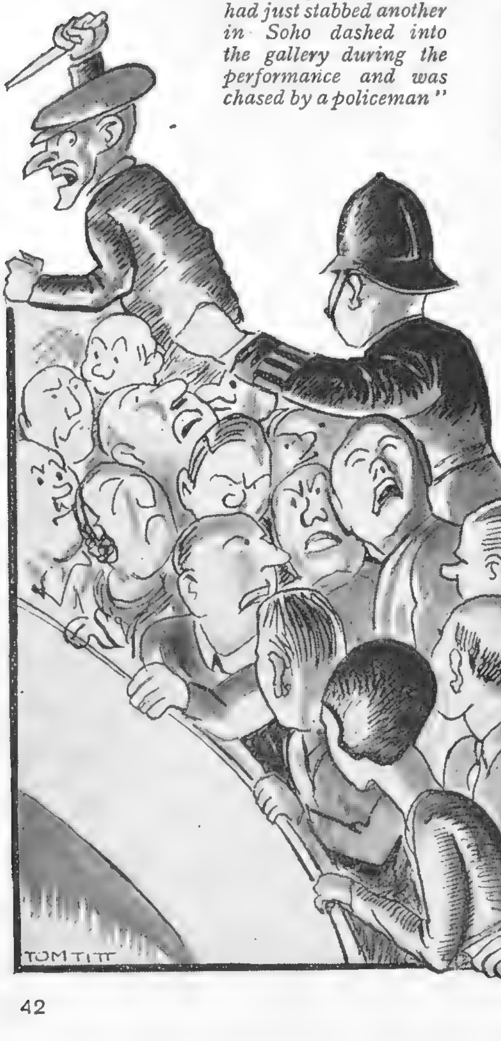
YES, their own stories are often more dramatic, more humorous, more tragic, than the ones they act in, or the ones they write, or the ones they stage.

When I was watching the first night of a revue, I saw the producer standing nervously near me, looking furtively at his wife, who sat in a box. She was gazing down wrathfully at his sweetheart, who was the leading lady.

"Every moment," I thought, "she will throw something, or scream."

It was the jealousy of one kind of incompetence because of another kind. Yet it expressed itself only in glares and white-hot silences.

I have seen a famous dramatist watching a play in a box, seated next to his wife, who was between him and her first husband. They were all friends. In America, where the mail-order marriage and the cash-register divorce are bye-products of a Big Business mating system, this would have passed unnoticed. In England it was so unusual that it seemed pregnant with drama.



"One night a man who had just stabbed another in Soho dashed into the gallery during the performance and was chased by a policeman"

WHEN "B. J. One" was staged at the Globe Theatre, and a new management was launched on the profits of "Journey's End," there was in the programme a "Ballade of the Programme Girl," praising her, eulogising; and one act was all about a sinking ship.

No one but myself saw the humour of the situation because no one else knew that, because of a row over some of the programme girls, the manager of the theatre had resigned that day, while the general manager, too, had split with the concern, saying to me, "If it is not careful, this ship will sink, too."

The minor comedies that used to take place behind the scenes, during the long run of the Co-Optimists, were much funnier, I thought, than any that they ever showed us on the stage. Disagreements were continuous. Personal troubles became a commonplace.

"Have you heard the latest about the Co-Optimists?" became almost an everyday phrase in the world of theatreland.

The incidents that became the topic of conversation were much more farcical than the sketches that they acted on the boards. Artists quarrelled with directors; artists rowed with themselves. All the time, beaming faces, smiling with prosperity, faced the stalls.

WHEN Archie de Bear staged "The Punch Bowl," he put into the middle of it a one-act play about Punch and Judy and Dog Toby and the clown, making a tragedy of the showman's life and writing into it some cynical words about actors.

"Too much fuss is made about Dog Toby," said one of the actors. "Yet he does not have a word to say."

When Archie de Bear was lying ill at Eastbourne, he heard, to his intense amusement, that one of the actors called a meeting of the company to protest against the fact that little Annie Kasmir, who dressed as Dog Toby, and merely had to stand at the side of the stage during the long ballet, was attracting too much attention from the audience!

The play had come true; but the actor did not seem to know!

I have seen a famous comedian acting a serious rôle when, unknown to the audience in front, he was so drunk that he could not remember a word.

I have seen a leading lady thrown all over the stage at a time when she was so covered with bruises that she could scarcely refrain from shouting out loud.

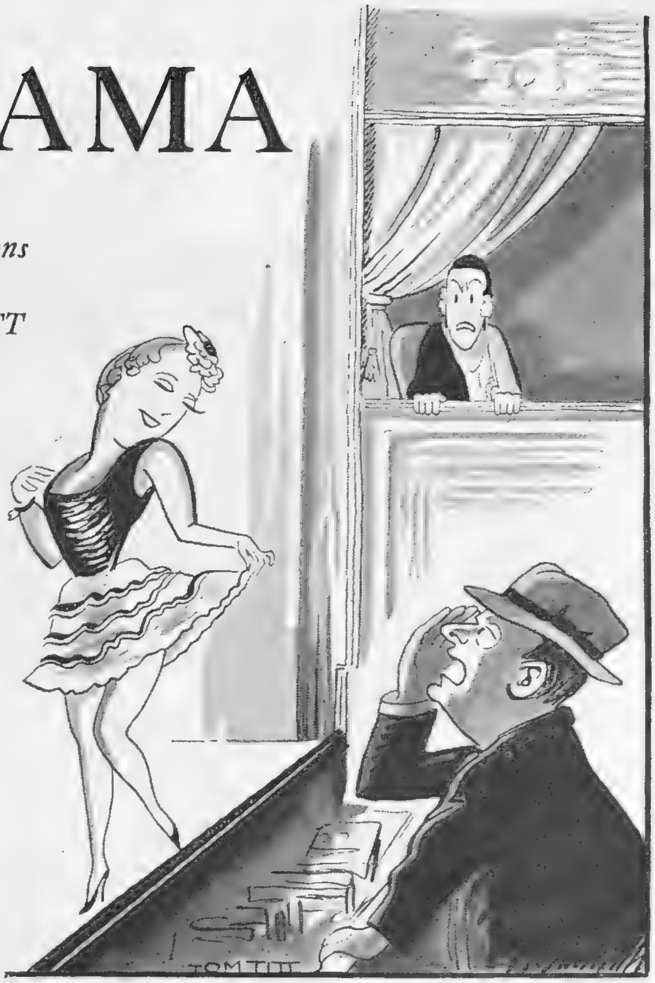
I have seen a well-known actress criticised in print for failing to do justice to the part of a drunken woman when, unknown to the critic, he was looking for the first time in his life at an actress who was really drunk, whose condition, indeed, had just caused an announcement from the stage that the delay in ringing up the curtain could not be avoided.

I have seen a world-famous music-hall artist singing a song in which she enacted the part of a down-and-out when, all the time, her fortunes were really at the lowest of ebbs, and she was broken in body, purse and spirit. Yet I have seen her art triumph over all that, and bring

behind the DRAMA

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrations by TOM TITT



What didn't quite happen on a certain first night. the leading lady, the revue producer—and his wife

tears to the eyes of everybody in the house.

I HAVE seen unfortunate actors and actresses come to the footlights and thank the audience for enjoying their play when, all the time, nearly everybody in the audience hated it. I have heard Kenneth Kent, for instance, thank Miss Violet Melnotte for giving him, at last, the chance to play the lead in the West End when I knew that the play would be off by the end of the week. It ran, as a matter of fact, only three or four nights.

When "Escape" was done at the Ambassadors, and we saw John Galsworthy's plea for poor hunted men and animals, I saw a woman stand up at the end and shriek "This play justifies murder. My father was murdered in Ireland!" I saw her continue to shriek until Noel Coward, pacifying her, led her out of the theatre.

I have seen George Robey come on, during the first night of a revue, and shout "Shurr-p" in a scene during which, normally, he would have been in his dressing room, and wondered what it was all about until I learned, some time later, that there was an air-raid on, that the gallery had started to walk out until his calmness brought them back again, and the bombs were dropping not far away.

I have seen poor Harry Lauder clenching his jaws and continue to sing, in khaki, a song about "When the laddies come home," when, all the time, he knew that his son had just been killed in France and that there was no home-coming for him.

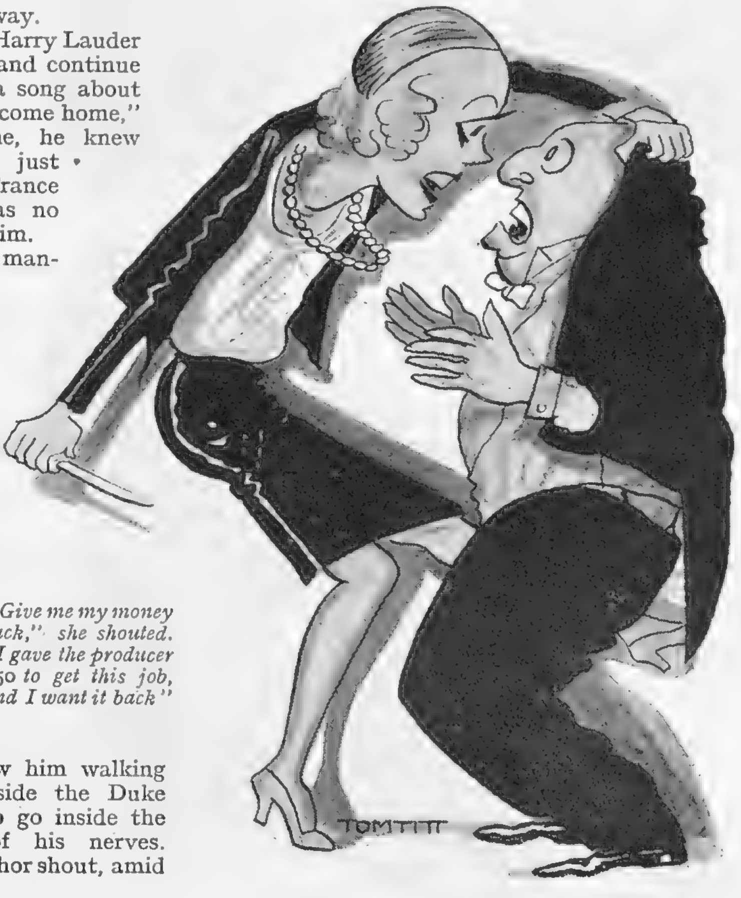
I have known a manager call me up five minutes after the curtain fell on a new musical comedy and ask me what it was like.

"They wouldn't let me inside the theatre," he said. "I have been walking up and down all the time outside."

When a Persian author wrote a play about Byron, I saw him walking up and down outside the Duke of York's, afraid to go inside the theatre because of his nerves. I have known an author shout, amid the applause, "I didn't write that act! You've murdered my play!"

Wherever you get a new venture, you get drama. Wherever something is happening in human nature, drama is there all the time. In the world of the theatre, it dramatises itself naturally, because people who write, and act, in terms of drama unconsciously dramatise themselves.

I MET, not long ago, a young man who had come from France to see an uneventful play of his done in a London theatre holding less than 700 people, when, all the time, in Paris, he was the head of a film organisation which had produced nearly seventy full-length films in fourteen languages in nine months, and where he had walked into a restaurant where there were thirty-two races congregating. Every day of his life, in that vast concourse of people, there was more drama than in any play that he could write. Yet it was so much a part of his ordinary life that he did not seem to notice.



"Give me my money back," she shouted. "I gave the producer £50 to get this job, and I want it back"

I remember seeing the first night of a musical comedy when, in the stalls, all the time, there was a much greater romance. It was told to me a few days afterwards by the man who was the central figure. He had just been through the divorce court. The woman who divorced him was one of the most beautiful creatures in England.

"I had just sat in my stall," he said, "when I heard a tremendous outburst of cheering. I turned round, and there, right behind me, was the woman I had scorned. She was the idol of the house. I felt the wormiest worm. I crept out of my seat and slunk right behind the people and hid in a corner for the rest of the show. They thought she was wonderful. I did not want her."

I have known a leading lady, in whom the crowds delighted, whom they applauded, and who, whenever the curtain fell, had to come forward and bow her thanks, part from me sometimes in the afternoon crying. She hated the theatre. She never wanted to act for it again. She used to cry every time she had to go to the theatre.

She preferred even marriage to being an actress. Every day of her life was a minor tragedy. When she had escaped, they offered her £100 a week to get her back, but she only cried, indeed, at the mention of the theatre.

I have known an author sit watching his show;

(*Continued on page* 112)

The Spangled Host

THE Little Stars of the Silent Screen "hide their diminished rays," but New Stars, "singing as they shine," arise to satisfy the astronomical appetite of the Film Fans

By Sydney Tremayne

JEANNETTE MACDONALD (below), who has developed her singing voice and her personality, succumbs to the blandishments of Jack Buchanan, as a Count impersonating her hairdresser, in "Monte Carlo"

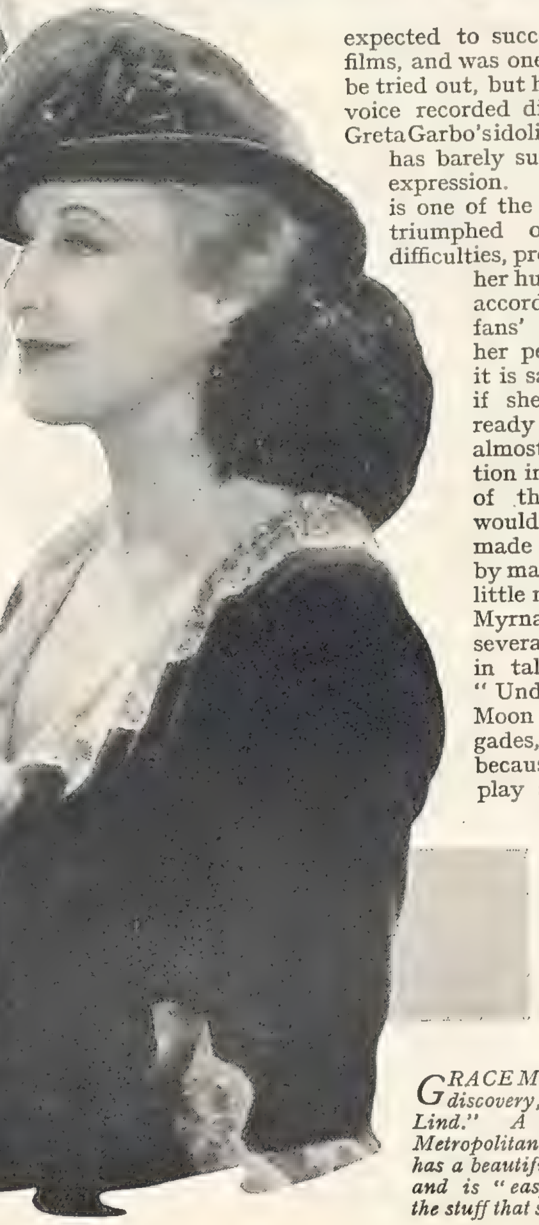
NORMA SHEARER (above), adjudged the best woman "talkie" star last year, makes much of all the men in "Let Us be Gay." The film is more entertaining than the play

THE British cinema industry loudly protested when it was caught in a not quite perpendicular position by the explosive advent of the "talkies." The public said what it thought, ceased to think and, later, said what the American producers wanted it to say. The only people who have, perforce, said nothing are the silent stars—and theirs has been the tragedy. A few of them have succeeded in making fresh careers for themselves in the sound studios, but the majority of that "spangled host" have been "blacked out" of the Hollywood heavens.

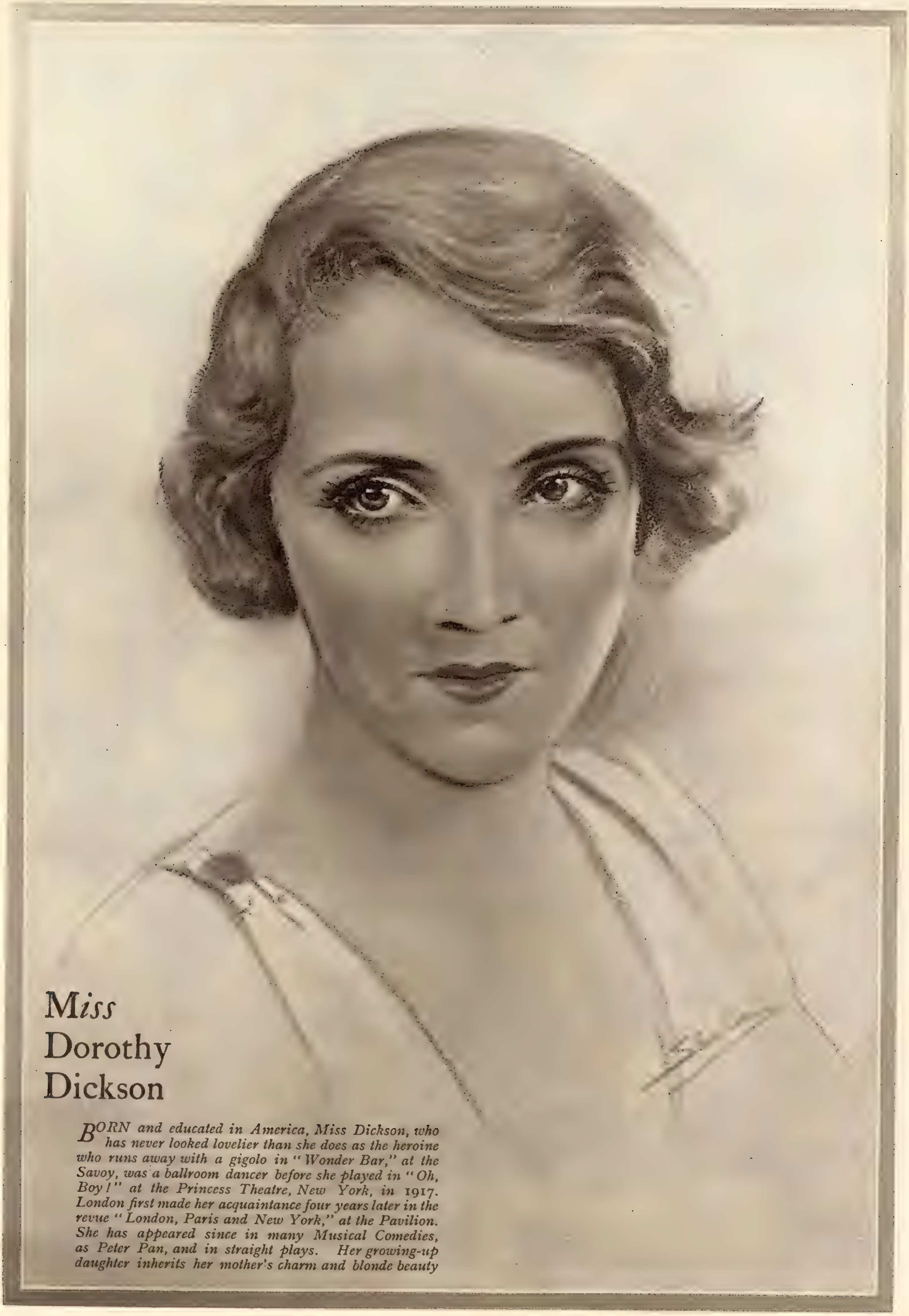
It would be invidious to name all those who were popular favourites two or three years ago and are heard of no longer, and more profitable to consider the merits of the survivors and the new-comers.

Pauline Frederick, a great emotional actress on the stage as well as the screen, might have been expected to succeed in talking films, and was one of the first to be tried out, but her low-pitched voice recorded disappointingly. Greta Garbo's idolised personality has barely survived audible expression. Janet Gaynor is one of the few who have triumphed over technical difficulties, probably because her husky little voice accords with her fans' conception of her personality, but it is safe to say that if she had not already occupied an almost unique position in the affections of the public, she would never have made a reputation by making the funny little noises she does. Myrna Loye has had several good parts in talking films (in "Under the Texas Moon" and "Renegades," for instance), because she can play a certain kind of rôle with fire and abandon. Norma Shearer, who was a good silent film actress

(*Continued on page 136*)

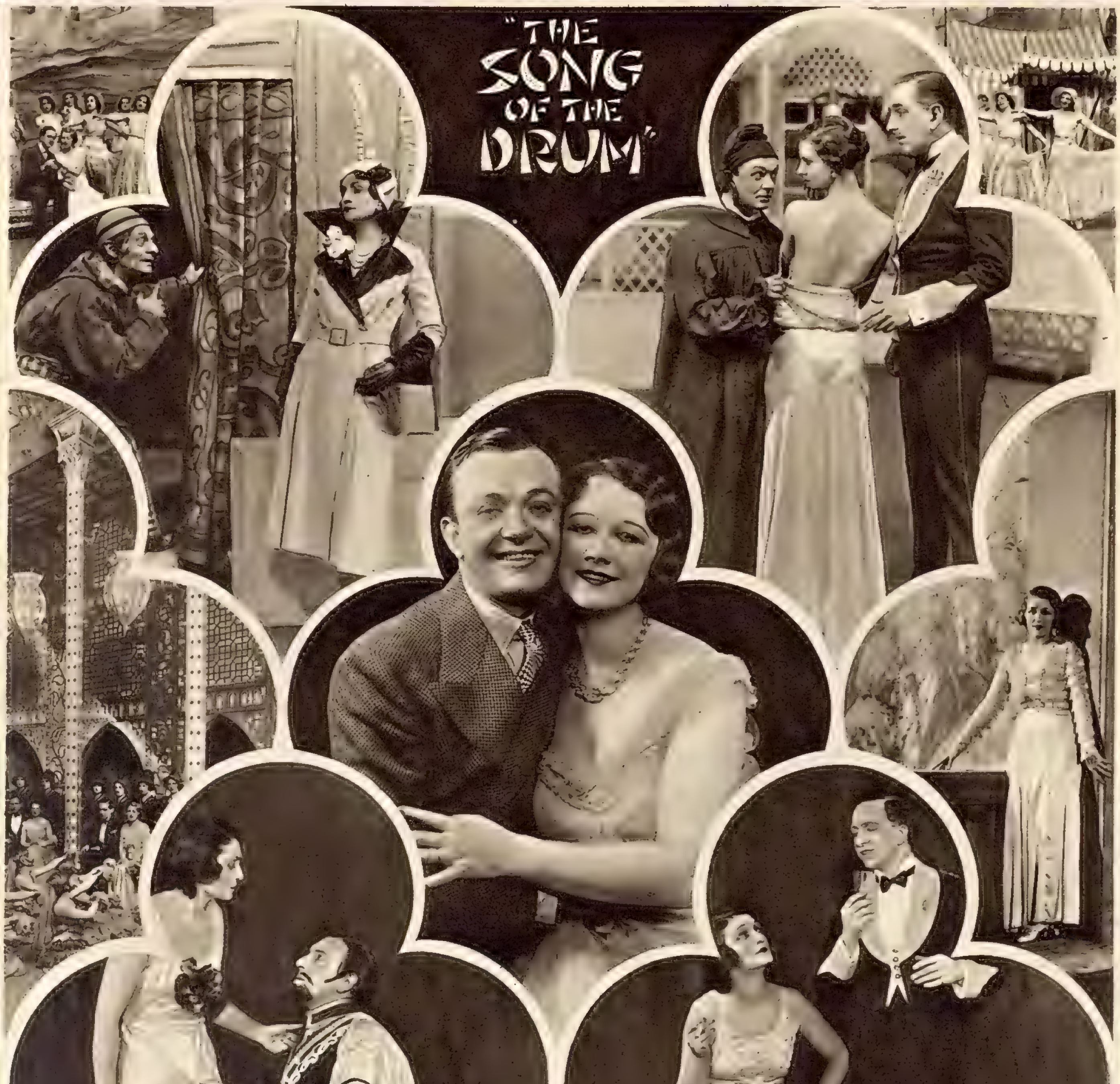


GRACE MOORE, a M-G-M discovery, as "Jenny Lind." A singer from the Metropolitan Opera House, she has a beautiful voice, can act, and is "easy to look at"—the stuff that stars are made of!



Miss Dorothy Dickson

BORN and educated in America, Miss Dickson, who has never looked lovelier than she does as the heroine who runs away with a gigolo in "Wonder Bar," at the Savoy, was a ballroom dancer before she played in "Oh, Boy!" at the Princess Theatre, New York, in 1917. London first made her acquaintance four years later in the revue "London, Paris and New York," at the Pavilion. She has appeared since in many Musical Comedies, as Peter Pan, and in straight plays. Her growing-up daughter inherits her mother's charm and blonde beauty


"THE SONG OF THE DRUM"

"The SONG of the DRUM"

Musical Melodrama at Drury Lane

The story of the new musical play at Drury Lane demands a generous amount of romantic licence, otherwise the ups and downs of the gallant captain, who is proclaimed traitor in one act (wrongfully, of course) and hero in the next, might appear a trifle steep even for melodrama. Mr. Derek Oldham is the cashiered British officer who enters the service of the Ilkhani of Kahlek, an imaginary frontier kingdom under British rule, and saves his brother officers and the regiment, thanks to a wireless message and a timely revolver-shot by the villainess (Miss Marie Burke). Mr. Bobby Howes and Miss Clarice Hardwicke (centre) are the comedian and comédienne. Professor Ernst Stern's Oriental scenery and dresses are superlatively beautiful

"New Moon"

Scenes from the screen version of the Drury Lane musical romance

In his latest film Adolphe Menjou has an ideal rôle, that of a suave Russian Nobleman and a rival of Lieut. Michael Petroff (Lawrence Tibbett) for the hand of the beautiful Princess Tanya Strogoff (Grace Moore); whilst Roland Young gives a clever and whimsical character-study of Tanya's father, Count Strogoff

Diana Wynyard

YOUTH, beauty, insouciance, humour—the catalogue of Miss Wynyard's charms explains the sudden rise of a new star in the theatrical firmament. From walking on to leading lady is a big jump in two years, but this young actress has achieved success—"Petticoat Influence" added substantially to her reputation — by something more than dazzling good looks

Face, H*ands*, Eyes

BOOKS: Home *and* Foreign Fiction: *and* a Note *on* Translations

By Arnold Palmer

THE appearance in English of the novels of Colette has attracted much attention, but hardly enough. Admiration for the works of this remarkable woman is increased by observation not only of how well they transplant into our not very congenial soil but also of their obstinate modernity. Minne, the heroine of *The Gentle Libertine* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), wears old-fashioned underclothes; but, except for the full and fairly frequent descriptions of them, the novel might have been written last month. Minne, as a type, is far more common in England to-day than when she was originally created. Apart from the censorship, there have been good (*i.e.*, commercial) reasons for not translating Colette until now. Her novels might previously have achieved a limited *succès de scandale*; they would never have been understood and appreciated at their true and considerable worth.

Actually, are they now so understood and so appreciated? I have called our soil uncongenial, for in spite of what we consider our outspokenness there is hardly anyone writing in English to-day who is as genuinely unabashed as Colette. When an English writer is frank, you can see him (or her) being frank; you can see him girding himself for frankness and hurling reticence from him. But Colette makes no effort, has nothing to discard. She is frank. There is, there never has been, any other kind of Colette but the completely frank one. Her view may be limited, but, within it, everything is on a par. The effect of skates on ice, the intimacies of love, the sound of a needle passing through stretched canvas, the appearance of stars in a high wind—she notes them all with equal care, seriousness and fidelity, seeing no reason to be precise about one and evasive about the other. *The Gentle Libertine* is not her best book, but it is a good one. There are still many readers in England who will be shocked by it, and especially by its best passages. I am not ridiculing these readers. There is a rational and even an æsthetic case to be made out for their revulsion. But it would take too long to state it. Moreover, when stated, it would be out of place on this page.

Colette, the eminent French authoress, whose books have recently been translated into English and whose last novel, "The Gentle Libertine," is reviewed on this page

Edward Thompson, whose latest novel, "A Farewell to India," is reviewed on page 120

ANOTHER volume translated from the French, but of a very different nature, is *Christine* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), by Julian Green, author of *The Dark Journey*, *The Closed Garden* and other memorable novels. The new book contains four stories. Like all M. Green's work, they are of high, unmistakable quality, though only "The Keys of Death" is entirely successful. In these studies of the macabre, the author (to use the familiar metaphor) has been content to squeeze one drop from the orange, and then to fling the warm, glowing, juicy fruit away. The method never bores, but it tantalises, the reader. And one reader at least has been faintly irritated to find the eminent publishers of Colette and M. Green offering us their works not in English but in American. On one page of *Christine* there are five Americanisms in the space of seven lines. It is notorious that translators are not lavishly rewarded, and I don't see why, at this time of day, we cannot have our own versions of Continental novels in our own language. The American spelling (*e.g.*, color, odor) has been altered to meet our island prejudices, but such a half-hearted concession effects nothing, unless it be to show that Messrs. Heinemann and Gollancz are slightly uneasy in their minds.

The pleasure I have derived from *The Sisters of Prague* (Secker, 7s. 6d.) depends only a very little on the fact that the translation (*Continued on page 120*)

Thrills,

English & American

"Who Cut the Colonel's Throat?" by W. Laing Hay. (Longmans, 7s. 6d.)

"Murder to Music," by A. C. and Carmen Edgington. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

THE first of these stories is English, the second is American, and they reveal the strength and weakness of what are now two defined and differing methods. Mr. Laing Hay's mystery is comparatively simple and straightforward—the field is small, the train of events is possible and logical, or at least not too illogical. But it is marred, as so many of our native detective stories are marred, by carelessness. When poor old Colonel Francillon's mangled corpse is discovered, one expects a certain distress to be exhibited by his friends, relatives, and neighbours. True, one lady swoons; but she is very soon her bright self again and ready to join the others for cocktails and light talk at the club house, and make arrangements for a round of golf. One lady, so far from swooning, exchanges winks with a detective. We are left wondering how Mr. Hay, a careful and painstaking writer, can possibly have been insensitive to the incredible callousness of his ladies and gentlemen.

The American story is, typically, planned on bigger lines, and contains the inevitable man of science, who pulls the big stuff about "the recondite etiology of a pneumatology bordering on transcendentalism," etc., etc. The authors have strong imagination, but it outruns their powers of exposition, so that their story is hard to follow—the worst of all faults in a detective novel. The crimes are committed in a big house of such complicated structure that even the police forbore, from first to last, to search it. The identity of the criminal is so carefully hidden that, even at the end, it remains obscure. Very difficult—in fact, too difficult.

A Reprint

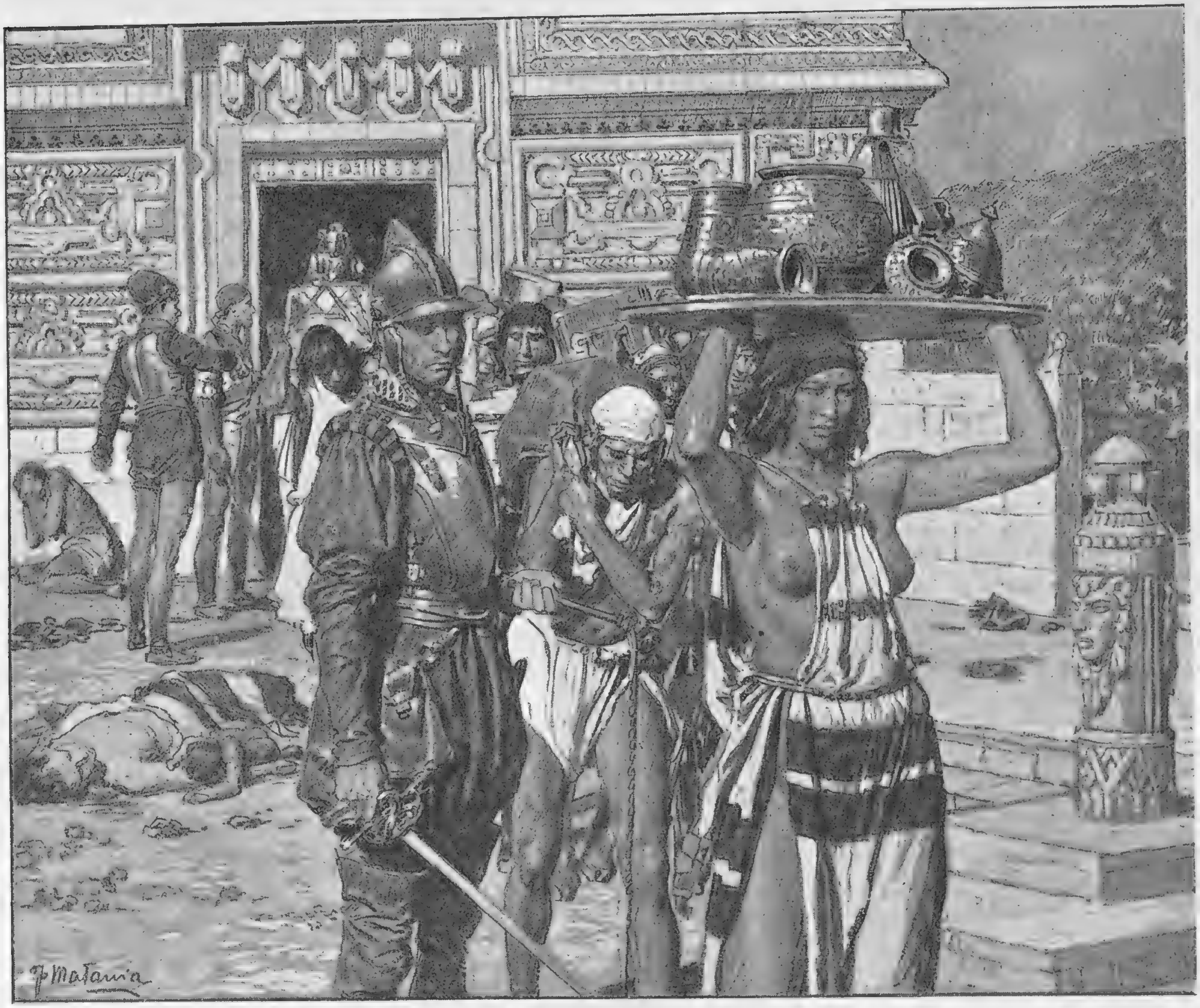
"Scenes and Portraits," by Frederic Manning. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)

Frederic Manning, author of "Scenes and Portraits"

I DO not know how long this book has been out of print, but it was first published one-and-twenty years ago. It has never achieved a wide popularity, and it will not do so now, for it is too sophisticated, too Anatole France-like, for the ordinary English reader, who is always rather alarmed by mature scholarship, by completely assimilated knowledge. But *Scenes and Portraits* has maintained an active if limited existence during all these years. Its admirers were so very enthusiastic that, if one met them, one was certain to hear of the book before long. Moreover, the admirers were, as a rule, the kind of people to whom other people listen. Very few books written this century reached and retained so select an audience.

One of the most faithful of the readers of *Scenes and Portraits*, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, is said to have been so familiar with it and the mind of its author that he recognised the origin of *Her Privates We*, and lifted the veil of anonymity behind which Mr. Manning had tried to hide. The incident, which is fit to rank with Professor Bullen's famous analysis of "The Lake of Innisfree," reveals more than Mr. Manning: it reveals Colonel Lawrence as a literary critic of extraordinary acuteness and as a very close and sensitive observer. Readers of *Her Privates We* may test their own powers by studying *Scenes and Portraits* and endeavouring to find, in these semi-historical dialogues concerned with the nature of God, the author of that tremendous novel of the war.

TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES



The heathen temples of the Incas were found to be filled with gold. They were forthwith desecrated and the images melted down for bullion

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, the discoverer and conqueror of Peru, and one of the legendary heroes of the Americas, deserved a better fate than assassination in a dishonourable, self-seeking war of avarice. Although a typical product of the sixteenth century, and a man of no great virtue and still less sentiment, he had battled against the overpowering handicap of poverty and the relentless incidence of jealousy, to become one of the pioneers of the world worthy to rank with Da Gama, Columbus, Francis Drake and Hernando Cortes. His end was miserable enough, for Fate decreed that to be the conqueror of an empire was not sufficient.

When little Francisco Pizarro was born dishonourably, the unwanted child of one Gonzalo Pizarro, a colonel of fortune, Spain was about to enter on her brief period of world domination. Spanish soldiers held Europe in awe and Spanish adventurers were discovering new kingdoms almost every week. By the time Pizarro was a youth Spanish arms had laid that foundation of power in Central America which was to provide such a plentiful harvest to British buccaneers in the course of their adventures on what is known as the Spanish Main The crazy shells of ships which put out from Cadiz and braved the ugly wastes of the unknown Atlantic took with them fearless sons of Aragon and Castile who were ready to defy any fate to enrich themselves and His Most Catholic Majesty. The lands to the West revealed by the chance discovery of Christopher Columbus were said to sparkle with precious stones and to be heavy with the aromas of spices. Emeralds and spices were the ideals of a very material age. A cargo of gold from the Indies was of more value than the life of a hidalgo. Spain was preparing for the conquests of Philip II. Her sons were venturing on dangerous quests to provide treasure for the wars.

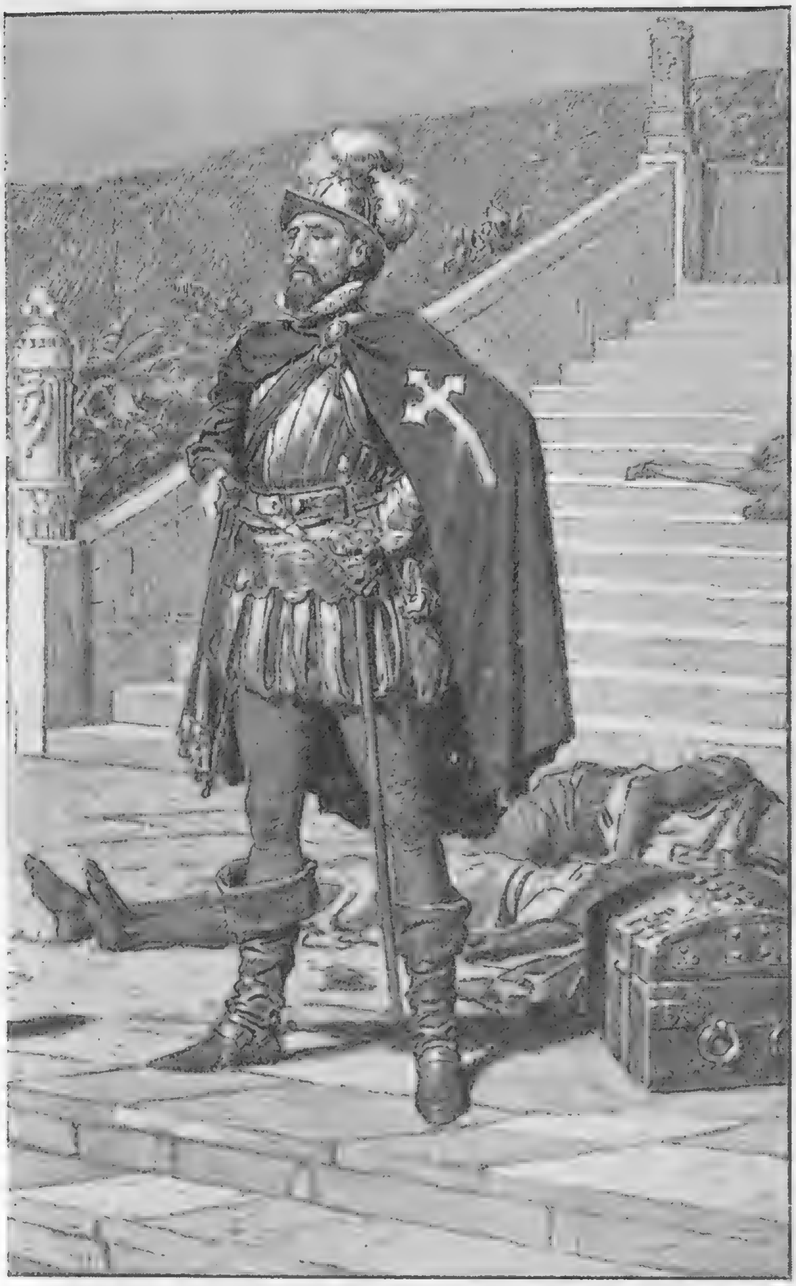
In that brilliant and merciless age, when swords were of more account than brains, and reckless bravery more profitable than simple faith, Francisco Pizarro lived for seventy years of achievement. He is perhaps the most notable and picturesque figure of the new world of his time. He stood pre-eminent among a host of self-seeking ruffians and richly clad poltroons. He can be remembered as the man who did not falter and whose spirit of endurance made suffering almost a diversion.

LIKE many another great man, he did not know his own age or the date of his birthday. He was born at Trujillo in Estremadura somewhere between the years 1471 and 1475. His father was a swaggering soldier who later attained some distinction in the Navarre wars. His mother was a woman of poor circumstances in the little town. Doubtless her flashing eyes caught the wayward attention of the colonel Gonzalo, and when he had marched away with his men his brief love affair was marked by the birth of a strong healthy boy, whose coming was dreaded and whose existence abhorred. The infant was presently laid down on some doorstep and recovered as a foundling. According to legend, the child would have starved were it not for the good offices of a kindly sow, but this myth may be dismissed as an attempt on the part of hero-worshipping contemporaries to give the great Pizarro something of the mystery surrounding the upbringing of Romulus and

OF HISTORY

Described by NORMAN HILL

Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.



No. 3: The Tragic Fate of

PIZARRO

The Conqueror of Peru

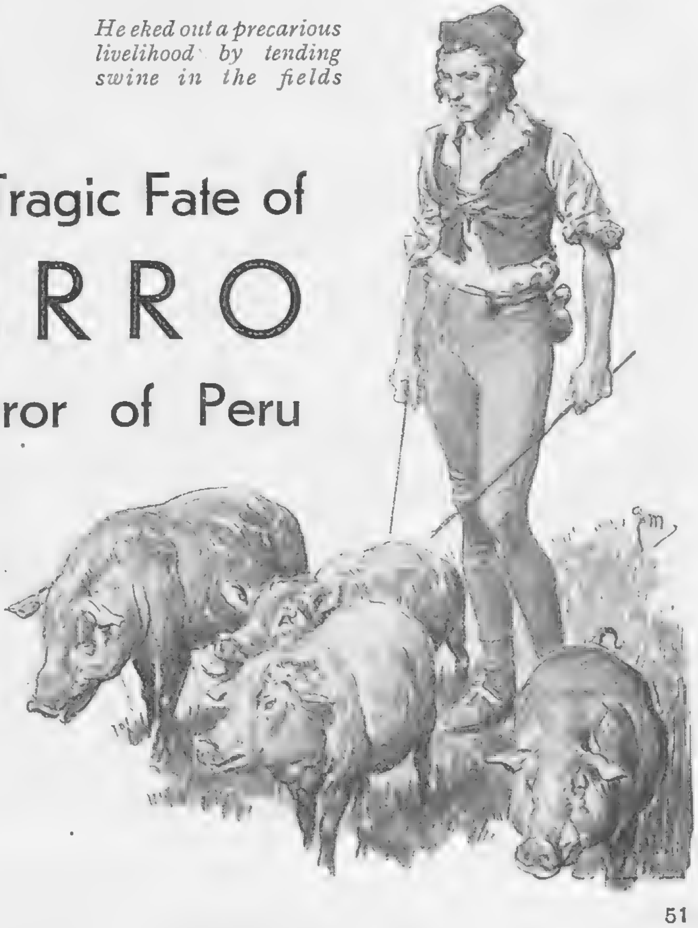
Remus. In any case, Francisco received no education, and he eked out a precarious livelihood by tending swine in the fields. He was wont to linger near the doors of taverns and listen to the words of travellers who had recently returned from the Indies or the wars. They spoke of the golden lands away beyond the hills and across the sea, and little Francisco would return to his pigsties with a heavy, bursting heart. It was unkind of fate to condemn him to ragged clothes and the unsympathetic companionship of swine, when there were great tracts of earth awaiting proud spirits who dared to venture on their shores. As he lay among the grunting sows he dreamed of the riches and golden valleys of the New World until his eyes closed deep in sleep. One morning when his master came to rouse him, Francisco was not there. He had crept away at the setting of the sun and begun a lonely walk to Seville, the great half Moorish city on the Guadalquivir from where, the boy knew, the galleons set out for the Spanish Main.

WE do not hear more about this restless, high-spirited youth until he turns up at the island of Hispaniola in the year 1510. He was then about forty years of age, and by hard work had raised himself to the dignity of a lieutenant in a forlorn expedition. For several years he hung about the newly formed colonies among the islands and along the Isthmus of Panama, but although he was envied for his marvellous health and apparent good fortune, his whole being was in a constant state of unrest. He had not been born to follow the ordinary routine of a soldier's daily round. He must venture alone to the discovery of stupendous countries whose wealth would make the existing settlements seem poverty-stricken and absurd.

It is a strange thing that the most hazardous undertakings of men and the most barbarous deeds of successful soldiers have generally been committed by individuals who were dominated by religious superstition. This particular period of history was stamped with the mystic demands of the Church, and those heartless scamps paused in their holocausts of the natives to say their prayers. Nothing was undertaken without the blessing of priests, and murder and rapine received an ecclesiastical sanction before their callous perpetration.

PIZARRO, now a grown man and hardened in the wars of discovery, was no exception. Before he embarked on his great mission he was careful that his act should have a flavour of religion which would satisfy his conscience. He had heard tales of the great wealth of Peru, the land of the South ruled by the Incas. No one had ever been there, and the unknown is always fertile of exaggeration. Men in Panama, which was poor and fever-ridden, said the Inca lived in a palace of pure gold and his soldiers had silver armour. No other empire in the world had such resources to command as the land beyond the snow-capped barrier which loomed on the blue horizon. But no one had ever been there, for the adventure was too dangerous and the number of men available so limited.

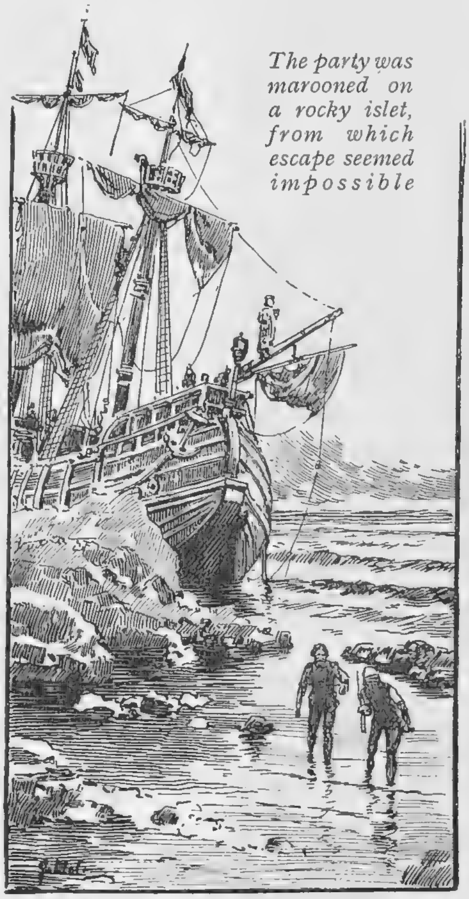
The risk involved in such a voyage of discovery appealed to the imagination of Pizarro. Here was an opportunity to realise the dreams he had fashioned in the pigsties of Trujillo when he was a swineherd. Pizarro selected a priest, Hernando de Luque, and a soldier, Diego de Almagro, to be his associates. The presence of a priest in his little band satisfied the call of conscience, and the three men drew up the famous contract for the conquest of Peru, and in most solemn and formal manner the good offices of the Holy Trinity and



He eked out a precarious livelihood by tending swine in the fields

Our Lady the Blessed Virgin were invoked. The instrument stated, in language the *naïveté* of which must always make an appeal, that the three men would divide the spoils into three equal parts. All swore to maintain the agreement and made the sign of the cross on a missal. Luque then administered the sacraments to the parties and divided the wafer into three parts. The whole ceremony took place in public. The assembly was greatly moved, for it seemed that the three participants to the oath were pledging themselves to certain death and that great pity should be extended to them in their insanity.

THE Governor of Panama had not looked on the expedition with favour and had done his best to forestall its execution. Nevertheless the crazy squadron set out over the unknown Pacific, an ocean which had hitherto never known a European bottom. Gradually the adventurers sailed towards the south, occasionally landing on the shores of the new Continent, only to find them sparsely populated and yielding the rankest herbs for food. Once they came across a tribe of cannibals, and fled back to their ships in terror. The less hardy in the little band died of exposure and disease, but Pizarro was ever at the helm with an encouraging word. After enduring terrific hardships, the party was marooned on a rocky islet, from which escape seemed impossible. Shortage of supplies and dank water threatened their existence for months, and threats of mutiny nearly ruined the expedition. Some were for abandoning the quest altogether, when their leader appealed to their national pride. They could not return to Panama branded with the mark of failure and owing thousands of pesos to their fellow citizens. He had no wish to retain the services of men who had no heart for adventure. Drawing his sword, he made a long mark on the sand. He then turned to his friends and said, " Comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and poverty. Choose each man what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." Pizarro stepped across the mark in the sand and was followed by twelve others. Those thirteen men were to become the heroes of a new empire.



The party was marooned on a rocky islet, from which escape seemed impossible

NO man was ever more rewarded for his strange affection for discomfort than Francisco Pizarro. Relief came to the brave thirteen, and they prosecuted their journey down that unfriendly coast until they came to the lovely reach of Tumbez. An inhospitable coastline, with dark, stormy creeks and unfruitful forests, gave place to a pleasant shore inhabited by hospitable natives who called their visitors " the children of the Sun " because of their white skins. They came out to greet them in open boats weighed down to the water's edge with fruits and meats. The noblemen of the district were taken on board and reduced to wonderment by the size of the explorer's vessel, the shining armour of the soldiery and the strange equipment of masts and sails. They brought gifts of gold and silver, the sight of which was as new life to the adventurers, who realised that Pizarro had been right when he spoke of the wealth of the land which lay to the south of the line drawn in the sand. On the shore they saw roads and aqueducts and houses in strange designs. It was a new civilisation, not savage and unimaginative, but something vital and real. Not for nothing had they faced the torments of empty stomachs and the anxieties of seas which grew worse with each sunset.

THE sight of Tumbez was sufficient to inspire Pizarro to the continuance of his mission, and he was rightly distressed at the mixed reception he received on his return to Panama. The inherent narrowness of vision of the Spanish official mind—it persists to this day—failed to realise the golden prospect opened by the discoveries of Francisco, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Pizarro raked together enough pesos to equip a ship to sail from Nombre de Dios to beseech royal support for his conquest of the land of the South.

He took with him a llama, a beautiful beast with great shaggy sides, and the gift of this curious beast greatly impressed the sagacious Charles V. That monarch was not interested in its strange appearance or evident strength, but in the fact that the wool from its sides would make rich fabrics. The Emperor knew that men who could supply cheap and good cloth would always be rich, and kings could easily turn their activities from battles to business. Although Pizarro was unaccustomed to the atmosphere of royal courts, the ingrained character of the Castilian with its *hauteur* and natural gallantry served him in good stead, and he was able to cut quite a presentable figure in the presence of his sovereign. Moreover, Pizarro had a tale to tell and an unexpected eloquence in telling it. He described how he and his comrades had been left on their tiny island, abandoned by the governor of Panama and forgotten by the grandees of Spain. He spoke of the mighty Inca who ruled in the blue mountains, but who worshipped heathen gods in his golden palace. He asked for help, not for himself, but the greater glory of Castile. That sentiment appealed to the king, who wept a few appropriate tears and decided that here was a cause worthy of his regard. Unhappily, Charles was Emperor as well as King of Spain, and he found it convenient to forget the existence of Pizarro in the light of more pressing demands. After all, he may be forgiven. The Bay of Biscay is much nearer than the Gulf of Panama. But his Queen was not so negligent of opportunity. Pizarro's resources were almost at an end when she intervened and brought about the well-known Capitulacion by which Pizarro was authorised to bring about the discovery of the province of Peru or New Castile. He was to be made captain-general of the province for life and receive a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand *maravedis*.

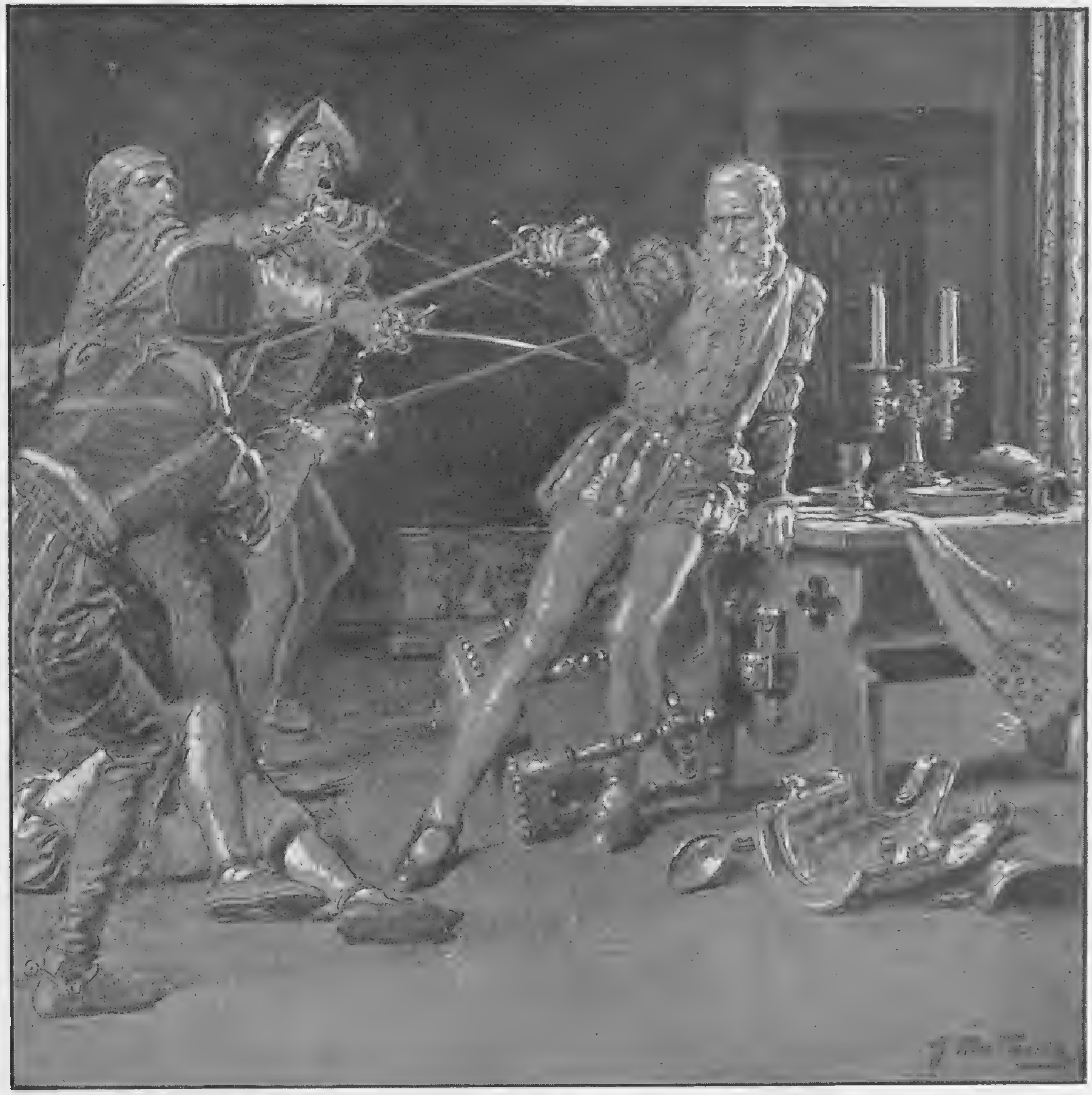
PIZARRO was now a spoiled child of fortune. He assailed Peru at a time when the children of the Incas were divided into two camps. Seven years before Pizarro set foot in Peru, Huayna Capac lay on his imperial deathbed. Always he had dreaded the coming of the white man, and the old man died with words of warning to his people on his lips of the fate that was hanging over them. He had many sons, but the favourites among a long list of legitimate and natural heirs were Atahuallpa, the son of a favourite concubine, and Huascar, the son of his lawful wife. Before the old man died he blessed both Atahuallpa and Huascar, and bade them rule each a portion of his kingdom in friendship and love. For some years the two men ruled side by side in perfect harmony until the inevitable jealousies which are deepest among brothers and kinsmen drove them to war. The demure Atahuallpa showed himself a fiend incarnate. He wiped out every man, woman and child connected with Huascar, and their lingering tortures, which he devised himself, have a revolting sadistic motive which gives their author the unenviable privilege of the company of Caligula and Caracalla. Huascar himself he retained as hostage, and proceeded to rule over the whole land of the Incas with an iron hand. His cruelties, however, had caused that fatal discontent which ensured the disintegration of his kingdom at the first threat from without.

That threat was not long in coming. The redoubtable Pizarro had landed at Tumbez. He was accompanied by only a few men-at-arms, but their superior discipline and Toledo swords made short work of the immediate opposition, and the Spaniards moved to the interior. Atahuallpa was installed in his capital of Cajamara, and thinking that the first act of the white man would be to embrace the cause of the unfortunate Huascar, he caused that unhappy man to be drowned in the river of Andarmarca. Then, with the hesitation of all men who are uncertain of their strength and weakness, he put on his best smile to greet the coming of Pizarro. He found the Spaniards most charming. The women of Cajamara agreed with the Inca. The Peruvian forces had been overwhelmed by Pizarro's men, and the invaders had all the advantages which women see in conquering heroes. Pizarro, however, was not turned from his purpose. He treated with Atahuallpa and then had him seized by treachery.

The heathen temples of the Incas were found to be filled with gold. They were forthwith desecrated and the images melted down for bullion. Those Peruvians who allowed their religion to interfere with their better judgment were mercilessly put to the sword. Indian goldsmiths were employed to melt down the treasures, and it was found they amounted to more than four millions of modern money. It was an enormous prize, and it was not surprising that the conquerors anticipated an attempt at its recovery. The Inca, although in captivity, was all powerful with his own people in the face of danger, and the demand for his assassination came from the unruly followers of Pizarro. Atahuallpa protested he had nothing to do with the reports of a native revolt. He was but a poor prisoner who had no thoughts of conspiracy against such valiant men as the Spaniards. Pizarro listened to him in silence. The conqueror had no thought for the tears of the fallen tyrant. He was wondering, with a terrible nonchalance, if his death would be expedient or not. He paid no attention to the clamourings of his soldiers. He had heard their cries of blood and fear on many a battlefield, but perhaps this time there was something in what they said. The continued existence of the Inca was a constant source of danger to the conquerors of Peru. He was therefore condemned to be burned alive in the public square of his own capital. On his way to the stake he was approached by a friar, who adjured him to forswear his former faith. The Inca, who had forgotten his fears and now bore himself with the dignity of an Indian warrior, embraced the crucifix and was rewarded with the less lingering death by strangulation.

At this time Pizarro had no thought of annexing the land of the Incas to Spain, and a month or two after the foul assassination of Atahuallpa he permitted the coronation of an Inca prince in the city of Cuzco. But before this he had authorised the burning alive of the great Peruvian general Challcuchima in front of his army. Like his master before him, he had been falsely accused of treachery, and from the Spanish viewpoint it was treachery for any Peruvian to defend his homestead from invasion. The same friar waited on the condemned general a few minutes before the end and exhorted him to turn from his heathen faith. The proud Indian regretted he could not adopt a faith which had brought his countrymen so great misfortune, and as the flames leapt around his erect body his voice was heard intoning the name of Pachacamac.

(*Continued on page* 124)



Facing his enemies, he struck two down, and turned on the remainder with an oath . . .

Brothers and Our Am

Prince George is fond of flying, and often travels by plane to attend public functions

PRINCE GEORGE as a naval officer. He was to have been the "Sailor Prince" of the Royal Family, but his retirement from the rôle for which he was cast was less due to temperamental than to physical reasons. He was never able to conquer what came to be a regular habit of being sea-sick in bad weather

H.R.H. Prince GEORGE

IN the old days of Avaunt and God-wot it was accepted that about the most promising thing a prince could do to promote the prosperity and well-being of his people was to collect the feudal levies and wage a successful foreign war.

But times change, and ideas change with them. The last exponent of the trade-follows-our-victorious-armies theory now saws wood and tends a beard behind barbed wire in a guarded house at Doorn. Modernity plumps for courtesy visits and the glad hand. They show results.

Which explains why the Prince of Wales, who might be hunting in England or big-game shooting in Africa, and who likes a month on a 14,000-ton boat no more than most other active young men, took his exercise round the promenade deck of the *Oropesa*—six rounds to the mile—as she cut the long Atlantic rollers on her way to South America.

It does not altogether explain, however, why Prince George, King George's fourth son, accompanied him on this trip; for although the South American job is a big one, it doesn't take two princes to do it; and if Prince George needed some training and practice at the trade ambassador game, the home statesmen could have arranged for him to make a goodwill trip on his own account to one of the British Dominions.

But Prince George—"P.G." to the Navy and his friends—is more than the Prince of Wales's younger brother. He is his friend, and latterly he has been a good deal his companion. The Prince of Wales, perhaps with recollections of his own early career, has taken him under his wing, and sees that he has a good time.

Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, tall, serious, the best horseman of the four Princes, has his own set, his own friends, and his own pursuits, and is seldom around with the Prince of Wales or at the same parties; and the Duke of York has a charming wife and two children, and, when he is not on the job at public functions, lives the life of a family man. Prince George and the Prince of Wales are two bachelor brothers with much the same likes and dislikes, tastes, friends and pursuits in common.

in Sport
D*uty*
R*oyal*
bassadors

A modern P*en*-portrait *of the* Prince *of* Wales *and his* brother P*rince* George

The Prince of Wales with his own private plane and pilot, Squadron-Leader Don

The two Princes standing in front of their plane at Le Bourget aerodrome, the first stage of their journey to South America

Both prefer the air to the sea, and, indeed, fly whenever and wherever they can. Both like driving themselves in a car—fast. Both like music and strumming a tune on the piano (it used to be the uke and the trap-drum with the Prince of Wales, but he has progressed, and surprised Richard Strauss, visiting him at York House the other day, by playing him one of his own waltzes on the piano).

Both are amused by much the same things, like the same sort of shows, and get fun out of dancing. Prince George, having longer legs, a more restful temperament, and a more highly developed sense of rhythm, is the better dancer of the two. Indeed, at Cannes once he dropped in with a companion at a place where he was

In Fort Belvedere, near Windsor, the Prince of Wales has a country house of his own

Fort Belvedere

not known, and finding a competition on, joined in, and won a pot. The story only broke because he subsequently told his elder brother about it with a chuckle of joy, and it became a family joke for quite a while.

Again, both have to respect their digestions and eat the plainest of food. The Prince prefers simple food, but his younger brother would be more indulgent if he could, only he has to be careful about his diet.

THEY never have arguments. The Prince of Wales is the elder and stronger in character, and Prince George goes along with him. It has been so since their childhood whenever it came to a showdown. What was probably their first clash is on record. They were driving with their other brothers and Princess Mary in the procession at the Coronation of their father and mother. Young Princess Mary, dressed up and wearing her coronet, was very much impressed by the grand occasion, and preserving a dignified demeanour.

The infant George, sitting opposite his sister, eyed her for a while, and then conceived the bright idea of disrupting her dignified poise by tickling her. But the coach bumped just then, and he slipped off on to the floor and got mixed up among the jumble of his brothers' and sister's feet. Princess Mary leant forward to pick him up, and in doing so forgot her coronet. It fell off and there were wild grabbings for it.

Then the Prince of Wales intervened and restored order and discipline with a sharp "Stop it!" He secured the coronet and planted it back on his sister's head. And fixing Prince George with a daunting eye, and emphasising his remarks with one stiff finger jutting out of a clenched hand, he assured him that if there was any more nonsense he, George, would know all about it. He, Wales, would see to that personally. Peace reigned throughout the remainder of the ceremony.

"The Good Companions"—Prince George and the Prince of Wales on the racecourse at Epsom

The war broke them apart. The Prince of Wales, 20, went off to France, while his brother, a boy of 12, was still in the schoolroom. From his tutors Prince George went down to Osborne, the naval training centre for British officers, and after his novitiate in home waters was over, he was sent off to the naval station in China, as much to keep him from knocking around town at a loose end over leaves, perhaps, as to complete his naval training.

He was to have been the "Sailor Prince" of the Royal Family. But the family seems destined to be without a son peculiarly associated with the element upon which the island race has risen to world empire. Neither Prince Henry nor the Duke like the sea even in its most smiling mood, and as for the Heir, wild horses will not drag him to Cowes for the yacht-racing which the King regularly attends, or induce him to associate himself, as Princes of Wales have done over the last century, with the life and activities of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

PRINCE GEORGE'S retirement from the rôle for which he was cast was due less to temperamental than to physical reasons. He has a constitutional digestive weakness (the Prince of Wales also has not exactly the digestion of an ostrich, and not long ago had to consult a specialist). This weakness has the effect of making George a poor sailor. He was never able to conquer what came to be a regular habit of being seasick in bad weather; and every time that happened his digestive system took some time to get back to normal.

So he came back. Things were pretty new to him at home—so new that he had to ask his brother Edward, as they stayed together at Windsor with their parents over Christmas, what this Charleston business was everybody was talking about and doing, and there and then Edward took him in hand and showed him the step that had come from the American dance jungle to conquer Mayfair through an entire season.

A debutante who spotted Prince George at a dance without knowing who he was would put him down as a shy Navy boy with charm, very nice, very attractive, amused and amusing, but maybe needing some encouragement to be at his best. And she wouldn't be far wrong anyway. Tall, fair, handsome, easily smiling, he doesn't look anything like his 28 years.

He has none of his elder brother's acquired incisiveness and self-confidence in public, and nothing like his cultivated ability as a speaker. His face is rounder, softer; he has his father's fine, limpid, calm blue eye. His passion for action is not so strongly developed. He is a good fellow, and, among people he knows, a gay companion. He will sit down at the piano and play for the dancers at a house party. He can go to a revue or musical comedy—he and his brother are often at shows together—and bring back a tune and play it from memory. He reads—which the Prince of Wales does not—and when the Russian ballet was on in town he used to go night after night. The Prince of Wales was never there. He is no ballet fan.

He has an eye for colour and ideas about decoration. He did not like his suite of apartments at Buckingham Palace when he came back from China, and had the whole old-fashioned scheme changed for a modern one in bright and vivid colours; and he went looking for pictures for the walls, and found some very good water-colours, the nucleus of a collection.

The Prince of Wales, incidentally, himself had some talent for sketching once. Mr. Asquith used to tell the story. It was when he was Secretary of State for Home Affairs in '95, and Queen Victoria was on the throne. He had sent a State paper to the Sovereign. It came back bearing her signature, but also carrying in the margin some marks so mysterious that the Prime Minister handed the document round in the Cabinet room with raised eyebrows.

No one could think of an explanation until it was recollected that the Queen was in the habit of having her little great-grandson taken along to the Palace, where one of the rooms had been turned into a nursery for him; and she would often go and play with him. It looked this time as if she had gone to play with the infant with the State paper in her hand, and had left the paper awhile. For the hieroglyphics it bore, in addition to the signature of the Sovereign, took the rough form of a curly-tailed pig.

THAT early promise, however, has not been fulfilled. The only time the Prince, grown to maturity, used a pencil for anything but necessary writing was when, in rare meditative moments, he would absent-mindedly sketch little diagrams and odd shapes until such time as inspiration came. Now he doesn't even do that, because he uses a portable typewriter for all his essential personal correspondence and notes, except his letters to his intimate friends, and those he scrawls off rapidly with a pen in his bold flowing hand, half a dozen lines to a page of his blue notepaper, addresses the envelope likewise, seals it, and off it goes.

Prince George has a common bond with the Prince of Wales in fast motoring and flying. The Prince has a brace of cars for his personal use, a Rolls-Royce and a small two-seater. Prince George acquired a big black Bentley Six, the car which has done so well in track and road events during the last two years.

One day Prince George borrowed his brother's Rolls and took a narrow drive at speed. Not being used to the steering of the heavier car, he piled it up on the gate post; whereupon his irate elder brother grabbed "P.G.'s" Bentley and held it for use until his own came back from the repair shop.

Some time later Prince George suggested he would like to borrow the Prince's new private plane, a Gipsy-Moth with slotted wings (to prevent stalling) and crimson leather upholstery. "Oh, no, you don't!" said his brother. "I lent you my car and you crashed it. I'm taking no chances with my plane. You can have my old one. If you break your neck in that I shan't mind so much." So Prince George learnt to fly in the old Blue Moth that had served the Prince of Wales to cut his flying eye teeth on. Squadron-Leader Don, the

(*Continued on p.* 119)

The Prince of Wales endorses large checks for sport and country

The Seven Deadly

FASHION in vice and virtue, like
article the author drastically discards the
what she feels to be

By

Self-advertisement

False Vice

Self-pity

ON reflection, my title seems to me to smack somewhat of self-righteousness—as though I were about to take pen in hand to castigate my fellow beings! That would be Satan rebuking sin with a vengeance; but I have no desire to castigate, merely to consider, and the extraordinary difference between the old list of traditional sins, those clear-cut, easy-to-grasp, straightforward sins of old, and the far more unpleasant and subtle sins of to-day seems to me to be a matter meet for consideration at some length!

Read the ancient list of the Seven Deadly Sins: Gluttony, Sloth, Avarice, Pride, Lust, Wrath, Envy!

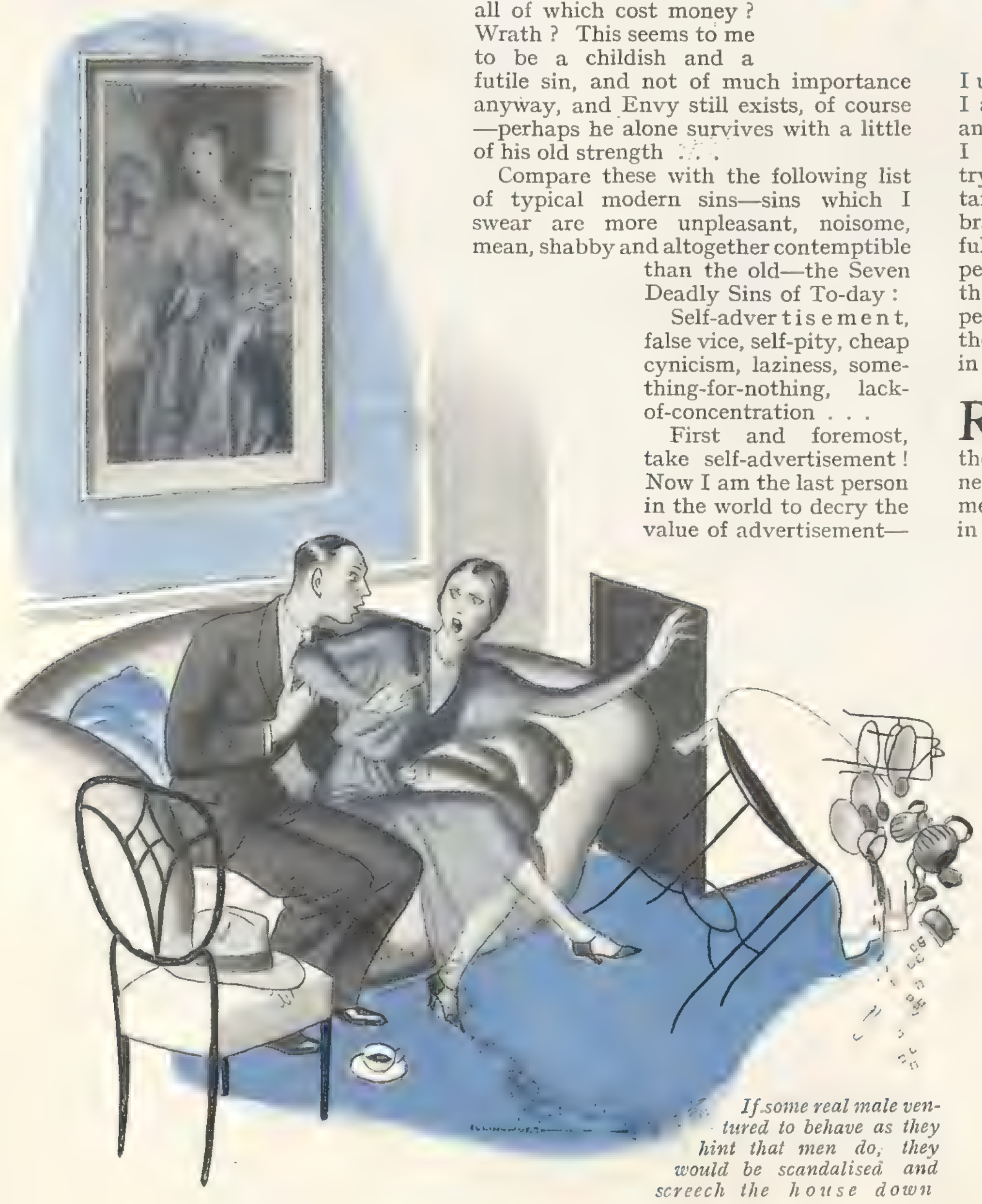
Now these seem to-day comparatively easy to avoid—vanity alone saves most of us from the sin of gluttony, since who is not living on some sort of a diet? Life is too strenuous now for one to indulge in sloth, while who has sufficient cash, with Mr. Snowden on the warpath, to cultivate avarice, lust or pride, all of which cost money? Wrath? This seems to me to be a childish and a futile sin, and not of much importance anyway, and Envy still exists, of course—perhaps he alone survives with a little of his old strength . . .

Compare these with the following list of typical modern sins—sins which I swear are more unpleasant, noisome, mean, shabby and altogether contemptible than the old—the Seven Deadly Sins of To-day:

Self-advertisement, false vice, self-pity, cheap cynicism, laziness, something-for-nothing, lack-of-concentration . . .

First and foremost, take self-advertisement! Now I am the last person in the world to decry the value of advertisement—I use it myself as a matter of course, since I am a huckster with my brains to sell, and advertisement helps to sell them. I have no quarrel with the salesman trying to sell his goods, whether they are tangible soap or stockings, or intangible brains or beauty . . . but the world is full to-day of ordinary pleasant everyday people who have nothing to sell and therefore no reason to advertise, yet who persistently and patiently try to advertise themselves one way or another, and chiefly in the daily Press!

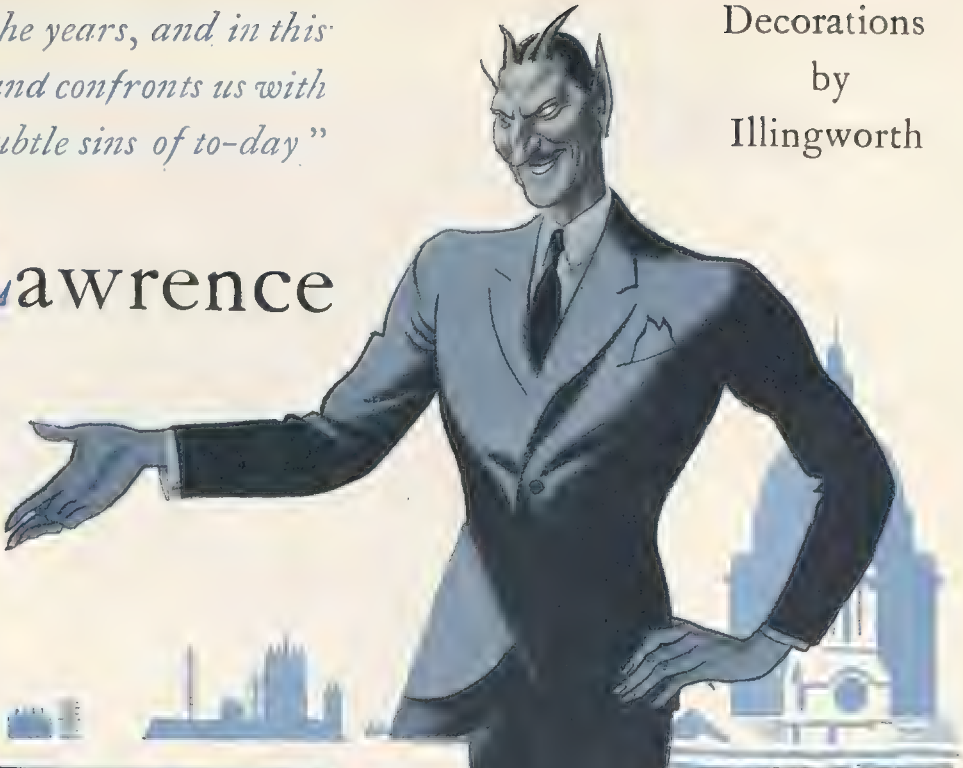
RECENTLY two young wenches who shall be nameless—not that quoting their names would matter, since they are neither of them famous or beautiful, merely ordinary little English girls, living in the country, hunting a little, dancing a little, playing tennis and golf a little in due season, and looking hungrily out for the desirable county match that is still the secret desire of most Nice Young Girls—these two had a bet on as to which could wangle, by hook or by crook, their photographs into the Society picture papers. They succeeded in getting themselves "snapped" at various meets or shoots or balls, by literally pestering the life out of the unfortunate press-photographers present at these functions to photograph really interesting or notable people—and plumed themselves greatly at the end of the season upon having scored about fourteen appearances each! And their parents beamed with pride! Now what did they gain by it, and why did they do it, beyond satisfying a purely childish vanity? Of all the silly, useless, puerile manias, this craze for "appearing in the papers" seems to me to be one of the silliest—not even men, whatever they may say, are exempt from it. Who

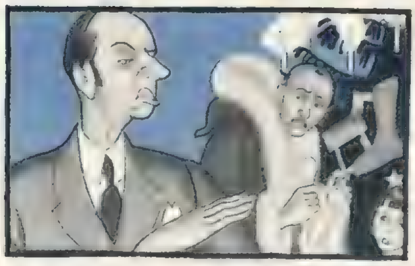

If some real male ventured to behave as they hint that men do, they would be scandalised and screech the house down

fashions in clothes, changes with the years, and in this clear-cut iniquities of tradition, and confronts us with "the far more unpleasant and subtle sins of to-day"

Decorations
by
Illingworth

Margery Lawrence

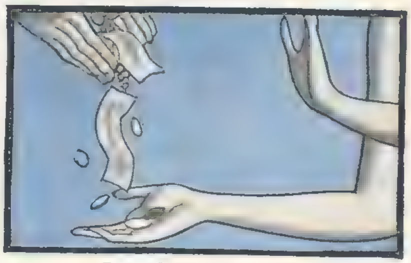




Cheap Cynicism

Sins of To-day

Laziness



Something for Nothing

has not seen the absurd grin of gratification with which some totally obscure and unimportant male will announce to his admiring friends that in the "Daily Sphere's" snap of Cyril Tolley driving off, he happened to be in the forefront of the crowd and got "taken" too? If one must advertise oneself, for Heaven's sake let us have something to justify the advertisement—but let us drop posing for sheer posing's sake!

Then the present sin of what I call, for want of a better name, "false vice." Time was when it was rather "the thing" (to use a phrase belonging to the period of which I speak) for a man to be a "gay dog," a rake, a devil-with-the-girls . . . Well, well, since one supposes that the male animal throughout all the breeds must needs ramp and snort and boast about his prowess in the field of love, this seems fairly harmless! But the tendency of so many women to-day to do precisely the same thing, but without the same justification, seems to me so indescribably contemptible and difficult to understand! The incredible lies they will tell to impress you with their real essential "badness"—and the annoyance they will show if you don't appear to believe them!

A WOMAN to-day is positively offended if one hints that she is happy and contentedly married, that she is faithful to her husband, and never likely to be anything else! Women who are most obviously and completely virtuous cannot resist hinting darkly of their "difficult" lives, of the dozens of men they might have married, of how they are misunderstood by their husbands, are seeking nearer, more subtle companionship—they often even go the length of positively asserting the existence of a lover or lovers! Now considering that many women simply are not and never could be the sirens and heart-breakers they like to imagine themselves, but ordinary nice good little souls who in truth, did some real male venture to behave as they hint that men, roused to madness by their charms, too often *do* behave towards them, would be scandalised and screech the house down, this seems to me to be the very abyss of contemptibility! Kiss and tell, if you want, by all means—but half the women of to-day tell without kissing, or even wanting to kiss. But they want the credit of having kissed all the same . . . what a cheap and mouldy little sin! I can meet and on occasions like an honest-to-God "bad" woman, but preserve me from these imitation vamps who dare not be so out of the mode as to admit to being both happily married and frumpishly virtuous!

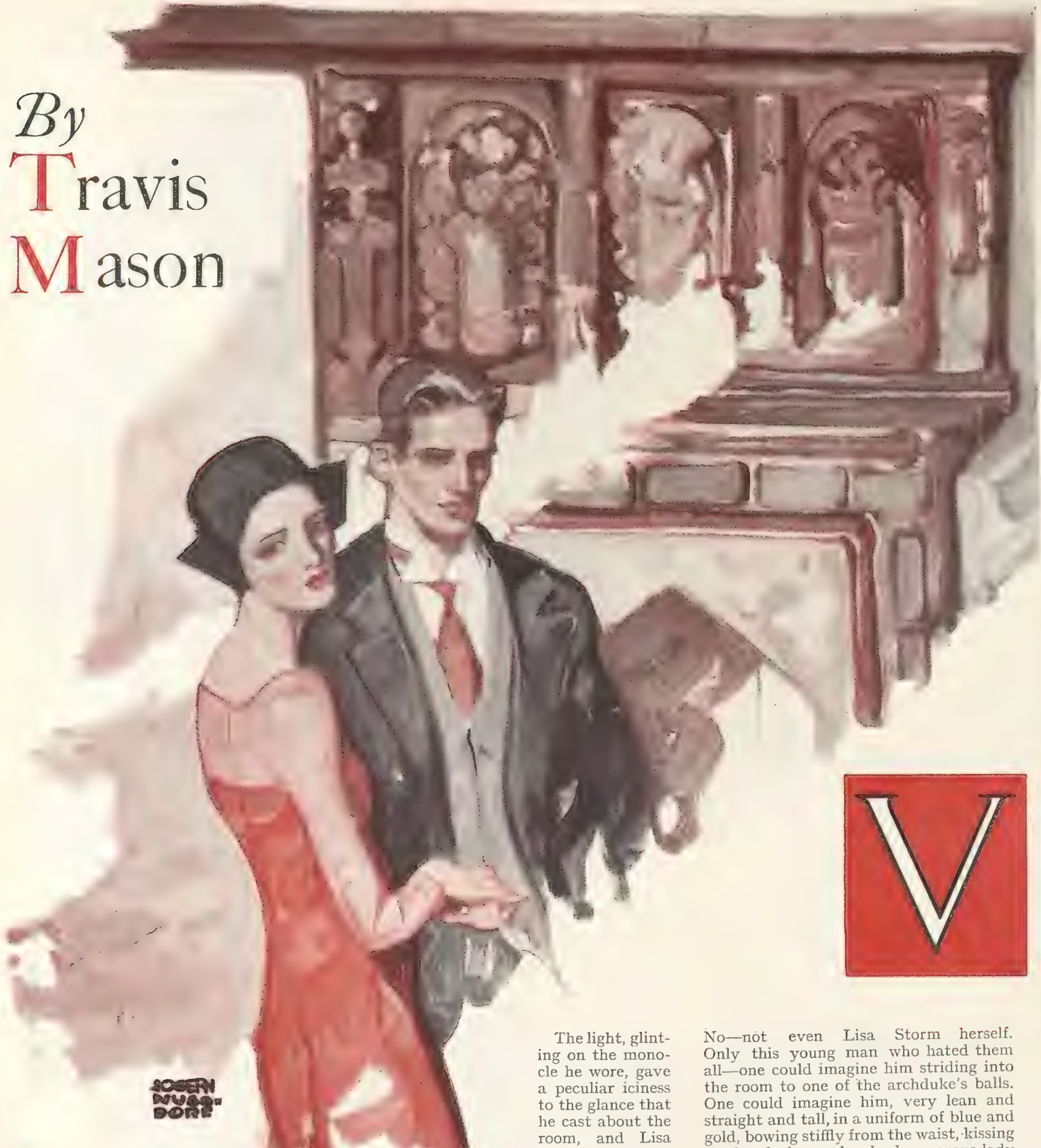
Then that other whining, nasty little modern vice so popular as a subject with many women writers of to-day—self-pity. Oh, the chorus of lamentation that ascends to Heaven almost daily from the papers anent thwarted women, frustrated or disappointed women, married to men who cannot understand or appreciate the rare souls prisoned by their sides! . . . I never read one of these effusions without a secret desire to hear the matter from the husband's side! Now here, I think, is a vice of to-day largely restricted to womenkind . . . while any student of life must realise that fully as many men as women feel disappointed with life, one does not hear half so much grumbling about it

Lack of Concentration

(*Continued on page* 126)

The Romance of a Modern Girl and a Gigolo

By Travis Mason



V

IT was his arrogance that drew Lisa Storm's attention to him in the first place. The perfect cut of his evening clothes, the sweep of his crisp blonde hair back from his forehead, the clear, hard lines of his profile—all these she noticed later, but in that first moment, as he followed the plump, jewelled woman into the dining room, Lisa Storm's eyes were caught and held by the expression of cool scorn on his face.

The light, glinting on the monocle he wore, gave a peculiar iciness to the glance that he cast about the room, and Lisa was made aware of a fact she had forgotten: that this hotel had once been the palace of an archduke, and that there had been a time when not one of the present guests would have been welcome here. Not Mary Brent nor her dull, good-natured husband, Bill. Not the red-haired cocotte in the corner, nor the men who were drinking too much champagne at the next table. No—not even Lisa Storm herself. Only this young man who hated them all—one could imagine him striding into the room to one of the archduke's balls. One could imagine him, very lean and straight and tall, in a uniform of blue and gold, bowing stiffly from the waist, kissing the hand of some lovely, languorous lady as he asked her to dance. He looked as though he might have been a part of the Vienna that had been the gayest city in the world.

Vienna! Lisa Storm's lips twisted into a derisive little smile. The "Blue Danube" and Schubert's waltzes, the "Old Refrain" and the "Caprice Viennois" had put silly, sentimental ideas into her head.

In spite of the tales she had heard of changes since the war, she had expected stubbornly to find a sort of dream city, shining in the sunlight of never-ending romance.

who was "different"

Illustrated by
Joseph Nussdorf

iennese CAPRICE

SO she had come to Vienna in March, to find—what? A city of grey spires under a sullen sky. A cold city, damp with sudden bursts of rain. There were no uniforms, if one excepted those of the omnipresent police. The Prater was like any other park in the world, the Graben like any other busy street. The portly gentlemen who lifted their hats ceremoniously to one another as they met on the Kärntnerstrasse, the plump ladies who bulged over the edges of the small gilt chairs in Demel's and gossiped as they nibbled sandwiches and drank coffee drowned in whipped cream—these were the Viennese. And as for music, Strauss and Schubert and Kreisler might never have written a note. The orchestras here played American jazz and sang it with German words that only made it sound far more ridiculous than it already was. They were playing "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby" now, bellowing the words through small red megaphones, and the young man with the monocle was dancing with the woman who wore a tight pink dress and too many diamonds.

"Who is he, Mary?" Lisa Storm demanded. "The blonde Adonis out there with the strawberry *parfait*."

"I don't know him." Mary's tone damned him as not worth knowing. "I met the woman last week, though, at tea at Helen Ballard's. Terrific, isn't she? Must have rented an *Eintänzer* for the evening."

"A what?"

"We don't call them gigolos here," Bill explained lazily. "*Eintänzer*, if you please. There's supposed to be some subtle difference in the breeds, but I don't get it. . . . Come on, Lee, let's dance."

Lisa Storm threw back her head and laughed. Gigolo. *Eintänzer*. Of course, she should have guessed it. He probably hired his evening clothes and put on his manner as he put in his studs.

"By all means, let's dance," she said.

A PROFESSIONAL dancer with the airs of a prince of the blood had contrived for a moment to upset the superb self-assurance of Lisa Storm. That was a laugh! "I Can't Give you Anything but Love, Baby." The cocotte had found a prospect. Bill was a rotten dancer. The man with the monocle, even with the handicap of the fat pink lady, seemed to float along. Of course, he'd have to; it was his trade.

"I'm going back to Paris to-morrow," Lisa announced as the music stopped and Bill led her back to their table. "With all due respect to your temporary residence, William, I can't hand Vienna a thing."

"But, my dear, you've just got here!" Mary cried, aghast. "You can't go yet. You've got to wait till we get back from Budapest."

"I'm going back to Paris," Lisa repeated. "The Warwicks and Roddy are there——"

"But I thought you came down here to get away from them!"

"I did, in a way. Roddy was getting impossible."

"I should think," Mary observed drily, "that by this time you'd have developed considerable technique in telling men you don't intend to marry them."

"Roddy Ellsworth," Lisa said; "isn't a man. He's a phenomenon. His persistence is superhuman. But I'll go back——"

"Listen, Lisa," Bill was insisting earnestly, "we'll only be gone about a week. If it weren't for business reasons, I'd leave Mary here with you, but we promised this man's wife—see? You stay here, though——"

"I'll tell the Mathewsons and Helen Ballard to look you up," Mary pleaded with her. "And when we get back——"

"Darling, I won't be a burden to my friends' friends," Lisa said firmly. "I don't like Vienna."

"Why not?" Bill demanded.

"I had illusions about it. Do you ever have illusions, William?"

"Only after the ninth cocktail."

"Delusions," Lisa said. "Pink elephants. Illusions are silly ideas about people and places. Illusions grow like weeds, and just as you think you've rooted out the last of them, you find you have a whole new crop to get rid of. I had illusions about Vienna."

"But you haven't seen anything!" Mary wailed. "We'll find you a guide——"

"And a Baedeker, and we'll walk through the picture galleries. My God, Mary, spare me that! I'm going back to Paris."

THE telephone rang beside her bed, and Lisa woke from a dream in which an orchestra, all wearing monocles, had been playing the "Blue Danube" and singing "I Can't Give you Anything but Love, Baby," and a blonde young man in a policeman's uniform had kissed her hand and said, "I am the Archduke."

"Damn you!" she said to the phone. Then, drowsily: "Yes?"

"My dear," Mary Brent's voice came over the wire, "I've found him, and now you've got to stay."

"Found whom?"

"Your blonde Adonis. I called Helen Ballard to see whether she knew him, and she did because she was the one who got him for that woman last night. He's not just an *Eintänzer*. He's a guide to Vienna. A walking encyclopedia, Helen says."

"So are Cook's men, but why get me up at dawn to tell me?"

"Listen, darling; you don't understand. Helen got hold of him for me and he's coming at two this afternoon to take you on a personally conducted tour. Vienna by day and by night."

Mary, Lisa reflected, was a good-natured idiot, whose effervescent friendliness was a bit overpowering at times.

"I won't," she said.

" Oh, yes, Lee, you must ! I know you'll enjoy it. You thought he was interesting last night. Oh—and just let him pay for everything. I told him Bill would settle with him afterwards."

" I wouldn't even think of it ! "

" Well, we won't bother about that now. The important thing is, you'll stay."

" You've succeeded in putting me in the position where I practically have to," Lisa told her coldly, and then, hearing Mary's little hurt gasp at the end of the wire, she was ashamed of herself. " Don't mind me, Mary," she said contritely. " I'm always in a beastly mood when I wake up. You're a dear to bother about me. Of course, I'll stay."

After all, why not ? Nothing could be much more deadly than Paris and Roddy Ellsworth. Not even Vienna and a blonde gigolo.

She hated him. She had begun to hate him the night before, when his contemptuous gaze had swept the room and suddenly all the smart, bright world in which she moved had seemed not gay and clever but only vulgar and rather blatantly new. She hated him now, as he stood in the lobby of the hotel, hat and gloves and stick in his hand, the monocle gleaming in his right eye. What a pose, what a gesture, that little piece of glass !

For a moment as she advanced toward him, he surveyed her impersonally, and, as though she were seeing herself through his eyes, Lisa wondered, with a self-distrust that was new to her, whether the black ensemble with its two long scarves of silver fox were not too obviously smart, whether the contrast of blue-black hair and ivory pallor and geranium lipstick were not a bit theatrical.

" How do you do ? " she said. " I am Lisa Storm."

He bowed—the continental bow, from the hips down.

" And I," he said, " am Franz Vavorek, your guide to Vienna."

There was no suggestion of an accent in his speech. He might have been an Englishman, come down the day before from Oxford. She commented on that as he led her to the door.

" My mother was English," he told her coldly.

HE had rented a car for the week, he said. It would be scarcely more expensive than taxicabs and a great deal more convenient.

" *So ist das Leben !* " he said with a shrug.

And he was taking her to Schönbrunn. What Versailles and Fontainebleau were to Paris, Schönbrunn was to Vienna. Built by Maria Theresa in 1744—of course, she remembered her history. Of course, she remembered Maria Theresa.

" No," said Lisa flatly, dismissing with a word all Austria and its historic past. " I never heard of her."

His eyes marvelled at her ignorance, but he told her the story of the Pragmatic Sanction and the girl empress who had lived to bear sixteen children and to manage the affairs of half of Europe.

" How interesting ! " said Lisa Storm, politely bored. What was there about this man that made her long to belittle him, to pierce the chilly armour of his self-sufficiency ? She was prepared to hate Schönbrunn.

But, strangely enough, she didn't hate it, after all. Under the magic spell of Franz Vavorek's clipped English words, the bare, cold rooms of the palace were filled with life once more, and men and women, long since dead, moved again in glamorous splendour through the halls.

This was the room where that tired little man, the first Napoleon, had slept; this the narrow, camplike bed of the old spartan, Franz Josef, who had wanted to regulate his life as his simple soldiers were forced to regulate theirs. The embroidered panels set there in the walnut wainscoting were wrought, stitch by tiny stitch, by Maria Theresa and her daughters. And the little girl gazing out so stiffly from the painted canvas of this portrait—look at her well. She was Marie Antoinette, who had grown up here and had gone away to France to live, and at the last had ridden proudly to her death, while the scum of the French streets hurled insults at her as she passed.

FRANZ VAVOREK had changed. The air of icy reserve slipped from him, and Lisa had the feeling that these were his people, that he was back among his kind again. He led her from room to room, explaining, gesticulating, drawing word pictures of the glory that had been the court of Austria.

Listening to him, watching the movements of his long hands and the expression of his lean face, Lisa Storm forgot for a time that she had hated him. For a time, until she remembered that, whatever his forebears had been, he was only a handsome young man who took money for dancing with women who couldn't otherwise have found a dancing partner.

" Aristocracy ! " she said, fingering a golden tassel on the Empress Elizabeth's carriage. " Aristocracy ! What do you know about aristocracy over here ? There was a class dressed up like dolls and hedged round with snobbery and set where life couldn't touch them. And then the wealth was gone and all their fancy trimmings torn away, and they were only ordinary people. Ordinary and rotten at the core. When life finally got at them, what could they do but starve ?"

Franz Vavorek was leaning on his stick, watching her intently.

" Yes," he repeated slowly, " what could they do but starve ? "

Lisa was angry. She wanted, in an absurd and childish way, to avenge herself on this young man for her momentary humiliation of last night and this afternoon at the hotel.

" My grandfather," she said, and her black eyes—the famous Storm eyes—swept scathingly over the tall figure before her, "my grandfather started his life as a miner. My grandmother kept the boarding house at the mine. When they were married, the wedding was delayed because someone had hidden my grandfather's white shirt—it was the only one he had. He died when he was eighty, and left ten million dollars. Old Thunder Storm, they called him, one of the seven honest men in Wall Street. Nobody ever protected him from life. He fought it out alone. That's aristocracy ! "

" Perhaps you're right," said Franz Vavorek slowly, and she noticed for the first time that there were little tired lines around his eyes. "Perhaps you're right."

He wasn't looking at her. He was looking at the ground, tracing an imaginary pattern with the ferrule of his stick. Lisa felt a little sorry for him and a little ashamed of what she had said. He took out his monocle and polished it carefully and put it back in his eye. He looked at Lisa Storm.

" You Americans ! " he said, and he smiled a small, wintry smile. There was something like pity in his eyes, or was it contempt ?

" I should like," she said sweetly, " to go to some place and have a cocktail and dance. I noticed you dancing last night. You and the—ah—large lady in pink."

His jaw tightened. It was a shame, Lisa thought, that that straight, determined jaw line should have been wasted on a man like him.

" Certainly," he said. " Dancing is one of the few things that I do—rather well."

They would go, he said, to the Eden Bar, a *gemütlich* little place he knew.

" *Gemütlich ?* " Lisa Storm repeated.

" Cosy," Franz Vavorek said. " Pleasant, friendly, comfortable—warm."

Lisa Storm danced with Franz Vavorek, and other dancers turned to watch them, the dark, imperious little American and the tall blonde Viennese. But Lisa was unconscious of their interest. She had forgotten they were there. She was moving in a world where the only reality was rhythm, and she herself and the man who held her in his arms had ceased to exist except as a part of a pattern of motion and of sound.

" I never knew," she said dreamily, " that dancing could be like this."

The music drifted to a close, and Lisa was conscious again of the Eden Bar, where people were clapping and demanding an encore. Across the room a woman was silently pressing a bill into the hand of the sleek-haired young man who had been dancing with her. He bowed graciously and pocketed the money as he moved away to his own table near the door.

Lisa saw it all—the silent, discreet exchange of money, the smooth gallantry of the sleek-haired man. The smile that had been on her face froze there.

" I enjoyed the dance," she said to Franz Vavorek. " Do you always hypnotise your partners into such a lyric mood ? "

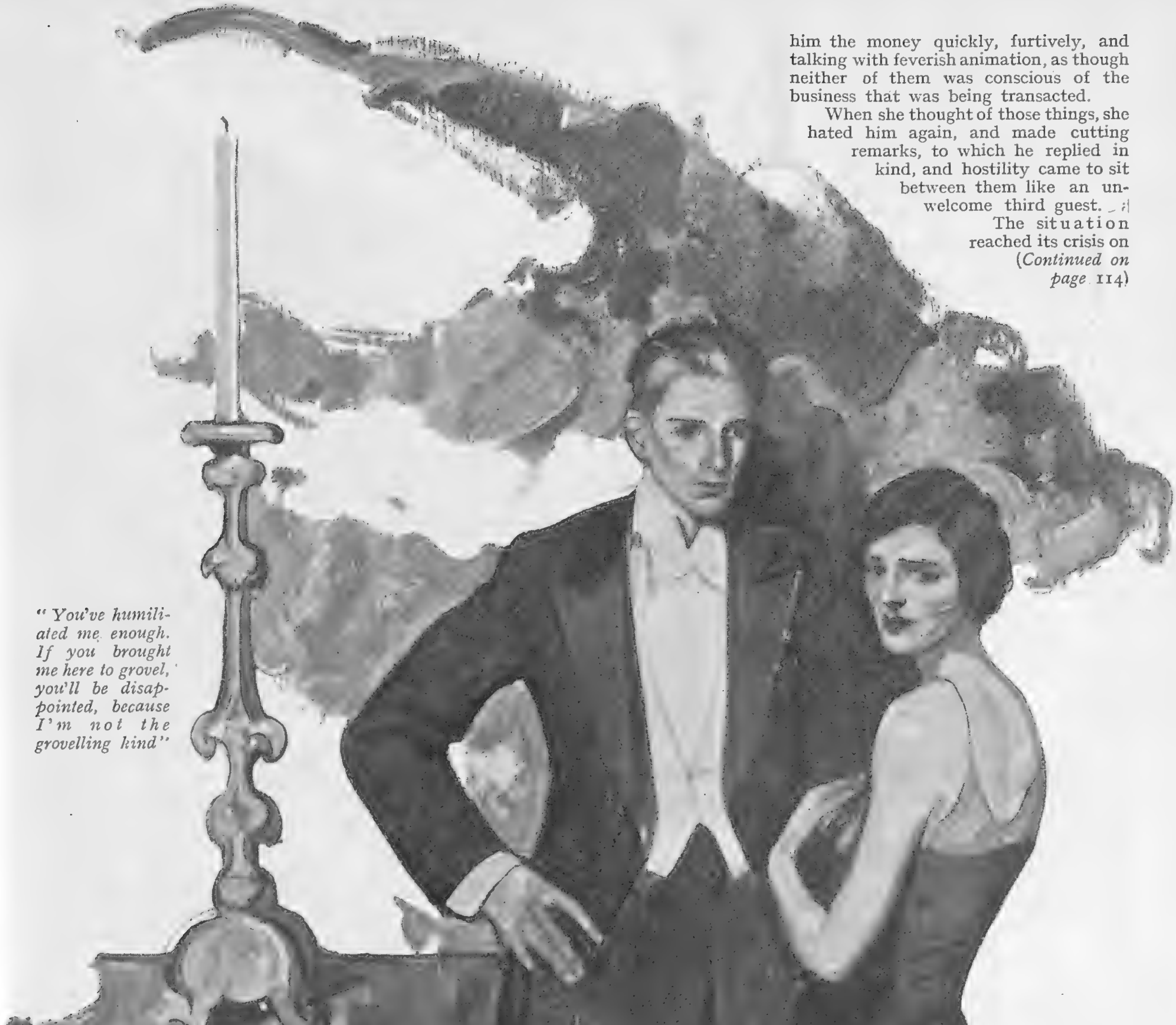
" Not always," he said evenly. " Some of them are more susceptible than others."

IT was like that, always, in the week that followed. Twenty times a day they insulted each other subtly. Twenty times a day Lisa Storm resolved to settle her bill with this impossible young man and be off to Paris. And still she stayed.

She who had thought she knew the Continent because she knew where to stop in Cannes and Dinard, and where to dance and shop in Paris, was finding here in Vienna a Europe whose existence she had always mockingly relegated to the pages of a history book or of the red-covered Baedekers.

He took her to tea in the Majolica Room, and to lunch at Schöner's in the Siebensterngasse, the Street of the Seven Stars. He took her to mass at St. Stephen's and to dinner at the Sacher house, where royalty used to go, he told her, on its evening out.

They went to Grinzing, to one of the small wine cellars with its inevitable bough of evergreen over the door to show that new wine was for sale within. A blind violinist played the " Blue Danube" for them that night, and a little man with eyes like a frog yodelled Austrian folk-songs. At most of the bare wooden tables couples sat and held hands, and from a little niche high up in the wall a statue of the Virgin Mary with a sprig of white



"You've humiliated me enough. If you brought me here to grovel, you'll be disappointed, because I'm not the grovelling kind"

flowers at her feet smiled down benignly on them all.

THERE were times during those days when Lisa Storm forgot that this was only a personally conducted tour arranged in advance as a business proposition. Franz Vavorek knew how to be charming. She liked to watch his manner with head waiters; she liked the smile with which he gave coins to beggars on the street. Other women looked admiringly at him as he passed, and Lisa Storm was human enough to like that too. She wondered what sort of lodgings he left in the morning to come to her immaculate, perfectly groomed, with his gleaming monocle and his rosewood walking stick, and his hat tilted on his blonde head at an angle that suggested plumes and gentlemen gallants.

And then she would remember suddenly that first night at the hotel, and the woman in pink with whom he had danced. She would wonder whether he kept a detailed account of each day's expenditures, and whether at the end he would present her with an itemised bill. She could see herself, like the woman at the Eden Bar, trying to give him the money quickly, furtively, and talking with feverish animation, as though neither of them was conscious of the business that was being transacted.

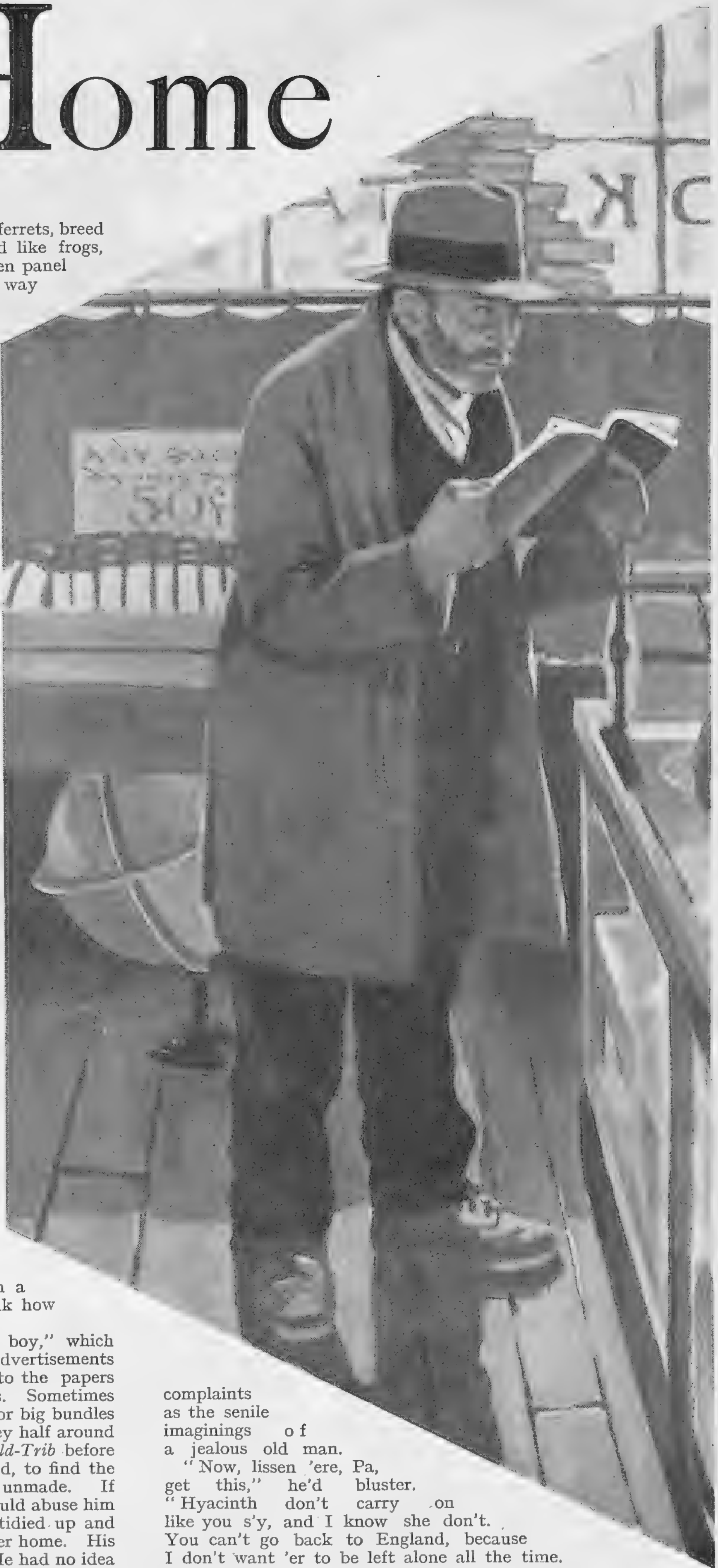
When she thought of those things, she hated him again, and made cutting remarks, to which he replied in kind, and hostility came to sit between them like an unwelcome third guest.

The situation reached its crisis on

(*Continued on page* 114)

By Guy Gilpatric

Home



'ENERY CARSTAIRS knew how to train ferrets, breed pheasants, and carve snuff-boxes shaped like frogs, which you opened by sliding a little wooden panel with your thumb. He knew that the proper way to bathe fox'ounds was to fill a big iron fish-kettle with water, bring it to a boil, add ten pounds of suet—yes, Sir, common suet, Sir, syme as any meat-monger will supply—and when cool, dip the 'ounds into the broth one by one, and the other 'ounds will lick 'em clean in a jiffick, Sir. He knew how to bleed a 'orse for the blind staggers, how to tell the origin and quality of harness leather by tasting it, and how to keep riding-boots from drying stiff by filling them with hot oats. Like all old people, he knew a good bit about the weather, though, of course, the weather 'ere in New York was more eradical by 'arf, so to s'y, than our weather at 'ome, Sir.

Yes, little 'Enery Carstairs knew lots of things, and they were all pleasant things to know—the sort of things that you like to roll around in your mind when there's nothing else to do, in much the same wistful spirit that you overhaul your favourite fishing tackle on the cold nights of December. But they were all English things and outdoor things, and knowing them didn't do 'Enery much good. It didn't, for instance, make his day's work shorter, the Shipping Clerk's temper better, or the packages lighter. It didn't keep Hyacinth off the gin, or keep her from walloping him when she was on it. It didn't convince his son Jymes, whose wife Hyacinth was, that the greatest boon he could confer upon the old gentleman would be to pay his passage home to England.

For there would always be a job for 'Enery and a little room upstairs in Major Cheynesyde's stables. It would be so nice to smell the 'orses agyne, and hear them stomping in their stalls when you woke up in the night. And sometimes you'd 'ear a fox bark a long w'y off, and then all the 'ounds would start baying, and pretty soon the Walsingham pack would tyke it up in their kennels t'other side of Dumfries. Then, just as you were dozing off, the stable clock would chime, and after each note, like an echo, you'd hear the clock in the steeple of Druid Oaks Christ Church, 'arf a mile across the moor.

IT was funny—yes, funny and chokey-like—to think about such things, down in the subway. Such a roar there was; and dirty furreign people jamming into you and stepping on your feet. And it was such a long ride home to Brooklyn that it made you think how much farther it was to England.

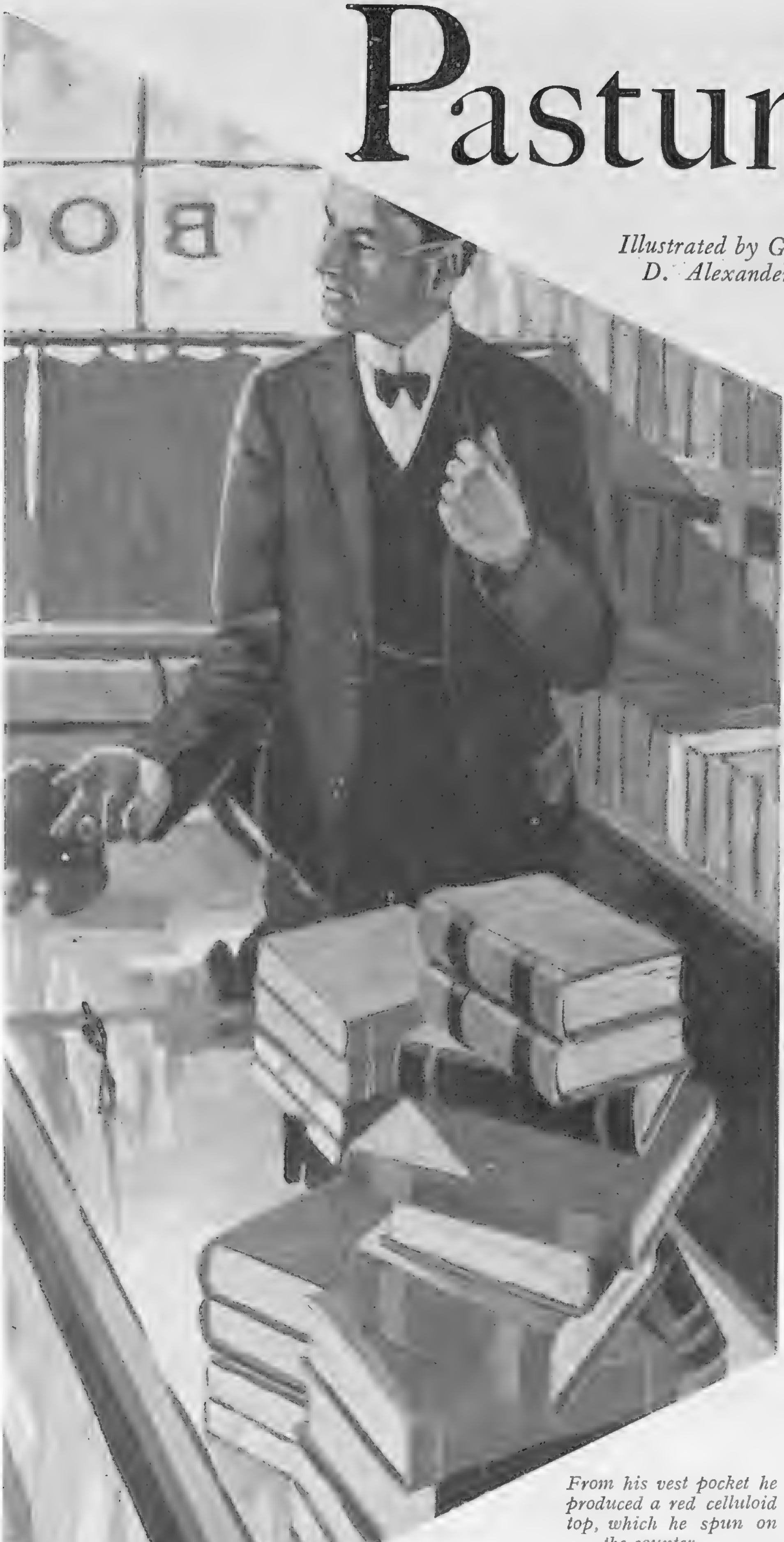
'Enery was usually what they called "last boy," which meant that he waited around in the office for advertisements which came through late and had to be rushed to the papers before formes closed for the next day's editions. Sometimes he'd have heavy full-page electrotypes to carry, or big bundles of matrices; and frequently he'd have to journey half around the town from *Times* to *World*, to *Post*, to *Herald-Trib* before his job was done. Then he'd go home, dog-tired, to find the flat a wreck, the dishes dirty and the beds unmade. If Hyacinth were home, which was unlikely, she would abuse him maudlinly and throw things at him while he tidied up and cooked the supper. Jymes, of course, was never home. His job was driving the Philadelphia night bus. He had no idea of what went on in his absence, and dismissed his father's complaints as the senile imaginings of a jealous old man.

"Now, lissen 'ere, Pa, get this," he'd bluster. "Hyacinth don't carry on like you s'y, and I know she don't. You can't go back to England, because I don't want 'er to be left alone all the time. And after you've been over 'ere a couple years more,

Pasture

The Shady Story *of an* Unheroic Hero *heart-hungry for his* Native Heath

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander



From his vest pocket he produced a red celluloid top, which he spun on the counter . . .

you'll like it syme as we do. Be a bit of a sportsman, can't you ? "

A sportsman ? Yes, 'Enery could be a sportsman. He'd been one all his life, but never so much as now. He was a sportsman when the big tough Shipping Clerk bullied him. He was a sportsman when the packages were heavy and the strings cut into his fingers. He was a sportsman in the subway, where his five-feet-three, his hundred-and-ten pounds, and his sixty-five years made him as chaff before the pushing, hauling mob. Yes, especially in the subway. The subway was no end narsty.

'Enery's pay as errand boy was eighteen dollars a week. Hyacinth took fifteen of it for his room and board, which left him with three for his lunches and car fare. When he needed a dime for tobacco, he had to ask her for it. Sometimes he got it and sometimes he didn't, depending upon the exuberance of her jag or the ferocity of her hangover.

" Lawks, Pa ! " she would wail. " Wot do you do wif orl your money, anyw'y ? 'Ere I am, at 'ome alone and neglected, and you stying out late Gawd knows where, spending like a drunken s'ylor. You're a drain and a burden on us, that's wot you are ! " Then anger would burn away her tears, and 'Enery would go out and walk the streets until the crockery stopped crashing.

ONE evening after she had reckoned up what 'Enery spent for tobacco in terms of gin for herself, she told him that he would have to stop smoking. He tried it for a day or so, but the torture was too intense. He spent ten cents of his Wednesday lunch money for tobacco, and though his meal was meagre, his briar was once more sweetly aglow.

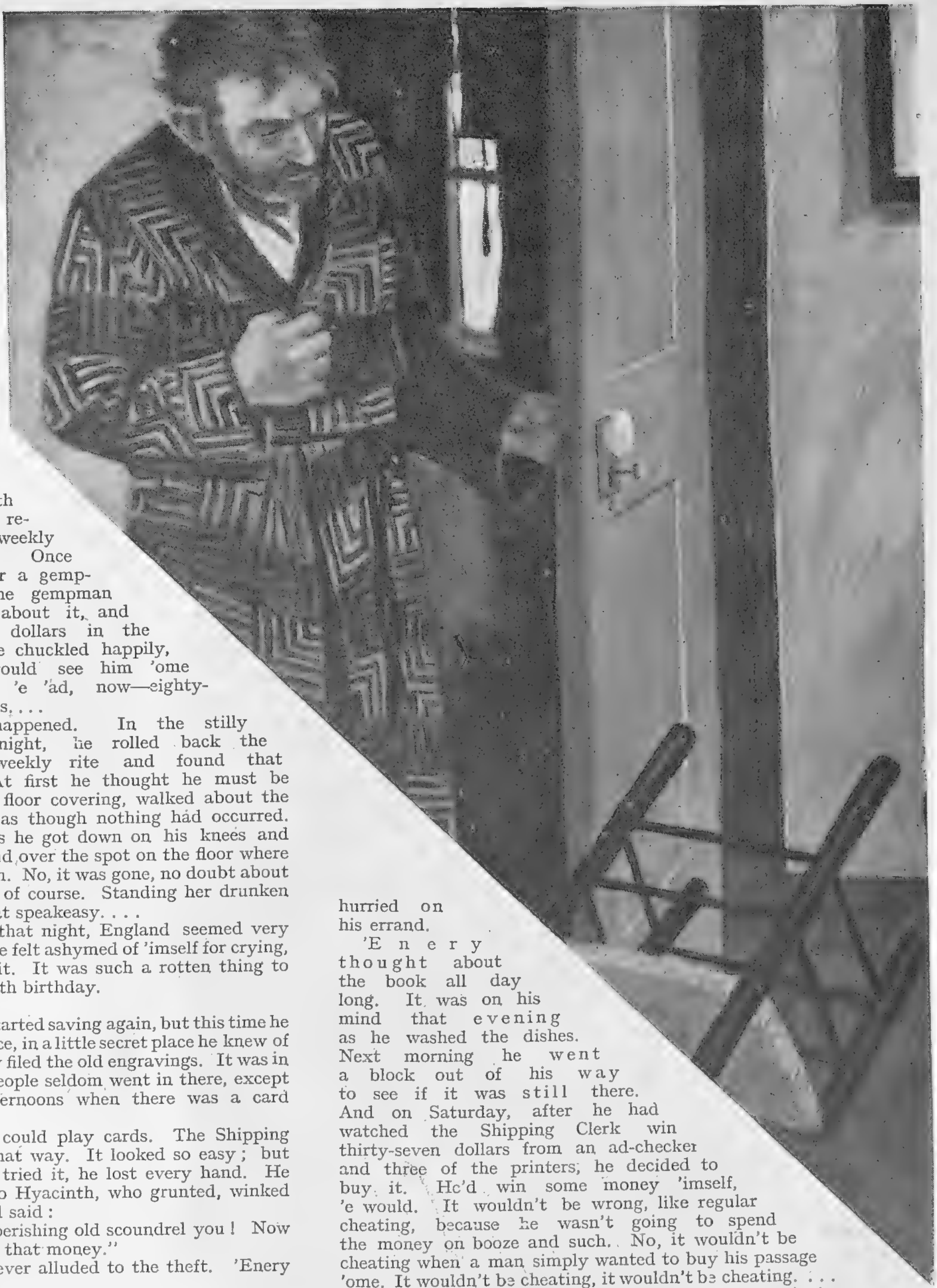
But the discovery that he could eat for thirty cents instead of for the usual forty gave him something to think about. The idea was dim, at first, like a ray of light at the far end of a shadowy corridor, but it kept coming into his mind. He wondered if he couldn't forgo lunches altogether, and thus save enough to buy a passage home to England. He'd need new clothes, and some extra money to stand the boys a treat when he got back to Druid Oaks, for it would never do to admit that he 'adn't myde good out there in the Stytes. But just the same, the thing looked possible. After he had spent his car fare, he had two-forty for himself. Fifty-two times two-forty made a hundred and twenty-five dollars in a year. Of course he couldn't save all of that ; there were always little extras to buy —something for Jymes and Hyacinth at Christmas, and his own shoes to be 'arf soled now and agyne. Still, in a year and a half or two years, maybe. . . .

At the end of six months he had saved fifty-three dollars. What he had lost in weight he more than made up in cheerfulness. For it bucked up his spirits no end, having this secret to gloat over. He found a tremendous kick in adding to his hoard each week—in tucking it away in its manilla envelope, and sliding it under the linoleum on the floor of his little room. Over in the office he had a collection of steamship circulars. He could tell you the tonnage of all the ships on the Liverpool, Plymouth, and Southampton runs ; when they sailed, how long they took, and how much a third class passage cost. When errands took him downtown, he would walk along West Street past the Cunard and White Star docks. Once stewards were playing Soccer on the cobblestones, and it myde him feel all laughy and sobby like to 'ear real British sporting-cries agyne.

He did wish that he could stop smoking, and thus save an extra thirty cents each week. He tried it several times, but it made his nights sleepless and his days headachy and sick. Finally, he discovered that the cedar shavings which collected in the pencil sharpeners at the office could be mixed with tobacco without 'arf bad results. Thereafter his weekly savings swelled by a dime. Once he 'oned a set of ryzors for a gempman at the office, and the gempman told the other gempmen about it, and 'Enery made five extra dollars in the week. At this rate, and he chuckled happily, another seven months would see him 'ome agyne. Eighty-one dollars 'e 'ad, now—eighty-one dollars and forty-odd cents. . . .

But a terrible thing happened. In the stilly watches of a Saturday night, he rolled back the linoleum to perform his weekly rite and found that the envelope was gone. At first he thought he must be dreaming. He replaced the floor covering, walked about the room, and whistled a little as though nothing had occurred. Then with studied casualness he got down on his knees and looked again. He ran his hand over the spot on the floor where the envelope should have been. No, it was gone, no doubt about it. Hyacinth had swiped it, of course. Standing her drunken friends a party around in that speakeasy. . . .

As 'Enery lay in his bed that night, England seemed very far away. He cried a little. He felt ashymed of 'imself for crying, but he simply couldn't 'elp it. It was such a rotten thing to 'ave 'appen on your sixty-sixth birthday.



'ENERY CARSTAIRS started saving again, but this time he hid his money in the office, in a little secret place he knew of behind the shelves where they filed the old engravings. It was in a stuffy, gloomy room, and people seldom went in there, except sometimes on Saturday afternoons when there was a card game.

He often wished that he could play cards. The Shipping Clerk made lots of money that way. It looked so easy; but once or twice when 'Enery tried it, he lost every hand. He mentioned the card games to Hyacinth, who grunted, winked one of her pale blue eyes and said:

"Cards? Oh—why, you perishing old scoundrel you! Now I know how you cyme by orl that money."

It was the only time she ever alluded to the theft. 'Enery winced, and said nothing.

One day as he was passing through Thirty-Sixth Street, he saw in a stationer's window something which gave him pause. It was a paper-bound book, and its title was

> GAMBLING TRICKS EXPOSED!
>
> 1,001 Ways of Cheating With Cards, Dice, Coins, Roulette Wheels and Other Devices. With Complete Instructions and Diagrams Showing How To Beat The Sharper At His Own Game. Compiled By A Reformed Gambler And Printed For The Protection Of The Respectable Public.

'Enery stood at the window and read the title over and over again. The book, he realised, was manifestly a guide to the gentle art of cheating. He shuddered that the law should let them print such things. He wondered how anybody could have the cheek to go in and ask for it. He wondered how much it cost. He wondered if . . . but no! And with one last look, he hurried on his errand.

'Enery thought about the book all day long. It was on his mind that evening as he washed the dishes. Next morning he went a block out of his way to see if it was still there. And on Saturday, after he had watched the Shipping Clerk win thirty-seven dollars from an ad-checker and three of the printers, he decided to buy it. He'd win some money 'imself, 'e would. It wouldn't be wrong, like regular cheating, because he wasn't going to spend the money on booze and such. No, it wouldn't be cheating when a man simply wanted to buy his passage 'ome. It wouldn't be cheating, it wouldn't be cheating. . . . But just the same he walked by the store three times before he could summon courage to go in.

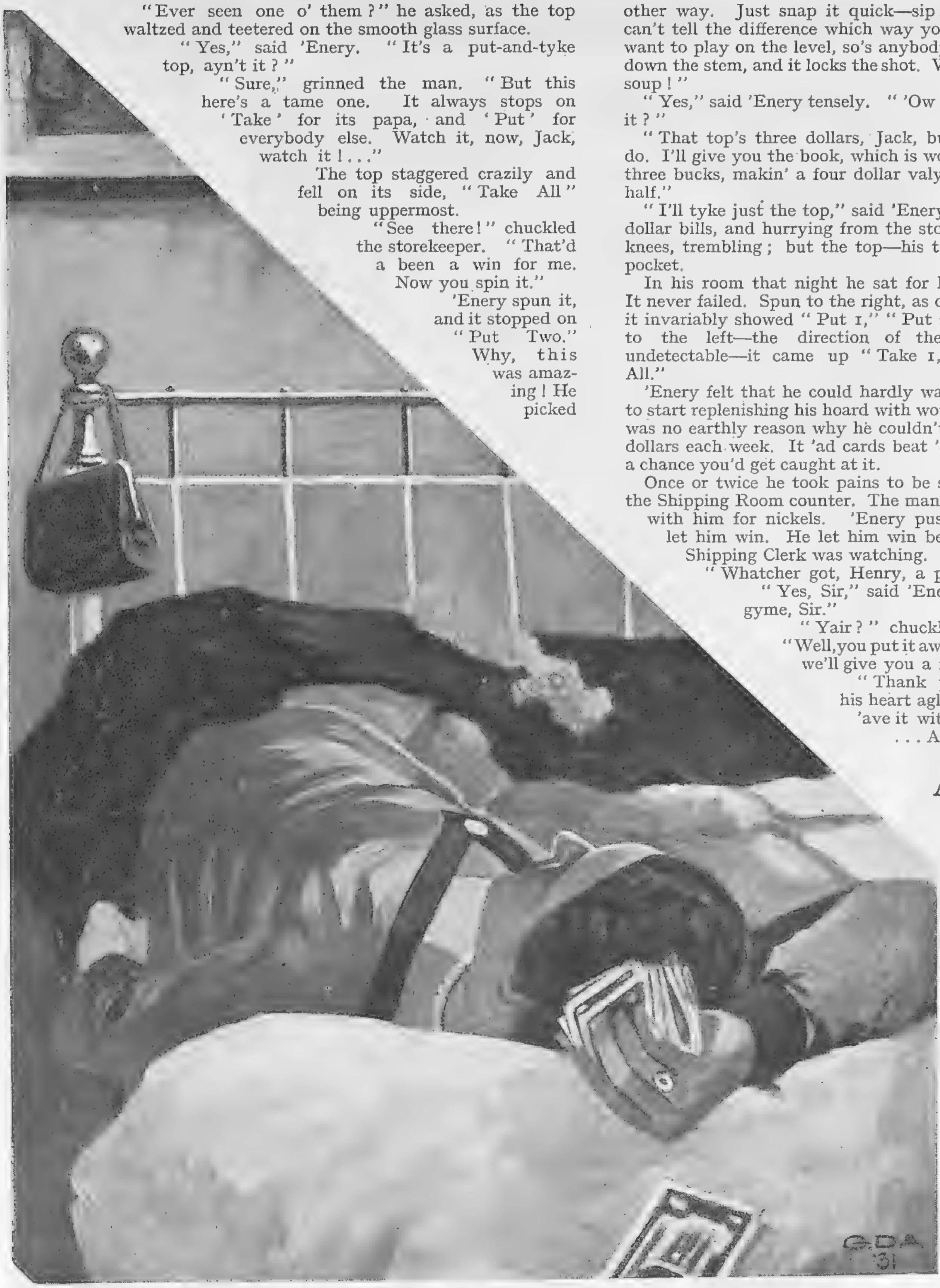
". . . That gamblin' book?" said the storekeeper, who needed a shave. "Yair, say, that's some book, Jack! It's worth a million bucks to a smart guy like you."

'Enery, scarlet with shame, thumbed the pages and paused at a picture of a gentleman garbed in East Lynne evening clothes clandestinely producing a spare ace from the folds of his handkerchief.

"'Ow—er—'ow much is it?" he asked in a whisper.

"That book sells for one buck," said the storekeeper; and then, glancing towards the door out of the corner of his eye and addressing 'Enery out of the corner of his mouth, "But say, Jack, lissen, look here! If you're interested in them kind o' gags, here's a l'il novelty here you'll certainly be interested in."

From his vest pocket he produced a red celluloid top, which he spun on the counter with a snap of finger and thumb.



Hyacinth lay on the bed, sound asleep. Upon her face was a seraphic smile, in her left hand was the little red top . . .

"Ever seen one o' them?" he asked, as the top waltzed and teetered on the smooth glass surface.

"Yes," said 'Enery. "It's a put-and-tyke top, ayn't it?"

"Sure," grinned the man. "But this here's a tame one. It always stops on 'Take' for its papa, and 'Put' for everybody else. Watch it, now, Jack, watch it! . . ."

The top staggered crazily and fell on its side, "Take All" being uppermost.

"See there!" chuckled the storekeeper. "That'd a been a win for me. Now you spin it."

'Enery spun it, and it stopped on "Put Two." Why, this was amazing! He picked it up, examined it. Apparently it was just an ordinary put-and-take top.

"'Ow does it work?" he asked eagerly.

"It's a cinch—here, I'll show you. Now watch . . . when anybody who ain't wise takes ahold of it and spins it, they spins it so it spins to the right—there, see? To the right is the natural way to spin anything, that's why. Well, when it spins to the right, it's got to stop on a 'Put,' because there's a little lead shot inside that flies over to the opp'site side. But when you spin it to the left—like this, the way I just spun it now—it stops on a 'Take,' because the little lead weight rolls over the other way. Just snap it quick—sip! like that—and nobody can't tell the difference which way you're spinning it. If you want to play on the level, so's anybody can win, you just push down the stem, and it locks the shot. Why, hell, Jack! it's duck soup!"

"Yes," said 'Enery tensely. "'Ow much are you arsking for it?"

"That top's three dollars, Jack, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the book, which is worth a buck, and the top, three bucks, makin' a four dollar valyer, for only three-and-a-half."

"I'll tyke just the top," said 'Enery, counting out three one-dollar bills, and hurrying from the store. He was weak in the knees, trembling; but the top—his ticket home!—was in his pocket.

In his room that night he sat for hours and spun the top. It never failed. Spun to the right, as one naturally spins a top, it invariably showed "Put 1," "Put 2," or "All Put." Spun to the left—the direction of the twist was absolutely undetectable—it came up "Take 1," "Take 2," or "Take All."

'Enery felt that he could hardly wait for the next Saturday to start replenishing his hoard with worthwhile amounts. There was no earthly reason why he couldn't make twenty or thirty dollars each week. It 'ad cards beat 'ollow. And there wasn't a chance you'd get caught at it.

Once or twice he took pains to be seen spinning the top on the Shipping Room counter. The man from the *Graphic* played with him for nickels. 'Enery pushed down the stem and let him win. He let him win because he knew that the Shipping Clerk was watching.

"Whatcher got, Henry, a put-an'-take?"

"Yes, Sir," said 'Enery. "It's quite a good gyme, Sir."

"Yair?" chuckled the Shipping Clerk. "Well, you put it away till Saduday, and then we'll give you a reel run fer yer money."

"Thank you, Sir," said 'Enery, his heart aglow. "I'll remember to 'ave it with me, Sir."

. . . As though he could forget!

At quarter past twelve on Saturday the Shipping Clerk, the printers, and the man from the *Graphic* repaired to the Engraving File Room.

"Oh, yair, wait a minute," said the Shipping Clerk. "Le's get Henry with that put-an'-take. Hey, Henry! C'mere!"

"Yes, Sir," said 'Enery. "'Ere it is. I almost forgot to fetch it, I did."

"Well, you'da better had!" said the Shipping Clerk. "Here's where I trim you good, the bunch o' you. C'mon, everybody, put a quarter in, and we toss fer foist spin."

'Enery felt exactly as he had felt before he rode the Lanark Steeplechase—terrified, and yet confident. He had his whole eighteen dollars salary in his pocket, and he knew that there were at least a hundred and fifty dollars more in the crowd. Over there in the crack behind the fourth shelf was his trove of sixty-eight dollars. He'd buy a suit and overcoat with that. Why, maybe—he hardly dared think of it!—maybe he'd be sailing on the *Lapland* Monday night. . . .

For the first half-hour he mixed his spins so that "Puts" and "Takes" came up with equal frequency. Then he took a seven-dollar pool with a "Take All."

"Oh, yair?" said the Shipping Clerk. "Well, say, let's make it a dollar a put from now on. We'll just freeze this English piker out, whaddya say?"

(*Continued on page 94*)

FASHION FORECAST

Greater moderation is predicted: all forms of exaggeration are avoided and fashion contrives to be both feminine and practical

By MADGE GARLAND

(Woman Editor of "Britannia & Eve")

LAST season was a period of experiment when a dozen diverse fashions were presented and the mode appeared full of possibilities but undecided as to which of them to develop. Of these varied styles only a few have survived: we essayed ankle-length afternoon dresses and found them both impracticable and dowdy; we hesitated over draperies which recalled the bustles of the 80's, but found them clumsy and unbecoming; we were offered gowns of extreme femininity (so-called) and a plethora of frills and flounces trimmed many of our winter models, but as usual the good sense of the public has triumphed, and I think it can be safely predicted that this season's fashions will present a modified version of last winter's successes rather than a fresh batch of novelties.

The chief characteristics of the new fashions will be, I think, moderation. Evening gowns reach the ankles rather than the floor; afternoon gowns reaching halfway between knee and ankle are favoured at the moment while sports clothes and tailored suits are 3 to 4 inches below the knee; revers are less exaggerated, flared skirts less abrupt.

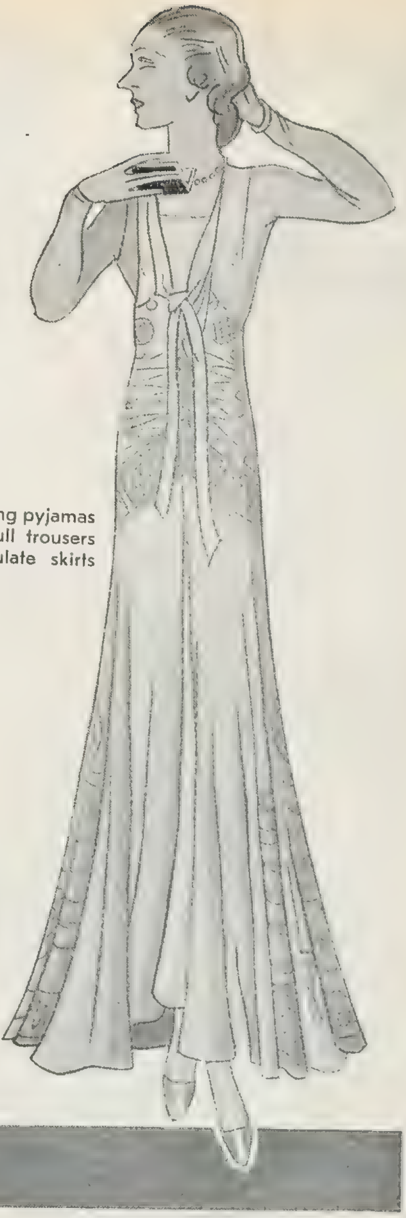
There will be fewer complicated dresses, less fullness and a simpler cut—the gloomy predictions that women had again lost all common sense and were about to resume the corsets of their mothers have happily proved quite incorrect. We are still unhampered by whalebone and unrestricted by trains, but what we have gained is an increase in feminine allure without losing any of our liberty either of limb or mind.

THE most successful from amongst the many styles launched last season, and the one which bids fair to become a leading characteristic this summer, is the Empire style. Its influence is particularly noticeable in evening gowns, and the advance fashions on the three following pages all show that English couturiers agree as to the importance of classic design. Naturally enough with gowns of this description scarves have returned, and they may be counted on to be almost indispensable adjuncts of our summer evening wear. Sunray pleating, too, is another suggestion from last winter which will be seen more and more as the season advances, and is an excellent method of obtaining a classic effect in a sophisticated manner. Evening wraps will be either quite long or, for the summer months, very short, barely reaching to the waist, but for day wear there will be far fewer long coats; three-quarter length and short rival each other in popularity, but the smartest of all will be the very abbreviated jacket reminiscent of the bolero of the early nineteen-hundreds. A novelty is the short-sleeved coat worn with a long-sleeved dress.

For sports wear there will be various novelties, amongst which vest-blouses and sleeveless woollen waistcoats are fairly sure of success. Many sports suits have double-breasted reefer jackets, and there is a general tendency to pinch in the waist and to get away from the straight and shapeless coat based on a man's cardigan. Blouses will be of great importance.

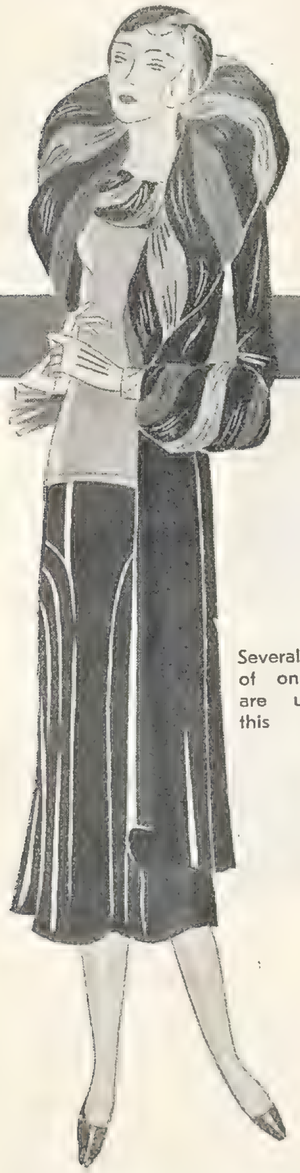
FOR more formal wear semi-short jackets with scarf collars will be worn; long tunic blouses will be seen both with coats and skirts and with lounging pyjamas, and a smart new note is the diagonal line of the fastening of the coat or tunic. The majority of the afternoon gowns will be cut on the cross, and on the whole we can expect to see a simple version of an elaborate style.

Black and white will continue to be a popular combination, but much less all black will be worn. Everyone is tired of black, and turquoise and pale coral will probably take its place for a brief moment. There will be far fewer colour ensembles and far more colour contrasts and combinations, and sometimes as many as three colours will be united in the same costume. The hard and fast rule of the matching ensemble appears at last to be relaxing. The most popular printed materials for day wear will show small all-over designs, but the chiffons for evening wear have larger floral patterns.



Lounging pyjamas have full trousers to simulate skirts

These attractive pyjamas from Victoire have a green velvet coat and green georgette trousers, both of which are decorated by an exquisite design by Marion Dorn

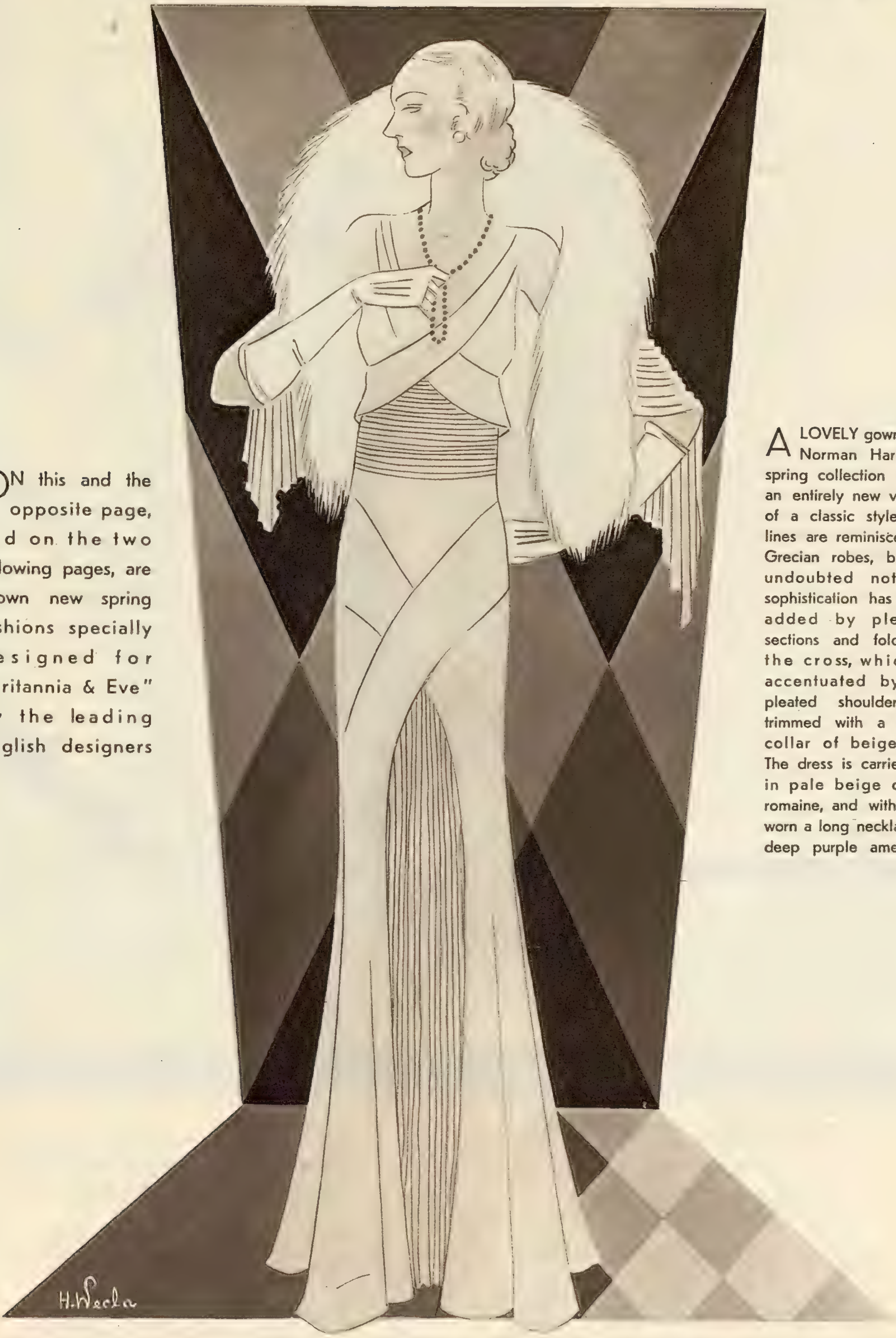


Several shades of one colour are used for this ensemble

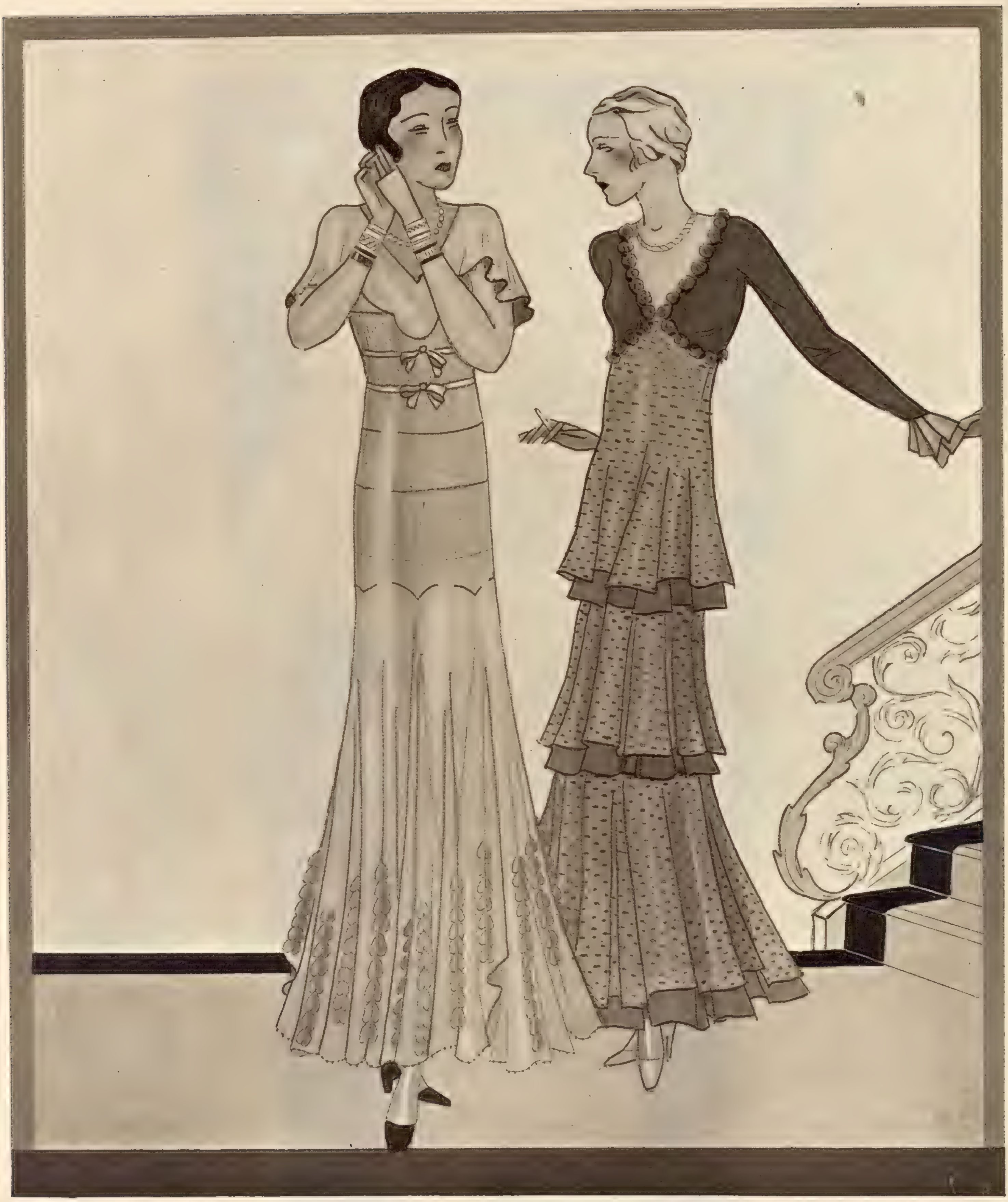
This ensemble from Idare's new spring collection is carried out in different tones of green and has a roll collar made of light and dark green wool

A PORTFOLIO OF LONDON FASHIONS

ON this and the opposite page, and on the two following pages, are shown new spring fashions specially designed for "Britannia & Eve" by the leading English designers



A LOVELY gown from Norman Hartnell's spring collection shows an entirely new version of a classic style. Its lines are reminiscent of Grecian robes, but an undoubted note of sophistication has been added by pleated sections and folds on the cross, which is accentuated by the pleated shoulder-cape trimmed with a halter collar of beige fox. The dress is carried out in pale beige crêpe romaine, and with it is worn a long necklace of deep purple amethysts

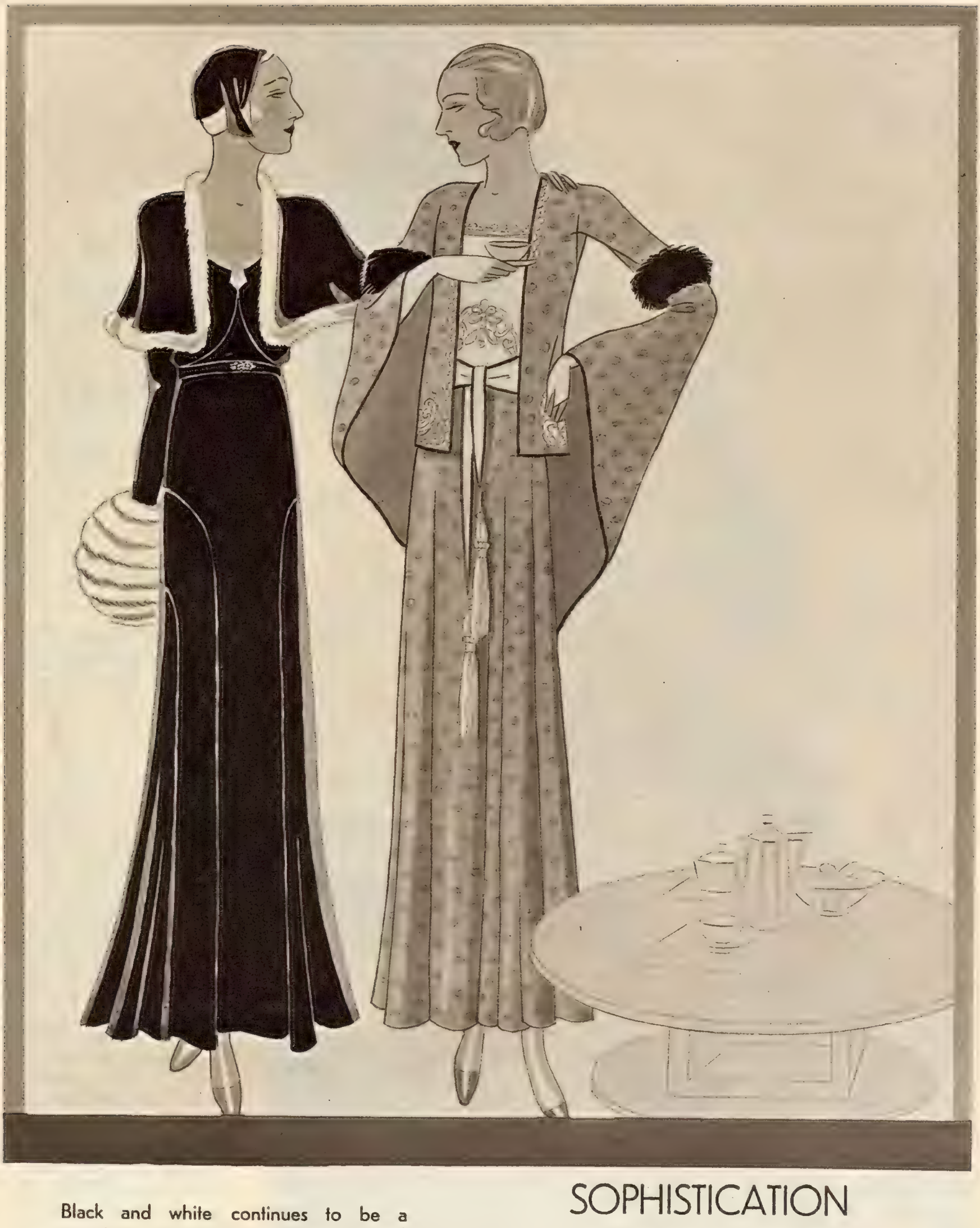


EVENING GOWNS
show the influence of
EMPIRE STYLES

Many of the new evening gowns show variations of the high waist-line: skirts are ankle-length and no longer touch the floor

THIS powder-blue georgette gown from Isobel's new collection has a finely pleated bodice stitched at intervals. The yoke develops into shoulder-capes and two long panels which hang down at the back, and, like the full godet skirt, are trimmed with tiny blue velvet leaves. A double waist-belt tied in front accentuates the Empire line of this very becoming gown

ALTERNATE flounces of plain and spotted cream net compose this enchanting gown designed by Ulick. It is fitted closely to the waist-line, and with it is worn a tiny coatee of pale blue velvet, tight fitting, and with long sleeves edged with net ruffles. The coatee is bordered with flat blue roses made of the velvet

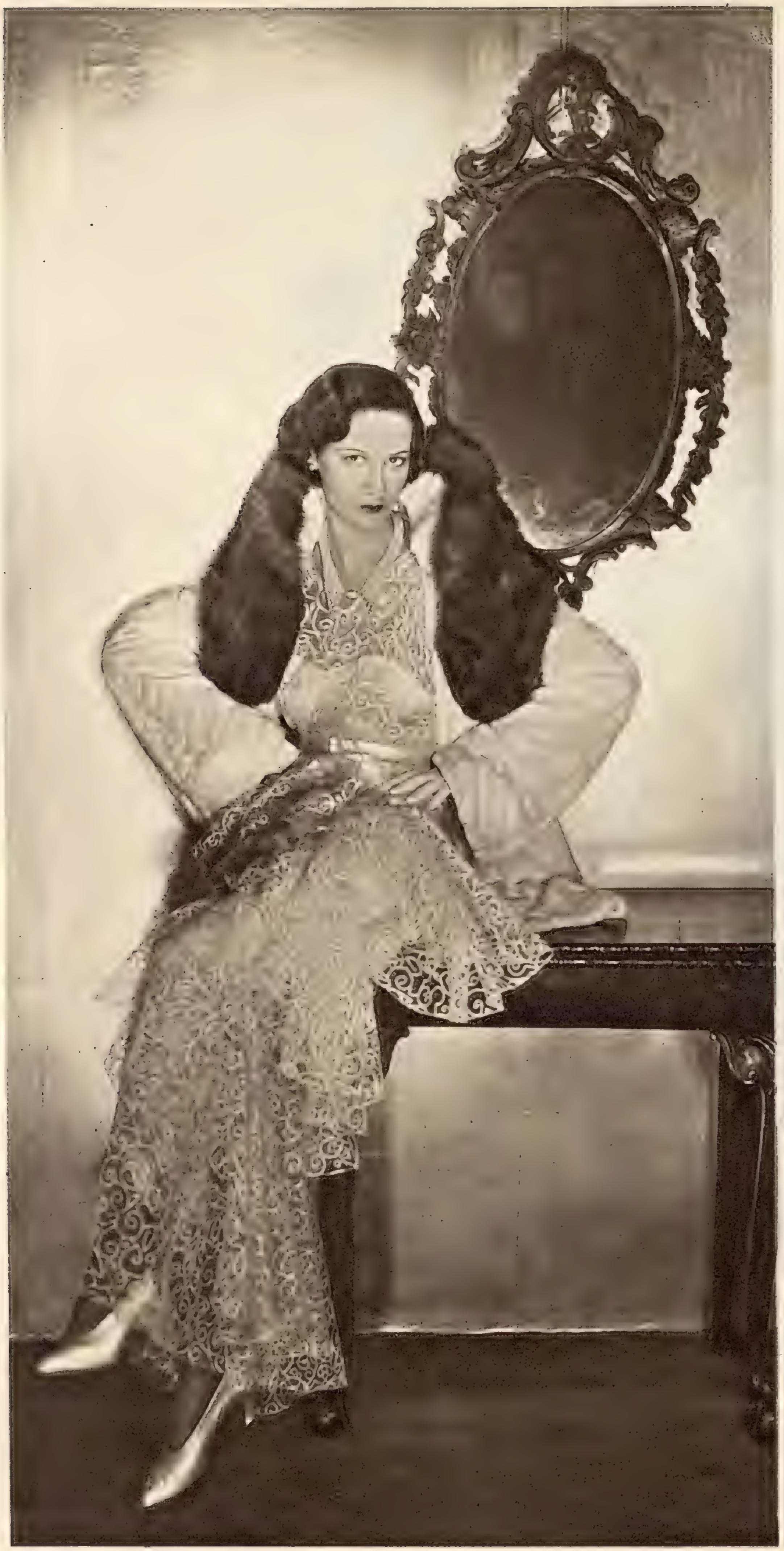


SOPHISTICATION
and simplicity distinguish the
AFTERNOON MODE

Black and white continues to be a popular favourite for formal afternoon wear, but négligées are brilliantly coloured

AN effective use of black and white is exemplified in this formal afternoon costume from Reville, which would be equally suitable for an informal restaurant dinner. The black satin gown has long tight sleeves and an ankle-length skirt, to which shaped side panels give fullness. The shoulder-cape is edged with a band of ermine

THIS lovely tea-gown from Dove is distinguished by an unusual colour-scheme. The loose jacket with its long pointed sleeves and the full skirt are made of red georgette embroidered with gold dots and bordered by a thin line of green. The vest is of gold lamé embroidered in a gold motif which is repeated on the jacket, and a band of black fox trims the sleeves just above the elbow



A NEW PORTRAIT OF NORAH BARING

A study of one of England's premier Screen Stars specially taken for 'Britannia & Eve' by Beck & Macgregor

MISS BARING first sprung into fame as leading lady in Anthony Asquith's interesting film "Underground," and recently starred in "Two Worlds," a British International film directed by Dupont. She is here seen wearing a lovely white lace gown designed by Maggy Rouff, which, like her exquisite ermine coat, her pearl necklace, and her slender shoes, comes from Debenham's. Carved eighteenth-century mirror from Hampton's

FOOTPRINTS...

It is a far cry from the bare feet
and rough sandals of our ancestors
to the dancing sandals of to-day

ALTHOUGH the Shoe slowly evolved throughout the centuries from the rudimentary comfort and protection of a piece of leather roughly tied around the foot to a high degree of craftsmanship, it, like many other appurtenances of our daily life, underwent a complete metamorphosis during the 19th century. The advent of machinery made mass-production possible, and with the exception of a small luxury trade, which still exists, ousted the handworker from the making of footwear. It was not, however, until the early years of this century that immense improvements in the machinery employed permitted shoes to be made entirely by machinery, and rendered possible the high level of ready-made shoes which now obtains.

Recent years have seen many novelties in the fabrics employed and, owing to ingenious methods of curing, many new skins, such as shark-skin, snake-skin, lizard-skin, etc., have been utilised and found to be extremely durable and wet-resisting. The vogue for the light, all-over, lizard-skin shoe has diminished, but many of the new models show a moderate use of reptile skins, nearly always, however, dyed black or dark brown. This is used either for the vamps and heels or as a trimming.

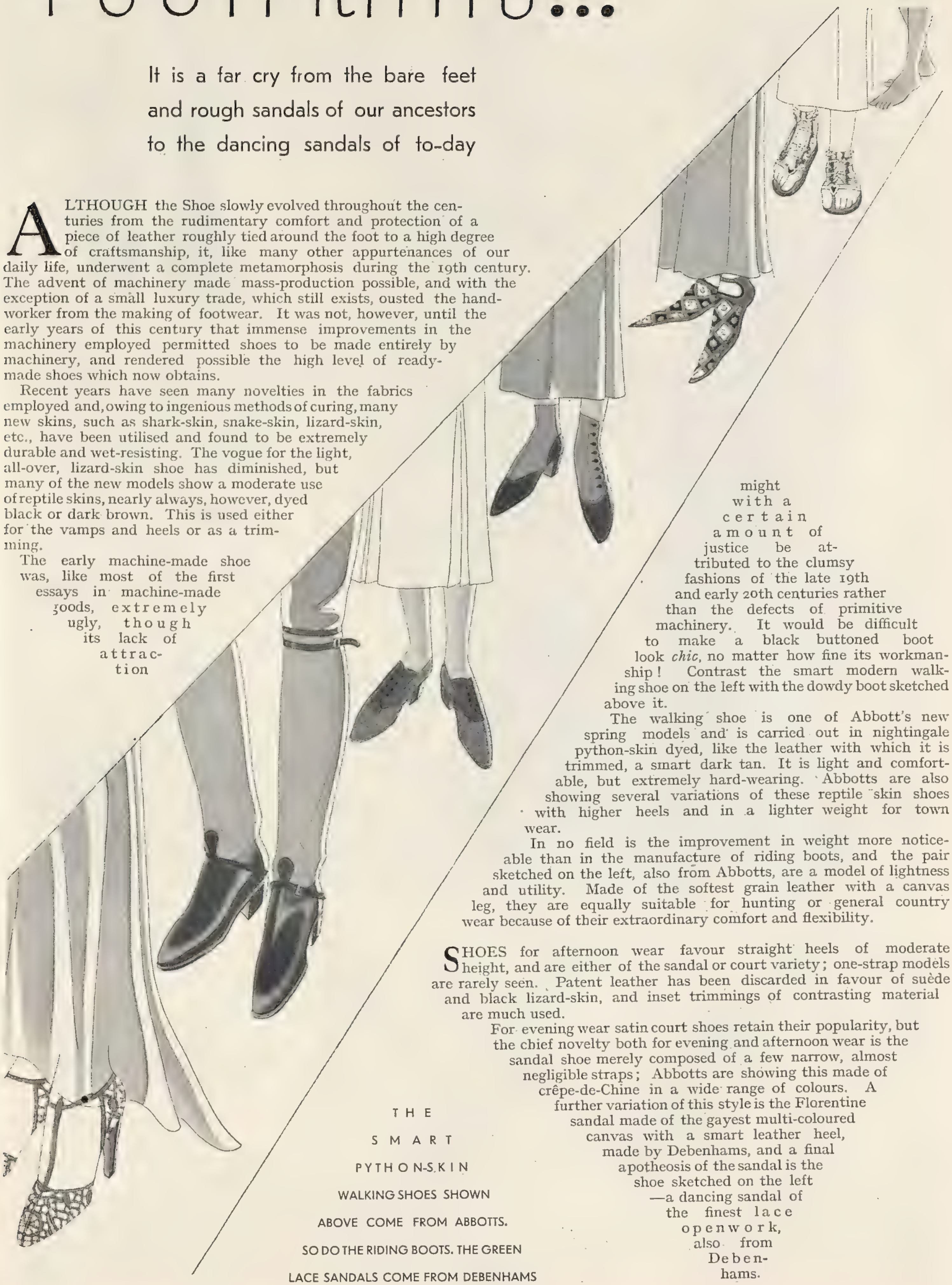
The early machine-made shoe was, like most of the first essays in machine-made goods, extremely ugly, though its lack of attraction might with a certain amount of justice be attributed to the clumsy fashions of the late 19th and early 20th centuries rather than the defects of primitive machinery. It would be difficult to make a black buttoned boot look *chic*, no matter how fine its workmanship! Contrast the smart modern walking shoe on the left with the dowdy boot sketched above it.

The walking shoe is one of Abbott's new spring models and is carried out in nightingale python-skin dyed, like the leather with which it is trimmed, a smart dark tan. It is light and comfortable, but extremely hard-wearing. Abbotts are also showing several variations of these reptile skin shoes with higher heels and in a lighter weight for town wear.

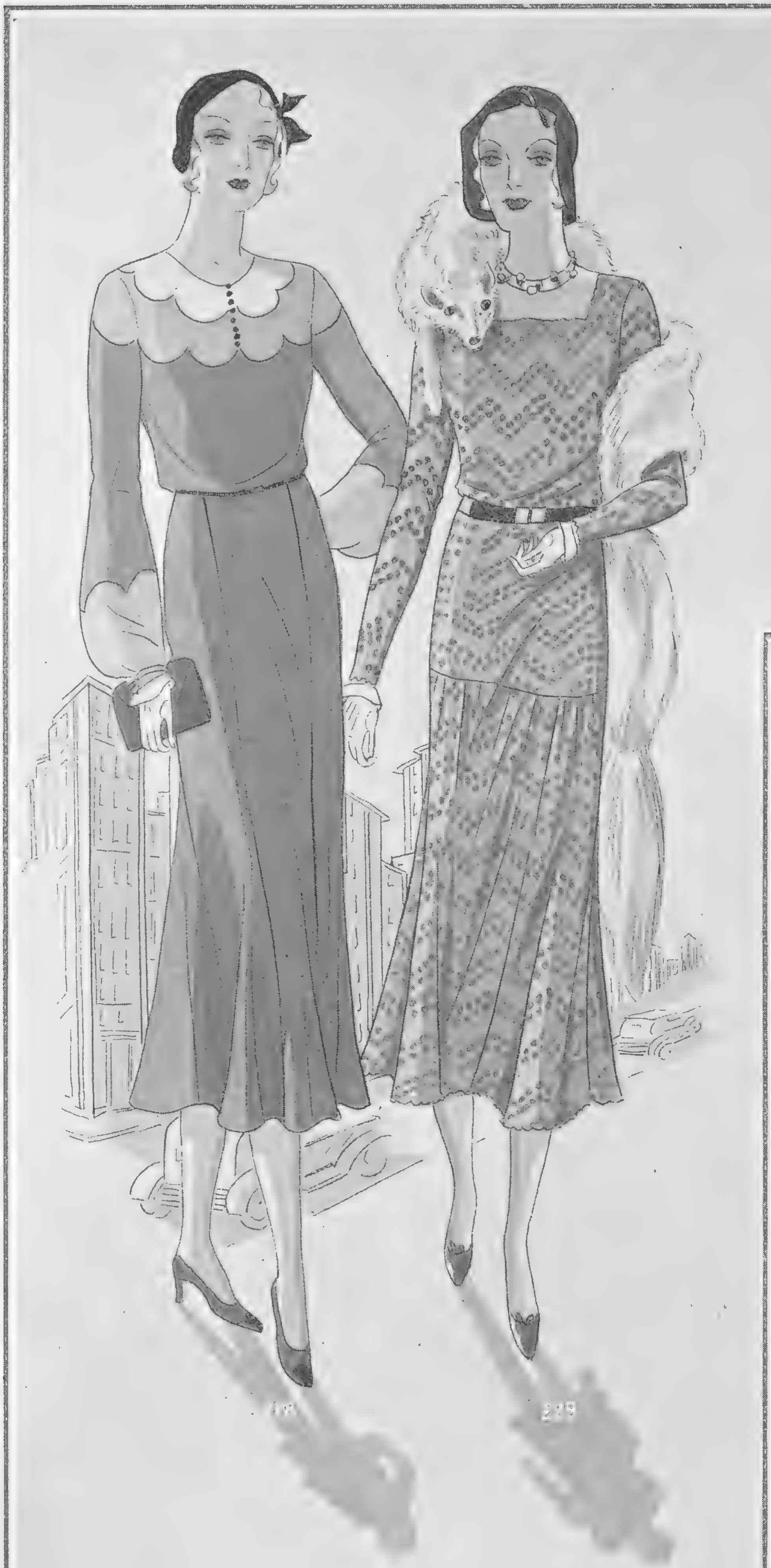
In no field is the improvement in weight more noticeable than in the manufacture of riding boots, and the pair sketched on the left, also from Abbotts, are a model of lightness and utility. Made of the softest grain leather with a canvas leg, they are equally suitable for hunting or general country wear because of their extraordinary comfort and flexibility.

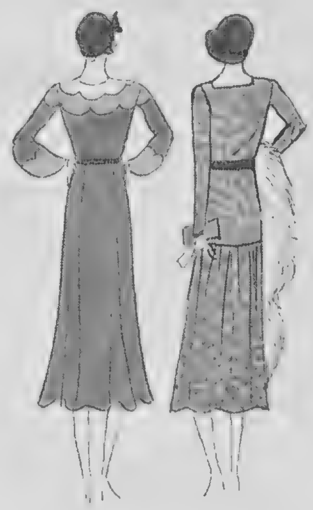
SHOES for afternoon wear favour straight heels of moderate height, and are either of the sandal or court variety; one-strap models are rarely seen. Patent leather has been discarded in favour of suède and black lizard-skin, and inset trimmings of contrasting material are much used.

For evening wear satin court shoes retain their popularity, but the chief novelty both for evening and afternoon wear is the sandal shoe merely composed of a few narrow, almost negligible straps; Abbotts are showing this made of crêpe-de-Chine in a wide range of colours. A further variation of this style is the Florentine sandal made of the gayest multi-coloured canvas with a smart leather heel, made by Debenhams, and a final apotheosis of the sandal is the shoe sketched on the left—a dancing sandal of the finest lace openwork, also from Debenhams.



THE SMART PYTHON-SKIN WALKING SHOES SHOWN ABOVE COME FROM ABBOTTS. SO DO THE RIDING BOOTS. THE GREEN LACE SANDALS COME FROM DEBENHAMS





TWO DESIGNS
FOR THE
HOME DRESSMAKER

Inexpensive and easily
made one piece dresses
for early Spring wear

228. *This attractive dress is carried out in two shades of crepella—navy and light blue. The material costs 7/11 a yard and four yards are required. The skirt is made in four shaped sections, and the blouse has a scalloped yoke which buttons down the front. The sleeves have scalloped sections of the light blue at top and bottom, and the scalloped collar is of white linen*

229. *An extremely simple and practical dress is made of the new openwork jersey which costs 2/11 a yard, but five yards are required because it is only 24 inches wide; 2¼ yards of 54-inch material would be required. The moderately full skirt is gathered into a fitted hip-yoke and the bodice has a square neck and long tight-fitting sleeves*

Materials from Marshall & Snelgrove

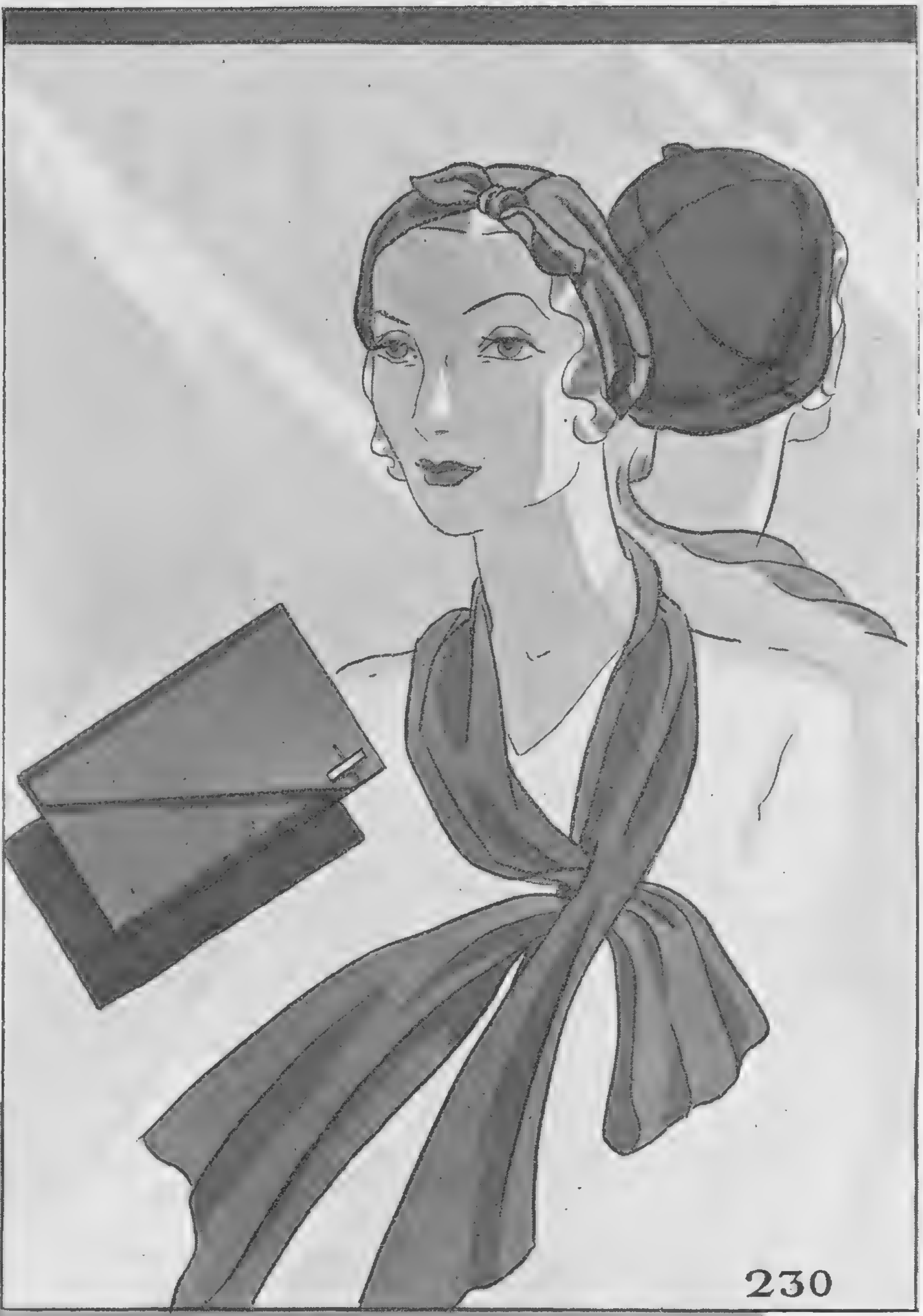
The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Special Patterns cut to order, stock size 3/6 each; cut to measure, 4/6 each. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

A PATTERN WHICH WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

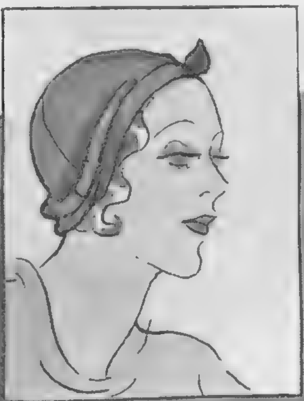
A hat of the tam-o'-shanter variety and a scarf and pochette to match

230. *This pattern consists of an easily made hat, a scarf and simple pochette. The hat is carried out in jersey (54 inches wide, price 6/11), the crown is made in four sections, and the shaped head-band is finished with a bow. It is easily adjustable to any size head. Full instructions are included with the pattern. . . Price 1/-*

Jersey from Gorringes



230



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ONE of the first necessities of an early Spring wardrobe—and easily the most expensive in relation to its size, the limited period of its wear and the number required—is a hat. At this time of year, unless one possesses a fox fur, a scarf to match is essential and, if one wants to be very up-to-date, a bag as well. But these accessories cost money, often more money than the costume which they are destined to accompany, also they are difficult to find and still more difficult to match with the colours of tweeds and new woollens. But if one merely had to find stockinette or chiffon-weight tweed or jersey cloth to tone with one's new coat and skirt, and could then transform it into the shape of one of the new tam-o'-shanters, complete with scarf and pochette to match, and all for a few shillings, then a really serious problem would be solved. Which is just what one can do. Buy the pattern No. 230, buy $\frac{5}{8}$ of a yard of 54 in. stockinette, follow the directions exactly, and you can make yourself with very little trouble an attractive set of accessories. The hat is becoming to those whom the very severe tight little hats do not suit, and is easily adjustable to any size head.

This is only one example of the amount of money which can be saved by the use of paper patterns. Look at the dress opposite, No. 229. It only takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, it is unusually simple to make, it is just what one wants to tide over the break between really worn-out winter clothes and the time to buy really new Spring models; yet it can be achieved for less than a pound and a few hours' work. The left-hand model is designed for more formal wear and is slightly more complicated, but only a little more expensive to make.

PARISIANA

PARIS is not usually in a very good temper in March. She is annoyed with herself for not being further advanced towards summer, and very much annoyed with people coming back from the South who catch cold here and go home sneezing—such bad propaganda. And she is tired of the winter, and of her fur coat, and it is too soon to have fluffy clothes, and altogether it is a betwixt-and-between month, with more than a dash of Monday-morningishness about it. There is pretty often a heat wave towards the end of the month, and all the concierges stoke up the central heating, so that tenants will begin to believe it has been working furiously all the winter. Because it stops early in April, when the snowstorms are, and only begins again in October, when the Indian summer is on. No, if such a lovely lady as Paris could ever be said to be unattractive, it is in March.

Socially, of course, she begins to sit up and take notice. The Salon is coming on, and the theatres are all producing their most attractive wares, and the evenings are drawing out, and nice spring-like things in the eating line begin to appear on the menus of the Café Superba and the Satin Napkin Restaurant. Asparagus and strawberries can be had, and although stewed emeralds with melted topaz sauce, and ruby jelly with whipped cream of pearls, would not be much dearer (and could hardly be more tasteless), it gives real pleasure to profiteers and restaurant-managers alike to welcome them to these haunts of high living and higher paying.

MARCH has one good quality; it is a very convenient month for theatre-going. The theatres are still warmed, and the searching wind that roams about the March twilight makes them feel comfortable. The great theatrical event of this year is to be Bouhélier's "Sang de Danton." If he had called it something a little less pathological one might have felt happier, but it is, in the opinion of all who have read it, or been permitted to attend a rehearsal, a very fine piece of work. Even the cast liked it when it was read to them, and when that happens the moon thinks it time to turn blue. There are fifteen scenes, and the Comédie-Française is going to have a frightful time subjecting its scene-shifters to the necessary staff-work. There are no modern arrangements in the theatre, which was built for four or five acts, solidly set, and by people who never foresaw how the cinema was going to take us back to Shakespeare's freedom from scenery. He had none at all, and the cinema has all there is. Consequently, they can both shift from spot to spot with lightning activity.

She is unmarried, and her name is Louise, and she seems to have eighteen or nineteen brothers

Several French theatres are trying to live up to the new necessity, and have installed revolving stages. A pretty noise they make, too, grumbling and rumbling, and giving a sense of effort which is the last thing a playwright wishes his audience to have. The much-advertised machinery of the Théâtre Pigalle amounts to very little indeed, from the point of view of the playgoer. The Renaissance has a revolving stage which trots round and round

A spring message from Paris in which our correspondent discusses the coming theatrical events of the year, and wittily deplores the ways and waywardness of the automatic telephone

By H. Pearl Adam

Asparagus and strawberries can be had, and although stewed emeralds with whipped cream of pearls would not be much dearer . . .

or backwards and forwards on its axis as the characters walk from one room to another. The audience is so busy watching to see if they miss their step that it forgets to listen to the play. Everyone who has ever walked on a moving surface knows how difficult it is to do.

PLAYWRIGHTS are jumping like trout at the opportunity of writing short scenes, and telling their story in almost the form of a novel. They may see reason to change back again later. The Three Unities were not entirely artistic in their aim; there was sound practicality in them too. St. Georges de Bouhélier has written fifteen scenes for the new play; "Donogoo" at the Pigalle has over twenty; I forget how many there are in "La Chienne" at the Renaissance, because Gémier can make one attend to what is going on and not on how it is being shown. That's where the new system is so faulty in play-writing; it can only by obvious machinery, disturbing and distracting, be made to convey the author's idea to the public. But this fluidity is part of the cinema itself. Nothing could be more natural than for the audience to see the ship to which the heroine's thoughts have flown while she sits in the garden—if she is on the screen. Could anything be more unnatural, more difficult, more ponderous, than to do the same thing on the stage?

THE automatic telephone is gradually penetrating the Paris telephone system, and the subscribers' opinion of it must be quite quickly getting home to the authorities. It has little manias. There is one number, not in the least like this one, which it persists in taking for mine. I don't know who owns it, but she is a frightfully popular lady. She is unmarried, and her name is Louise, and she seems to have eighteen or nineteen brothers, and heaps of male cousins, and a father or two, and they all love her dearly. Not one of them ever begins the conversation with anything colder than "O! Lulu! Darling! *Darling!*" I don't know why her sisters and aunts and mothers don't ring her up; perhaps they live in the country. It is charming to be called up and so affectionately greeted, but when the brothers find I am not their sister they get all frozen. Sometimes quite cross. It is too bad to disappoint them so, and I hope somebody will see to it that the automatic automats a bit more accurately before long. It would be less interesting at this end, but also one would get on with one's work a bit better. I don't know why the thing should work so badly. Seven years ago at Nice it ran very smoothly; I remember thinking the Millennium had set in in the telephone world, and wondering why Paris was so backward in having it installed. It may improve as all exchanges get it, but for the moment it is simply a nursery-garden for expletives. And some of them are distinctly of the rarer orchid sort. Yes.

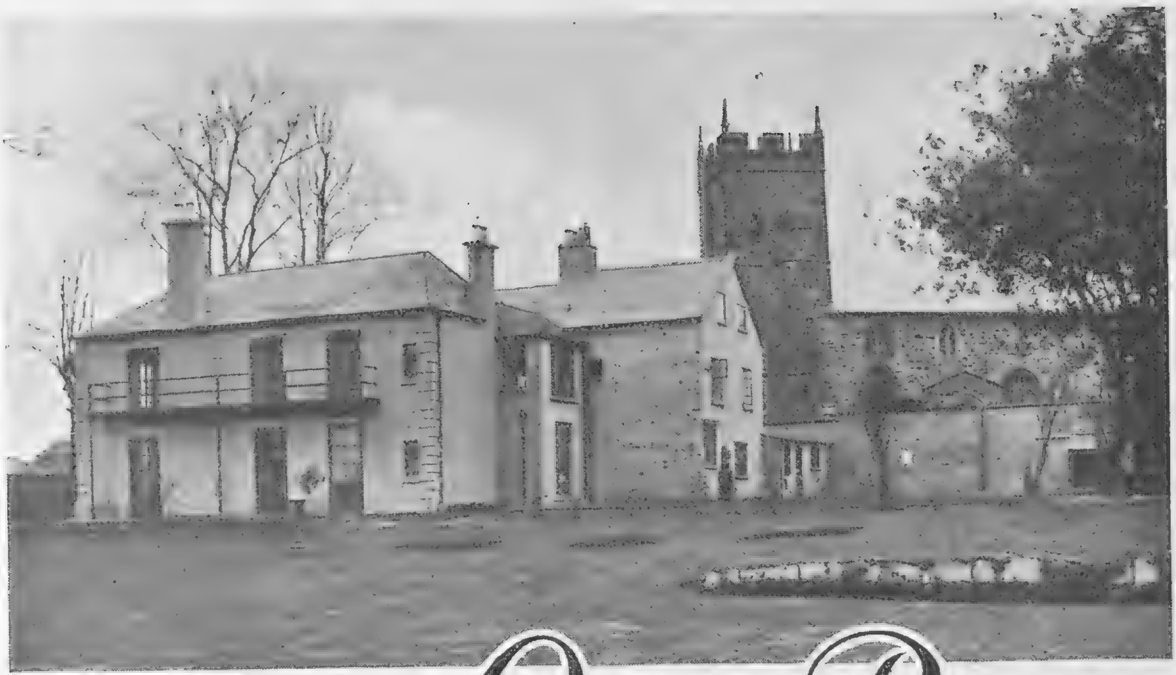
TIMES are not too good, but that will probably not seem like news to England. In Paris the fact, quite apart from a few details like the pay-in-book exhausting itself much less quickly than the cheque-book, can be gathered by the morning post. Every week one receives invitations from dressmakers to spend more than one expects to have this year on buying delicious dresses in large quantities, because each will be so cheap. How much money is spent on stationery, printing, stamps, and service? And how much does this postal propaganda bring in? I wish some statistician would compute it—or perhaps an actuarian—well, one of that lot, anyway.

The hardness of the times can also be tested by the reaction of the night restaurants to present conditions. More than one which

(Contd. on page 122)

Illustrations by Bonnotte

Winter sports are liable to continue for a long time into the summer, now that Paris has her own ski-track



The Norman church is only a few yards from the back wing of the house, whose cheerful yellow walls and green paintwork form a striking contrast to the grey stones of the church

Other People's Houses:

Described by
Pamela Murray

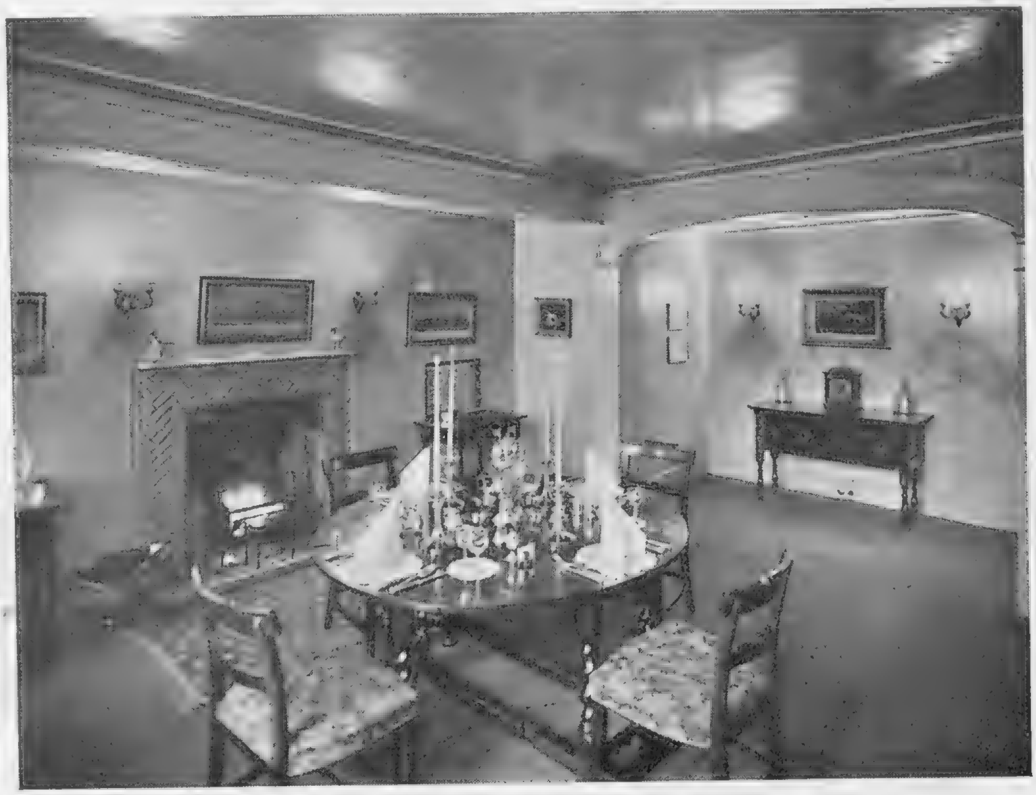
Photographed by
Humphrey & Vera Joel

IN the heart of the Pytchley country lies the red brick village of Cold Ashby, whose every inhabitant is in one way or another responsible for the welfare of that noble animal the horse, and in the midst of this typical Northamptonshire scene, a stone's-throw from the Norman church, is a characteristic small hunting-box overlooking the wide blue distances of wood and field, which are even more lovable in the bare hunting weather than in the leafy June days.

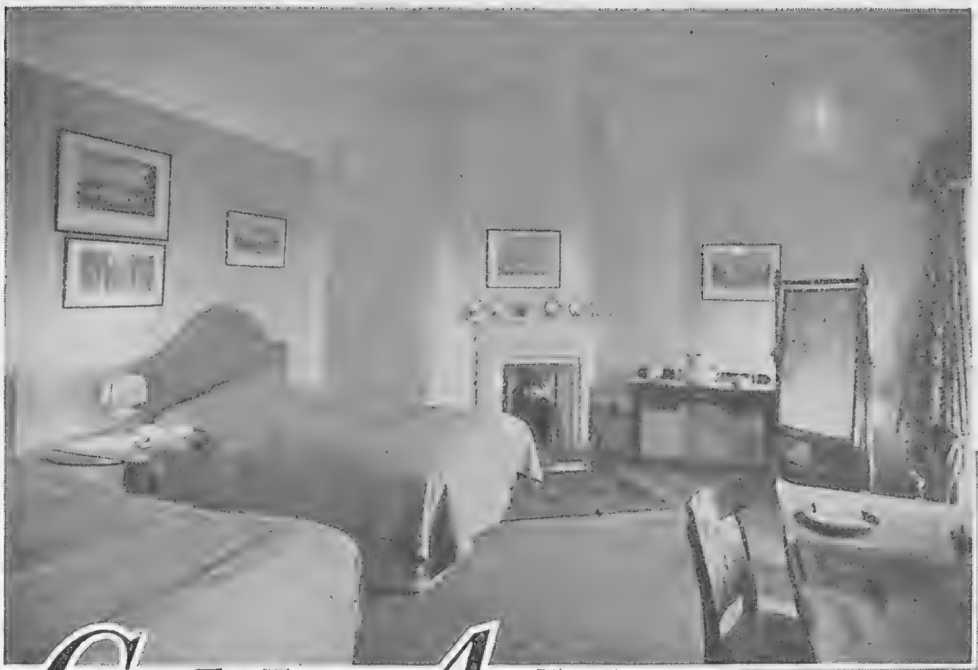
Although typical in its square simplicity, Cold Ashby Hall is unique in several ways. Its decorative scheme has the blended charm of new and old, inextricably intermingled to their own advantage. Its owner belongs to the generation so often described as "ruthless," but she has allowed her home to speak for itself, like a page of Jorrocks, or a line from Whyte-Melville. There has been no drastic introduction of steel furniture and frenzied fabrics to the Shires, but the comfort question has been ably tackled. A vivid green bathroom with yellow curtains of glazed chintz is so well equipped that the modern Mr. Sponge, returning from a day's hunting, would have no need to sit in his bedroom, steeping his nether limbs in a hip-bath and smoking a cigar !

From outside Cold Ashby seems smaller, more toy-like than it really is, an effect due perhaps to walls washed with ochre paint and grass green shutters. For the decoration of the interior the owner has used local talent and her own intelligence with attractive results. A fawn-carpeted hall with green walls leads to the inner hall, which is fitted as an extra sitting room, with a fine old oak linen press, wall mirrors conveniently hung (so that more than one female guest can repair her complexion at the same moment), and a wide writing table enlivened by green leather appointments and overlooked by one of Patrick Adams' delicious interiors. Besides this sketch from the brush of an Edinburgh artist there are many beautiful antiques, collected and left to the owner by her father, Sir James, who was something of a Scottish connoisseur.

IN the drawing room, the ceiling and walls are painted a pale leaf green. The French windows looking south, the chairs and settees covered in a uniform tobacco tone, and an original brick fireplace without any form of mantelpiece combine to make a charming room. An alcove, whose shelves support a magnificent set of wine-red and gold china, fills one end, while a quaint eighteenth-century chest painted with hunting scenes brings colour to another. Dull green shades for gilt standard lamps, square flower vases and a Van Bergen oil study of tranquil woods dipping down to an unruffled Flemish sea, are other agreeable features. Bargain hunters may well envy the upright chairs and chest of Provençal walnut and marqueterie, found in a village near Toulon and shipped to Leith for 150 francs apiece.



The dining-room has green walls highly varnished, and is lit by dull gilt sconces and green candles. The sideboard stands in a charming recess, and over it hangs a sporting picture in oils



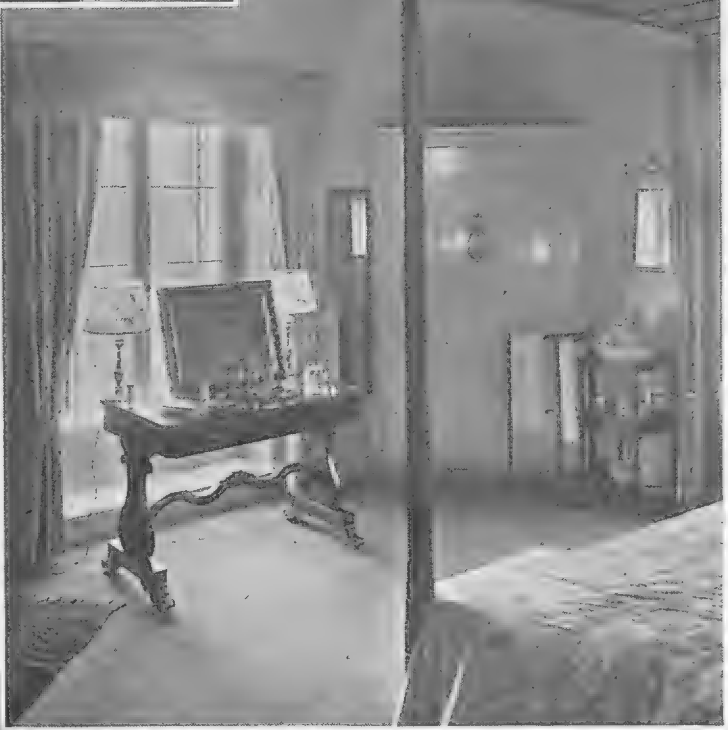
In the dining room a set of rare yew chairs and an admirable oak gate-legged table are shown to advantage against a background of green walls, buff carpets, green curtains threaded with cream, and fascinating "horsey" needlework pictures in golden maple frames. Dull gold wall brackets pick up this tone again, while long-limbed china hounds grace the mantelpiece.

The principal bedroom has an unusual domed ceiling and highly varnished café-au-lait-coloured walls. The green silk bedspreads are piped with rose, and the curtains are of red and green chintz

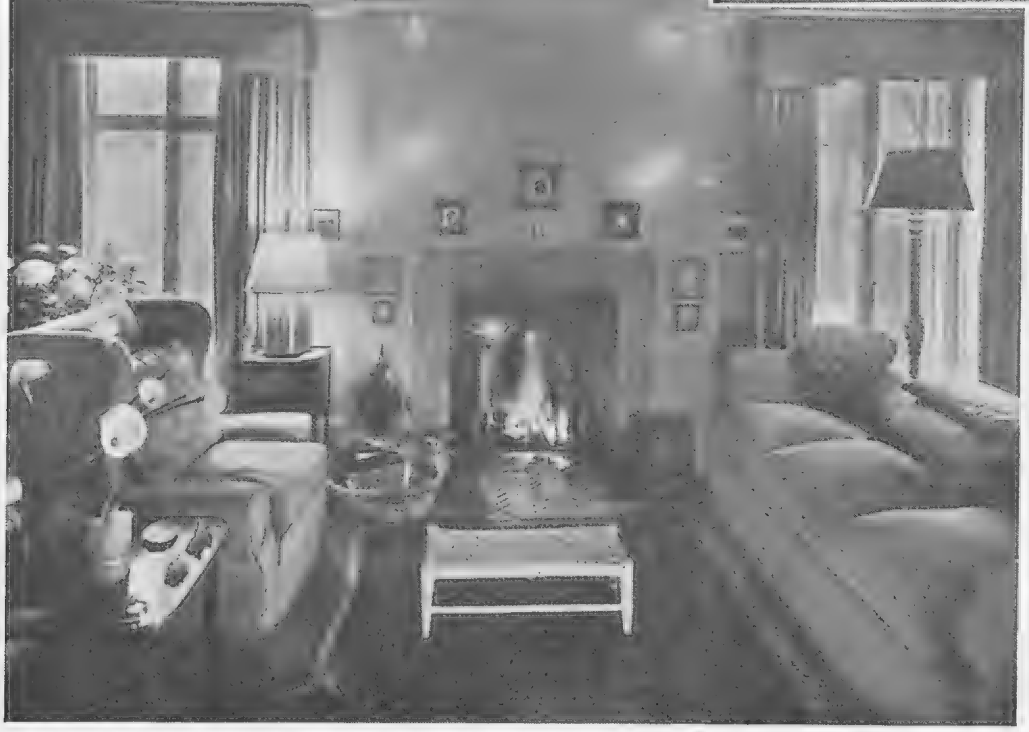
Cold Ashby Hall, near Rugby

Miss Lois Wishart-Thompson's Hunting Box in Northamptonshire

Green is again the prevailing colour in the "den," where sketches of dogs and prints of cock-fighting decorate the walls in warm-blooded opposition to daintily worked samplers, meekly signed "Frances 1808," or "Elizabeth 1812," by their creators. A wooden-backed chair, made for a midget, and a china huntsman with his pack in full cry, combine with books and bureau to make the "den" intimately attractive.



The owner's bedroom has cream walls, buff carpet, and gaily-flowered chintz curtains, and contains a small antique four-poster bed



Green varnished walls, tobacco-coloured curtains and dove-grey carpets distinguish the drawing-room, which has an unusual brick fireplace

A tiny sideboard conveniently fits the alcove, and a splendid open dresser houses rows of heavy glass, hospitably graded so that each guest can help himself according to his thirst. . . . Beyond is the kitchen, wonderfully compact for an old-fashioned country house, and gay with copper ornaments, while there is a staff suite with bathroom attached and a well-planned annexe above the stables.

(*Continued on page* 110)

From Basement to Attic

A living room with an Ebner floor laid in large squares of buff stone, which forms an attractive background for the furniture in the room

THE problem of what to cover the floors with is always presenting itself to every housewife. Uneven floor surfaces, dampness and the suppression of noise about the home, all present difficulties to be overcome. So I am going to take an average small house, and suggest the various kinds of new flooring preparations which could be used throughout from top to bottom. These suggestions would also apply to the ordinary flat.

First of all, there is the basement. This will be taken up with the kitchen and scullery, so the flooring in these rooms must not stain and should be easy to keep clean. Frequently the floor surfaces of the basement consist of uneven stone or concrete, so I suggest using the new underlay, Linovent. This underlay is made of small pieces of cork kept together with a chemical mixture; it levels any unevenness, prevents dry rot and damp, and makes the floor much softer to walk on. On the top of this underlay, I propose using a coloured tiled linoleum. An alternative would be one of the new composition stone floorings—the best of these is either Dekolite, which is poured on to the floor and can be made in any colour desired and inlaid with another colour, or the Ebner flooring, which gives the effect of stone paving and can be had either in buff or white and wears extremely well, whilst it will polish up to a pleasant surface and will not stain—an important consideration in a kitchen.

For the staircases and passages and hall, I suggest using a new rubber flooring called Silentread, which is slightly more expensive than linoleum but wears infinitely longer and consists of a rubber surface lined with a coating of pneumatic rubber which may be had in any colour and with a differently coloured border, like a stair carpet. The pneumatic rubber gives the flooring the resiliency and softness of a thick pile carpet and ensures complete silence in the house. To clean this flooring all that is needed is a scrubbing with brush, soap and water.

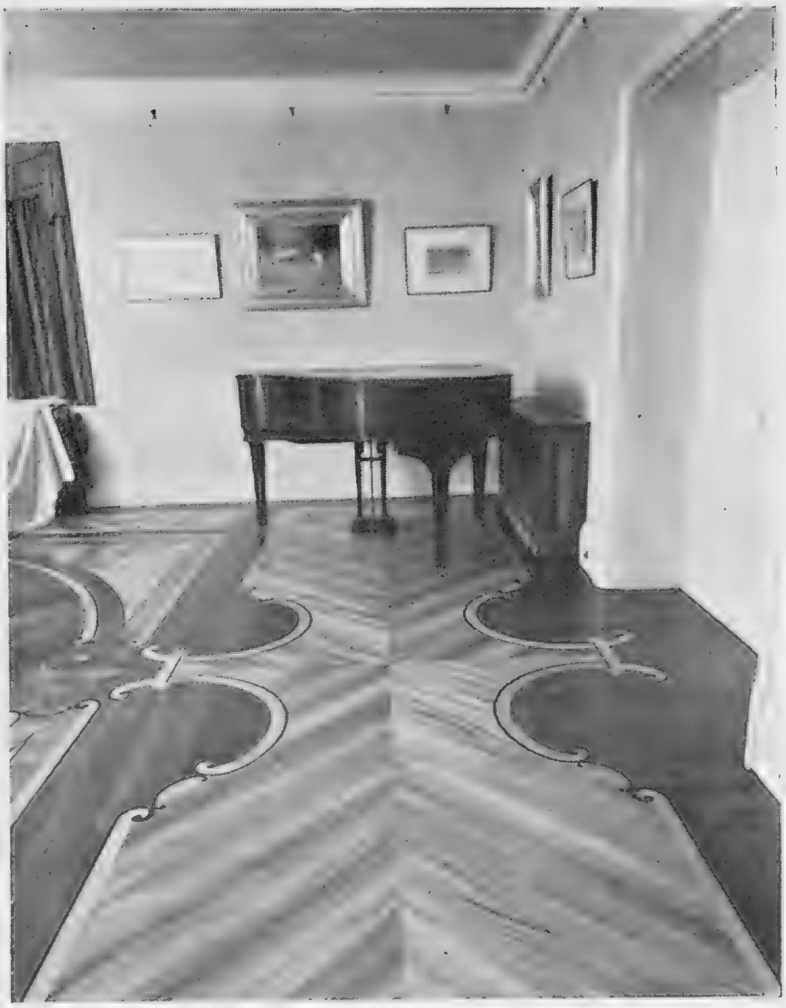
This small bar has a floor of stone composition laid in stripes of light green, grey and white—a most effective scheme and one which appears to give size to the tiny room

THE dining room will probably be on the ground floor, and for this room I propose using another composite flooring. This flooring is Expanco cork parquetry, which is five inches of pure expanded cork grains compressed to five-sixteenths of an inch and baked until it is freed from natural gum. It is made in grooved and tongued slabs, which fit into each other perfectly, thus making an absolutely smooth floor surface, with a fine grain which, when it is polished, looks like walnut or some rare wood. Among its many advantages, this cork flooring is quiet, non-slippery, dust-free and wears literally for ever. It can be obtained in five shades ranging from light beige to dark brown, and the slabs can be made in any size to fit any room.

Now we come to the sitting room. Here you have a wide variety from which to choose. There is the Ebner flooring, with its large paved squares in buff which looks very effective and provides an excellent background for old or modern rugs, and there is the Dekolite flooring, which also looks well in a living room, especially if it is inlaid. A room recently redecorated had a dark blue Dekolite floor inlaid in the centre with the signs of the compass in black and cream, which looked very attractive and unusual. Cork parquetry will also look well in the sitting room, though many people still prefer wood parquet flooring, and for these there is a new kind of parquetry on the market.

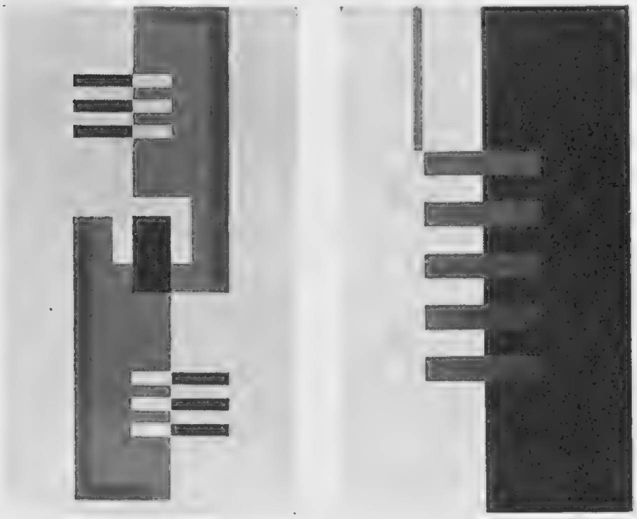
A *Survey* of *All* the Rooms *in* a *House*, and *some* *Suggestions* for *their* Floor-coverings

By Derek Patmore



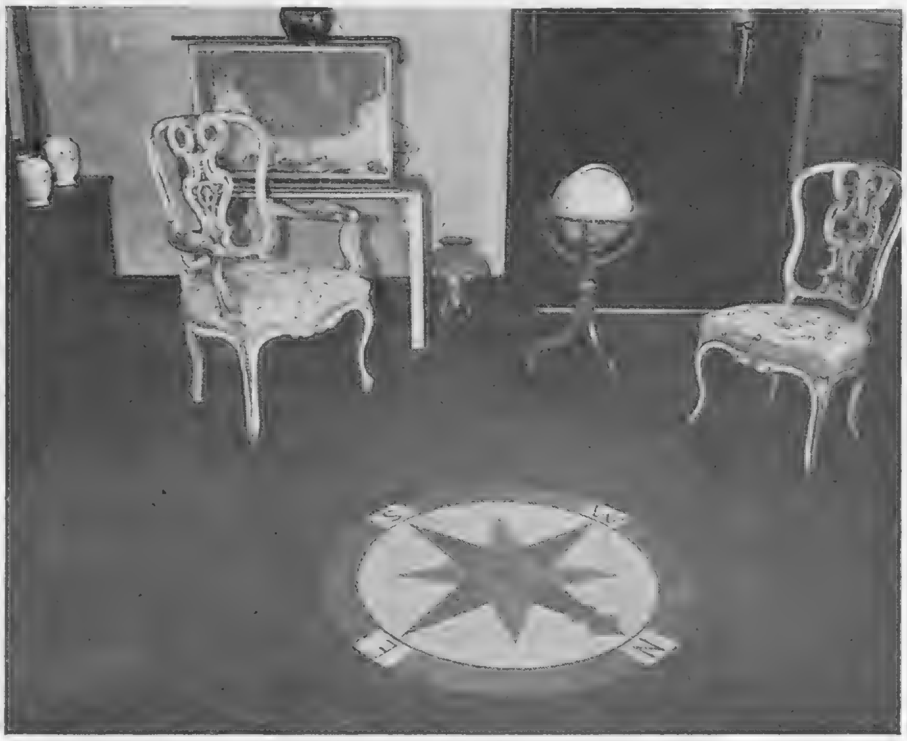
Parquet flooring still holds its own, and this inlaid parquet floor, designed by Floorcraft, Ltd., is carried out in various choice woods

MANY people are deterred from laying down parquetry flooring in their rooms not only because of the expense, but because when once it is laid down in a room it cannot be removed, and in these days of flats and short tenancies this is a fact to be considered. But there is a new roll-up wooden parquet flooring which costs no more than the ordinary variety, and is so made that it can be laid on the floor of any room and taken up and carried away whenever desired. These floors are made in a variety of inlaid designs in wood and roll up as easily as a carpet, though when they are laid on the floor they look no different from the old-fashioned parquet flooring. Wood-carpets, which are made in a variety of modern designs in inlaid woods and are exactly like the parquet floorings, except that they are made in different sizes like any ordinary carpet, can also be bought. These wood-carpets can be laid down on an ordinary carpet and form a perfect dance floor.



Two modern schemes carried out in inlaid coloured rubber flooring suitable for bathroom floors.—North British Rubber Co.

The latest flooring for the bathroom is made of coloured rubber inlaid with modern designs. Rubber is the most satisfactory flooring for bathrooms, as it is absolutely watertight and prevents any damp coming through the ceilings below it. It also retains the heat—an advantage in winter. This flooring can now be obtained in a variety of good abstract designs, which can be laid down to fit any sized bathroom.



Floor designed for a period room. It is of dark-blue stone composition inlaid with the signs of the compass in black and white

FINALLY, we come to the bedrooms. For these, if you do not wish to use carpet, there is the new rubber flooring, which looks exactly like light brown parquet flooring, but is softer and warmer to walk on, or one of the new linoleums would look very well. These do not have the definite patterns which once distinguished them and which were always inclined to be rather worrying and unattractive. The new linoleums are made in "jaspé" and "moiré" designs which have a slightly broken up surface in two tones of colour. These can be obtained in all colours, and also make very restful floors. Top bedrooms and attic rooms should have floors covered in linoleum, as this is still the cheapest form of floor covering and is easy to lay. If the floor surfaces are uneven, Linovent should be laid first, which will not greatly add to the expense, as it costs only 10½d per sq. yd.

SPRING CLEANING ••
•• FOR OUR HOMES AND OURSELVES

THE COMPLEXION

If a cleansing and tonic mask treatment at a beauty specialist's is geographically or economically impracticable, the face can be cleaned and refreshed by means of a home-made mask: 1 ounce of fuller's earth mixed smoothly with half a raw egg; add a dessert-spoonful of almond oil (emollient and whitening) and the same quantity of rose water. Spread smoothly over the face and allow to dry on, preferably while resting, for twenty minutes. Remove the mask by rinsing with cold water to which vinegar or a camphor lotion has been added. A nourishing skin food should be used lavishly at night after this treatment.

THE NECK

To remove the discoloration caused by furs and high collars, use a spirit lotion in conjunction with a cleansing oil. Peroxide with a dash of ammonia added is also efficacious. In cases of serious staining a mild bleaching cream is desirable; this may be procured from Elizabeth Arden.

TEETH

When nicotine stains are obstinate use one of the fibre sticks sold for dental purposes, which may be obtained from Floris, Jermyn Street. Dip the "brush" end in peroxide and then in precipitated chalk, and rub up and down the surface of the teeth. The sharpened end of the stick will reach less accessible stains. Dental floss should be used daily to clean between the teeth.

HANDS

If hard water and the grime of winter have destroyed the smooth whiteness of hands and fingers, soften washing water with alkaline salts (Radox or Reudel). Use pure glycerine in conjunction with a superfatted soap, and also with the rinsing water, and use a spirit lotion after washing to refine the texture of the skin.

HAIR AND SCALP

For special cleansing the scalp should be massaged with oil or salicylic vaseline before shampooing. Sphagnol is a good medicated soap for removing dandruff. A deliciously refreshing and cleaning hair wash without soap can be obtained with the new foam shampoo, which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair and is also excellent for manicure.

BRASS

If brass has got very dirty and stained, and in places corroded with verdigris, leave overnight completely soaked in paraffin. Take out in the morning and rub with silver sand or powdered pumice. Wash in warm soapy water, dry and polish in the usual way. Brass that has been neglected will benefit greatly by an application of lemon juice well rubbed in. Even the squeezed half of a lemon can be used. Stains of tea, alcohol, and other liquids can be removed in this way.

COPPER

To get really gleaming copper, wash in hot water, and polish with silver sand and vinegar mixed or, in the case of bad neglect, silver sand and paraffin. Powdered hearthstone is not advised, as it scratches too much. Whiting mixed with water makes a very good soft polish. Sweet oil rubbed in every week during the winter and every fortnight during the rest of the year keeps copper in excellent condition. When storing copper or brass be sure to rub fat or oil on it to protect it.

IVORY

Ivory should be cleaned with alcohol either pure or in the form of methylated spirits. If it is very yellow, it may be got whiter by making a paste of whiting and lemon juice. The lemon juice should be in generous proportion—and add no water. This paste should be dabbed on all over the ivory ornament, and left for at least two hours, when it will be found to be absolutely dry. Rub off, and if the treatment is not quite successful, do it again. Polish with a soft rag after the final paste has been rubbed off. Keep ivory in as sunny a place as possible. This improves the colour. Wash occasionally in warm soapy water, with a little vinegar. Treat piano keys in the same manner.

LEATHER CHAIRS

If the chairs have not become too soiled they should be treated in the same way as books, with warm water and vinegar. The drying must be done briskly and, in the case of brightly coloured leather, the water should only be lukewarm. If the leather is very worn a raw egg beaten up with turpentine and rubbed in will restore the chair in some measure. Old and worn places can be coloured over first before the egg application, and the result is very satisfactory. Beeswax and turpentine is one of the best polishes for leather furniture, and this should be made the consistency of thin cream. When it thickens melt down again and add more turpentine.

If the stains on leather are not too deep seated, an application of milk will often remove them. Brown paper in several thicknesses put over the spot and ironed well will take away stains too.

Ordinary salad oil rubbed lightly into the leather twice a year will do a lot to preserve the life of the furniture.

MARBLE

Unless white marble is absolutely black or brown with discoloration, powdered pumice stone and lemon will remove all dirt and most stains. If it has become very discoloured, caustic soda and soft soap in equal parts should be brushed on and left for a day. Marble may be polished as furniture, with the same glossy result.

PEWTER

To clean pewter, rub in silver sand and paraffin. Wash and polish with rouge, or any reliable plate polish. Pewter should not be allowed to get too dirty, as too many applications of silver sand and paraffin are apt to wear away any pattern. Linseed oil is a good protector of pewter.

STEEL

Steel ornaments, fenders and buttons that have become unrecognisable may be cleaned by soaking them overnight in paraffin when very bad, and scrubbing with a brush soaked in paraffin and silver sand, or powdered bathbrick (only in the case of fenders) or pumice stone. After the first dirt and corroding has been removed the rest is easy. Continued applications of silver sand and paraffin will soon get the dirtiest steel back to normal. It can be kept permanently clean with metal polish.

GAS STOVES

Never use blacklead on a gas stove. Start when it is new by using a rag *very* slightly moistened with paraffin. The stove will remain bright to the end. There is no danger of ever getting dirty hands and arms when cooking, and the work of cleaning it is accomplished in half the time. If the stove is old and has been treated with stove polish, take all the offending blackness off with strong soda and emery paper, and thereafter keep it clean with a rag.

STAINS OF TABLES

The hot marks from plates, and the stains from scents, alcohol, cocktails and other liquids, can *sometimes* be got rid of in the following way:—

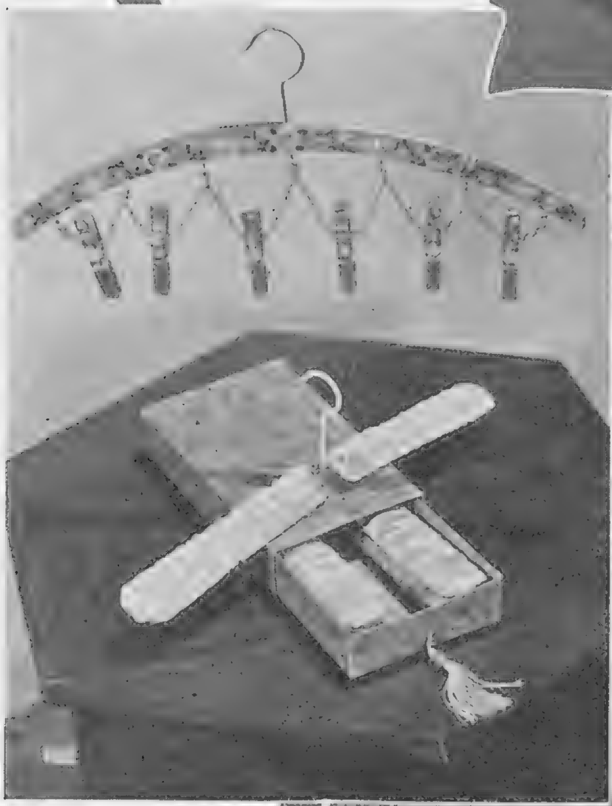
Pour on the spot sweet or linseed oil, and leave it to soak in. Repeat this performance for three days and then polish with beeswax and turpentine.

If the varnish is removed from a table there is little to do but fill up the hole with dissolved beeswax and polish over in the usual way.

Madam, *did you* Know ..?

Practical Paragraphs *for* Home *Consumption*

A useful nest of ash-trays and a novel reading lamp, to the base of which is affixed an ash-tray, match stand and container for cigarettes



Stockings to match one's frock may be clipped on the pegs attached to this dress hanger. The box containing three folding hangers will be appreciated by travellers

THAT if buttons are sewn on over a darning needle, and the needle is then removed, the buttons will be much looser than if sewn on in the ordinary way, and will not pull off so easily?

WHEN dressing in a hurry for dinner or a dance much time will be saved if stockings to match each frock are kept on one of the neat hangers pictured on this page, and hung next to the particular gown in question. Alternatively, these hangers can be used as stocking dryers. They are hand-painted, and cost only 2s. 11d. each. The folding padded hangers are most useful for travelling, and boxes of three cost 4s. 11d.

A READING lamp, complete with ash-tray, holder for cigarettes and match container, is most useful for those who are addicted to the bad habits of both reading and smoking in bed, as everything necessary is to hand and there is economy in space for the bedside table. This costs 39s. 6d., and for 8s. 9d. there is a little nest of ash-trays together with a stand for matches and cigarettes.

BEANS can be prepared for the table with a minimum of trouble by the aid of one of the new bean cutters, an illustration of which is shown on this page. Simply place the beans in the holes provided for this purpose, turn the handle and the work is done. 2s. 9d. is the price. The card of measuring spoons will be a great boon in the kitchen. It is only ninepence, and the spoons measure a quarter of a teaspoon, a half teaspoon, three-quarters of a teaspoon, a dessert spoon, and a table spoon.

THERE are two liquid polishes—one for furniture and one for floors—which have eliminated the rubbing element in polishing, and will, with no effort, produce a splendid shine or gloss, the surface of which does not finger-mark or become dull. They are obtainable at prices ranging from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

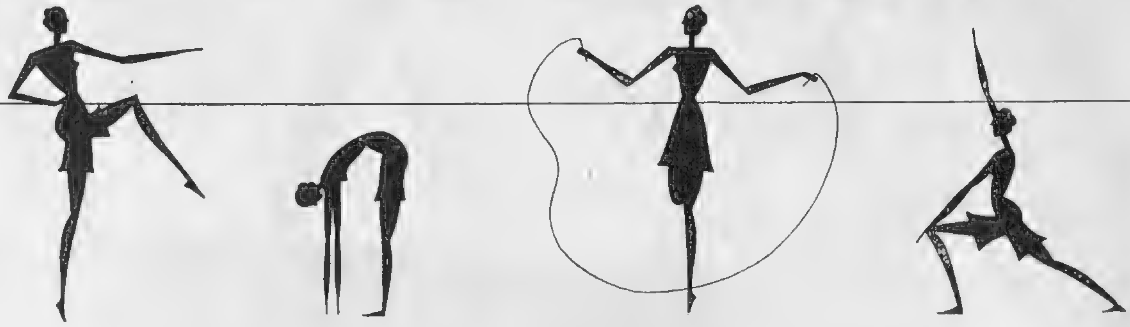
PACKING bottles is always somewhat of a problem, as the stoppers are very liable to come out. This risk can be obviated if the finger of an old leather glove is placed over the bottle, pulled tightly down the neck and securely tied with string.

CAKES will keep moist for quite a considerable time if a piece of fresh bread is kept in the cake tin. The bread should, of course, be replaced whenever necessary, as stale bread will not serve the same purpose.

EVEN the most careless laundry will be baffled if you make use of "Ever-on" rubber buttons. They cannot cut the thread or break in the mangle, and are splendid for underwear, overalls and pillow-cases. There are four sizes, containing 6, 10, 12 and 15 buttons (according to size), price 6d. a box.

This bean cutter should certainly be included in the equipment of the up-to-date kitchen, and the set of measuring spoons will also prove a useful investment

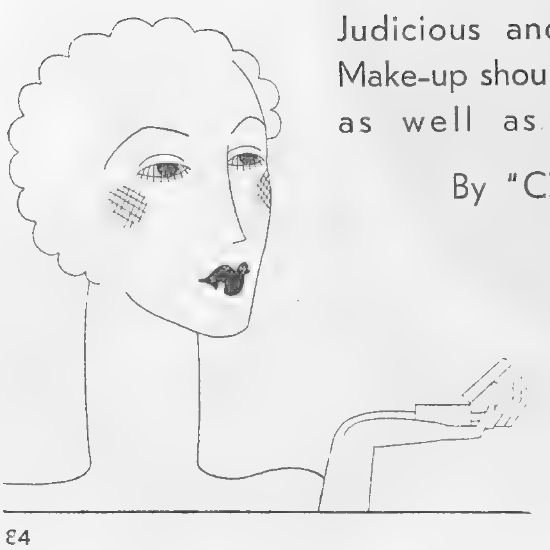
FOR BEAUTY



IN DEFENCE of COSMETICS

Judicious and Intelligent Make-up should be Protective as well as Ornamental

By "CHRYSIS"



I AM in agreement with those who deplore the mask-like faces of over-bedizened, modern femininity. I sympathise with artists who say that there is no "drawing" in the opaque, vermilion gashes which are worn instead of mouths: I am even a little shaky about the painted arcs which have replaced eyebrows. But nevertheless there is a great deal to be said for a discreet *maquillage*, both from the æsthetic and the practical point of view.

To begin with, a woman who uses cosmetics *must* clean her face, and that not superficially, but thoroughly and scientifically, and this cleansing, with creams and lotions specially devised to remove all impurities from the pores of the skin, to stimulate them to activity and refine the complexion, is in itself the basis of intelligent beauty culture. The majority of women who give this amount of attention to their complexion will occasionally visit a beauty specialist and indulge in one of the invaluable mask or massage treatments appropriate to their needs.

Another point in favour of the use of cosmetics is that if they are intelligently chosen, they will not only enhance the appearance, but will be "beauty" preparations both beneficent and protective.

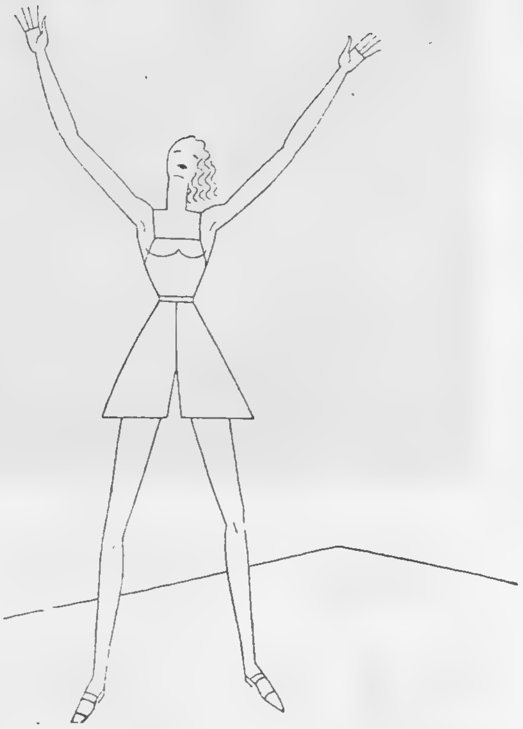
The scientific beauty specialists advocate creams and lotions which, in summer, protect the complexion from sunburn, and, in winter, guard it from the ill effects of wind and frost. I know of one cream which is valuable as a protection against the devastating burning which results from exposure to snow and sun glare, and is much used by those Alpine sports enthusiasts, mountain climbers, motoring and flying women who are endowed with normal and healthy vanity.

THE whole secret of successful "make-up" is that it should be appropriate—appropriate to the user's style as well as to her colouring, to the clothes she wears and the things she does. Exaggerated make-up in broad daylight, with sports clothes, is altogether too "trying," as well as slightly ridiculous. Extreme "theatrical" effects are nearly always a mistake except for women who go in for being ultra exotic and conspicuous, and even then they may defeat their purpose! Not the quickness but the cleverness of the hand should deceive the eye where cosmetics are concerned. For the very young a lot of make-up is a pity, because unnecessary and dimming to the radiance which is youth's inheritance; for the old it is disastrous, useless as a disguise and destructive of dignity. But for the woman who can no longer rely merely on ingenuous charm, whose clothes are sophisticated and whose wish is to please, the finished perfection of a carefully "done" face and neck is undeniably an asset.

The most common reason for failure in the use of cosmetics is the wrong choice of colours. Even fair women often use powder that is too white and rouge that is too pink. There is a great deal of yellow in all normal "flesh tints," and the cream, rachel, ochre and sunburn shades of powder are nearly always more becoming than white and pinkish shades, which are likely to produce a mauvish or blue appearance. For the same reason lip salves with an orange tone are, to most people, more "helpful" than the pure red. One of the most successful "make-ups" I know is that of a fair-haired woman who uses an ochre lotion and powder and a lipstick which before application looks terra-cotta. Her appearance is vital, healthy and *natural*!

I would recommend to amateurs of the art a study of the tones of powder, rouge, and eyelash cosmetic now on the market, the blue and brown creams for shading the eyelids, eye drops, guaranteed of vegetable origin and harmless, for making the eyes clear and bright: all to be used in strict moderation, with intelligent reference to the *geography* of the face. The technique of cosmetic is the art which conceals art—and anything else which it is desirable to conceal!

YOU ARE as YOUNG and FIT as your GLANDS



IT has long been established that the secretions of the endocrine glands are vitally connected with physical and mental health, but the practical and more universal application of this branch of therapeutics is a comparatively recent development.

Thyroid, pituitary and other extracts are now used successfully in a variety of illnesses, for nervous diseases, feminine ailments, obesity, etc., etc. It would be impossible in an article of this sort to cover the many developments and applications of these treatments, but it may be of interest to consider the value of glandular treatment for rejuvenation, in certain forms of neurosis and debility, and for the preservation of normal health and vitality.

The experiments of Voronof have proved that many symptoms of age are the result of failure on the part of certain endocrine glands to manufacture the necessary hormones. Professors Steinach, of Vienna, and Bloch in Berlin have carried experiments on this premise further and have established that the introduction of endocrine gland products into the human system, not necessarily by operation, will, at any rate temporarily, arrest the process of age and the atrophy of the essential glands and will increase resistance to many diseases.

ONE interesting development is a modified Steinach treatment evolved and practised successfully in this country, in which endocrine gland extracts are administered by injection and by the mouth, while the glands are stimulated by the use of a high-frequency electric current.

It must be understood that the rejuvenating effect is indirect. The young and healthy are more vital and energetic than those suffering from the "slowing up" process which we call age. The administration of glandular extracts, and the stimulation of important endocrine glands to increased manufacture of the substances we now know to be so important, will make a patient feel well and will increase the mental and physical resistance to depressing influences. It will not remove wrinkles already established or turn white hair black in the night!—though it may well arrest the progress of these symptoms of advancing years.

But when men or women feel well and happy, and know themselves capable of all the functions and enthusiasms of youth, their appearance is naturally improved. Nothing is so ageing as an expression of anxiety, depression and lack of interest in life. Further, the feeling of energy and well-being is likely to encourage a healthier and more energetic mode of living.

The inventor of the treatment has found that it is most successful in cases where the patient is of a nervous and emotional disposition—in other words, those who are most likely, in the course of their daily lives, to have used up more hormones than they are capable of manufacturing, whose glands are therefore "hungry" and who are psychologically more responsive to treatment.

Patients who have undergone the treatment have found that it is rejuvenating, a tonic to the nervous system, and of definite benefit to their general health. It has proved useful in the treatment of acne and as a preventive of influenza, doubtless because the increased vitality of the patients enables them to combat infective bacilli.

Doubtless as knowledge of this branch of therapeutics grows, gland treatments will be used more and more to counteract the effects of the stress and strain of modern life, so that there will be no need for even the most sensitive and highly strung to become "worn out" and to grow old before their time.

A youthful appearance goes with contentment and physical well-being, conditions achieved by the re-creation of vital hormones by means of glandular extracts and electrical stimulation

Spring

Candlelight and unusual glass combine to make this table arrangement attractive. The decanter, with its engraved glass centre around which the wine flows, is from Lalique

MARCH is one of those in-between months when both the hostess and her guests often wish that some entirely new foods could be invented.

There is plenty of variety, of course, as always in this age of rapid transport; but there are not always plenty of new ideas in the mind of the person who arranges the meals, and in a month which is so seldom equable in temperament it is quite natural that there should not be.

This month's recipes deal with an American way of treating halibut; with two decorative and delicious dishes of egg; with grilled steak garnished in a manner which is not new, but often forgotten; and with a cool and simple sweet which needs no eggs for its composition.

BAKED HALIBUT

INGREDIENTS

2 lbs. halibut (cut thick)
Slices of salt pork (cut very thin)
1 small onion
1 bayleaf
3 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of flour
3 or 4 ozs. of water biscuit crumbs (breadcrumbs may be used instead)
Slices of lemon
Béchamel sauce
Parsley
Paprika

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel and slice the onion finely. Cut four slices of salt pork into two and a half inch squares and arrange these in a shallow fireproof dish or baking tin. Sprinkle the chopped onion on these and add the bayleaf. Put in the piece of halibut. Rub the butter with a wooden spoon till creamy; stir in the flour, mix well and spread over the fish. Sprinkle the biscuit crumbs over this and arrange thin strips of salt pork at intervals over these across the fish. Cover with buttered paper and bake for fifty minutes in a moderate oven. Remove the paper a quarter of an hour before the time is up. Place the halibut on a hot dish, decorate with thin slices of lemon, chopped parsley and paprika. Serve Béchamel sauce separately.

COMMODORE EGGS

INGREDIENTS

1 egg to each person
1 slice of bread for each egg
2 or 3 ounces of butter
Pâté de foie gras
Truffles
Béchamel or brown sauce

Here is the grilled steak with its accompaniment of stuffed olives, stuffed tomatoes, potato balls and anchovies; also the most important ingredients for the fish dish

INSTRUCTIONS.—Cut the bread in circles and sauté gently in butter till a delicate golden brown. Take out part of the centre, leaving a rim about a quarter of an inch wide.

Spread pâté de foie gras in the hollow and keep hot. Poach the eggs neatly in salted water and place them on the pâté.

Pour the Béchamel or well-flavoured brown sauce over the eggs, and arrange a neat ring of chopped truffles on the rims of the rounds of fried bread.

Variations

By Catherine Ives

Some Seasonable and Unusual Suggestions for the Meat-eater and the Vegetarian

The orange sponge for which the recipe is given may be just as easily made with lemons. The junket in the bowl is enriched with caramel and adorned with chopped nuts

RED AND YELLOW EGGS

Ingredients

Sauce Béarnaise
Tomato purée
6 eggs. Parsley

(For the sauce)

3 yolks of eggs
3 tablespoons of olive oil
1½ dessertspoons of tarragon vinegar
Salt. Cayenne
2 tablespoons of hot water

Instructions.—To make the sauce you heat the yolk of eggs lightly, stir in the olive oil, mixing till well blended, then tarragon vinegar, hot water, salt and a dash of cayenne. Cook gently in a double saucepan (stirring all the time) till the mixture thickens. Colour half the sauce with the tomato purée. Keep both sauces hot. Poach the eggs neatly in salted water, arrange in shallow fireproof dish, cover them alternately with the red and yellow sauces. Decorate with parsley or any other delicate green stuff.

STEAK MIRABEAU

Ingredients

Rump or fillet steak
Anchovies. Stoned olives
Stuffed tomatoes
Potato balls
2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of browned flour
½ pint of light stock
1 tablespoon tomato catsup
Salt
Pepper. Green butter

(For the green butter)

2 or 3 ounces of butter
½ ounce of parsley
1 ounce of spinach
1½ ounces mixed tarragon, chervil and chives
1 shallot
Pepper and salt

Instructions.—To make the butter, wash the herbs, blanch them by putting them in a saucepan, covering with cold water and bringing to the boil. Drain them and pound in a mortar. Chop the shallots, fry them gently in a very little butter. Add to the herbs, work in the butter with a wooden spoon, season, rub through a sieve and fill the stoned olives with the mixture. For the potato balls, wash and peel the potatoes in the ordinary way, cut into balls with the cutter sold specially for this purpose, soak them for ten minutes in cold water, drain, dry, fry them in deep fat or oil, drain on clean white paper and sprinkle with salt. The tomatoes are stuffed with a mixture of breadcrumbs, tomato pulp, parsley, pepper and salt, bound with yolk of egg. They are placed in a buttered dish and cooked in a hot oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Brush the steak with olive oil or melted butter, and grill for four or five minutes on one side and then for the same time on the other side. Put it on a very hot plate, arrange the stuffed olives on top, the stuffed tomatoes, anchovy fillets and fried potato balls round the dish. Serve the hot sauce separately.

Commodore eggs should be served in individual flat fireproof dishes, but red and yellow eggs look better in one large dish, which emphasises the contrast in colour

ORANGE SPONGE

Ingredients

One large orange
4 ounces loaf sugar
½ oz. gelatine
½ pint of water

Instructions.—Wash the orange, peel it finely, squeeze and strain the juice. Cut up the gelatine (or use the powdered variety which does not need so much soaking) and soak in a quarter of a pint of cold water. Add a quarter of a pint of hot water and let the gelatine dissolve in this. Put in a saucepan with the orange peel, sugar and water in which it dissolved.

Simmer gently for half an hour, strain and let it cool, but not set. Add the orange juice, and whisk until it is stiff and white. Rinse out a mould in cold water, pour in the mixture and put it in a cold place to set.

Lai Choi San: The Chinese Pirate Queen

(*Continued from page* 17)

Her *amahs* accompanied her wherever she went. They attended to her wants, cooked her food, and sat for hours combing and oiling her long jet-black and glossy hair, which was finally done into an ornamental knot and fastened with two or three apple-green jade pins. They also carried arms and donned cartridge belts whenever their mistress went on the warpath, but in the peace time they were just two plain servants.

Lai Choi San, the lady chieftain of this and eleven other armed junks, was a woman of about forty. Her figure was slender and rather short; her face was not too Chinese, although purely Mongolian, of course, with high cheek bones and slightly slant eyes, dark, intelligent and rather hard. Her mouth was small and her lips thin.

She never gave orders directly, but always spoke through her captain. She seldom addressed anybody else, and her answers were curt. She never gesticulated when speaking as most Chinese do. Occasionally she took a few short whiffs from the community tobacco pipe on board; she smoked opium too, but apparently she was not addicted to this drug, as she was content with one pipe a day, just before noon.

At first she openly distrusted me, as did the rest of the crew.

The first day I did not dare to make any move to interview her, but on the second she seemed more communicative and I was "permitted" to ask her a few questions, probably because she was elated over her success in parleying with the chieftains of the rival gangs. On the way back from Bias Bay—after my somewhat disturbed retreat from Fan Lo Kong, the principal village in the Bias Bay territory—she had not enough harsh words for the piratical gentry of that infamous place.

THE sea was getting rough and our junk pitched uncomfortably. She asked me through my interpreter, Moon, if I felt ill. I felt fine, I said, thank you, and boasted that I had been born on the sea.

"Where?"

"Far away, in a country far, far away, Where the winter was as dark as night and the summer one long day . . ."

"Where is that?" she interrupted, "in America?"

"No, on the other side of the globe." I drew a crude map of the world and had Moon explain to her where America was and where the European country was located which I had once called my own.

How far was it to the land of my birth? Could we reach it in two or three days, sailing with a fair wind? No, it would take weeks and months to get there by water, and it would be impossible to reach it with the junk.

"Why?" she asked.

"Well"—I fumbled for an explanation which she could grasp, but gave it up—"Well, it was simply not done."

She looked disappointed, so I told her that if I went by train, *cho-cho*, I could probably get there in twenty days. She did not believe that the world was as large as that. After a little hesitation she said that probably the world could be ten days large, because she remembered that as a child she had sailed seven days in one direction.

"As a child?" I asked her.

Presently she told me a little about herself. By questioning her carefully, I drew out the story of her early life, her childhood, and the hardships she had had to endure when, more as a servant girl than as the only daughter of a pirate chief, she had sailed along the Chinese coast on her father's junk.

Her father had four sons, but they had all died. She was his only daughter, and, being a frail and delicate child, had not been expected to live. The women folk on the junk had taken care of her. She did not remember her mother, the favourite concubine of the old pirate. Her father used to take her with him on his trips along the coast. And now she loved the sea.

Her father had started his life penniless as a mere coolie, but step by step he had built his own career. He had been a brave lad, and probably ruthless. So he got into the good graces of a brigand chief whose haunts were somewhere along the West River. This chieftain made him his Number One man, and when, a few years later, the old chief died "unexpectedly," the Number One man proclaimed himself chief. And so he took possession of a few junks and went on the warpath against the neighbouring pirates, whom he drove out of their strongholds. Thus be became respected and feared among the seafaring merchantmen along the South China coast, made a goodly amount of money, and collected junks as one collects stamps or Chinese porcelain. The fishing junks, however—several hundred of them—each paid him a certain amount of money as long as he guaranteed that no other pirate would harass them in their lawful pursuit of livelihood. If a junk refused to pay, it would disappear, and the crew would be slain with the exception of one man who was always allowed to go back to his home town to tell the tale, thus inspiring fear and respect in the eyes of the Chinese, and bringing more glory to the "illustrious" name of the bandits.

When he died, with "his slippers on," from wounds received during an encounter, he left Lai Choi San seven ships, the strongest and largest on the waters of the West and Pearl Rivers. She acquired a few more, and to-day she owns twelve large armed junks.

SHE is rich—probably rich beyond comprehension. She owns a house in Macao, or at least she occupies it occasionally; and later I visited her at the place she calls her home, in one of the villages along the West River. It was a beautiful house as Chinese houses go, and the garden was a horticultural gem with ponds and bridges and heavy-leafed lotus flowers swaying in the breeze.

"What did the words Lai Choi San mean?" I asked Moon.

He said that he could not tell, unless she wrote down the characters of her name. I asked her to write her name on a leaf of my notebook.

She glared at me. I believe that she strongly suspected a hocus-pocus trap or some other devilry. She did not want to do it. Finally I asked my interpreter whether he thought that she knew how to write. He translated this to her. The trick worked. She scorned my question, snatched the proffered pencil and laboriously penned the three characters for Lai, Choi and San.

"The Mountain of Wealth," exclaimed Moon. The Mountain of Wealth! Not an unfitting name, although not exactly a feminine name. Still, her career was not very feminine either.

I stretched out on the deck planks near by and Lai Choi San did not make any attempt to disappear. Now and again I threw a question at her through Moon, and very obligingly she answered some of them. One would have thought that this interrogation would have made her suspicious, but I took pains to tell her a lot about the outside world, of which she did not know a thing, and occasionally I would stick in the questions I wanted her to answer.

She had once seen a foreign newspaper in which pictures of big cities with tall buildings appeared. Was that the truth—they had buildings like that and all made of stone?

"Yes," I confirmed, "and they build every day larger and larger ones."

"Who owns them?"

"Rich men," I said.

"Men who have much rice to sell?"

"Yes, and many other men. People in my country do not buy so much rice."

She was astonished to hear that, for to her rice—aside from the possession of gold and jewellery—was the measuring stick for wealth.

Had she no ambition to settle down for a peaceful life? I asked. Why did she continue such a dangerous business?

I don't think that she ever knew the answer to this question. But I believe that I know it. The trade of buccaneering, in one form or another, is actually in the blood of the South China coast people. These rocky islands and turbulent waters and adjacent hills have for centuries been the territories of the Chinese pirates for right or might.

Would she rather not settle down, marry, have children, be secure in her home and enjoy life?

Marry? Never again. She had been married twice, or she had had two men, to use Moon's own words. When she was married to her first husband, there had been a real marriage ceremony on board the junk. Her father was yet living, and a Taoist priest had been invited to go through a lot of ceremonies to assure the future happiness of the nuptial pair.

One day after a rather lively dispute over some trivial domestic matter, her husband was gathered to his ancestors, but she did not seem to have mourned him much. She had a son by her husband. The second man had not been her real husband, Moon explained to me, and also that she had had many lovers.

"Any more children?"

"Certainly," she replied proudly. "One more boy."

It struck me that I should get her ideas on the eternal question of Love—a Chinese woman pirate's view of it.

I was not sure that she understood the question. Or if she did, she did not answer. She gave a long, searching look. I wished that I had been a woman myself, for then she probably would have told me the innermost secrets of her heart, as one woman to another. But she had understood; for then, for the first time, I read sadness in her eyes.

But still she would not answer the question. Not then.

BUT if she did not answer herself, there were others who did.

Months later, when I was back again in Macao, I had a visit from a Chinese, a goldsmith by trade. He brought me as a present a heavy ring, made of virgin gold and set with a stone engraved with mysterious characters. It was a gift from one of the pirate chiefs of the West River. He had made me a member of his secret society and this ring was the token. It was also a kind of passport for me to come and go unmolested within his territory. The old murderer liked me, the goldsmith said. It was an exact copy of the ring this chief wore himself.

Tea was served by my house boy. The goldsmith and I started talking. Since he, too, was a friend of this mighty pirate chief, the mightiest of them all, I asked him many questions, and finally what he knew about Lai Choi San.

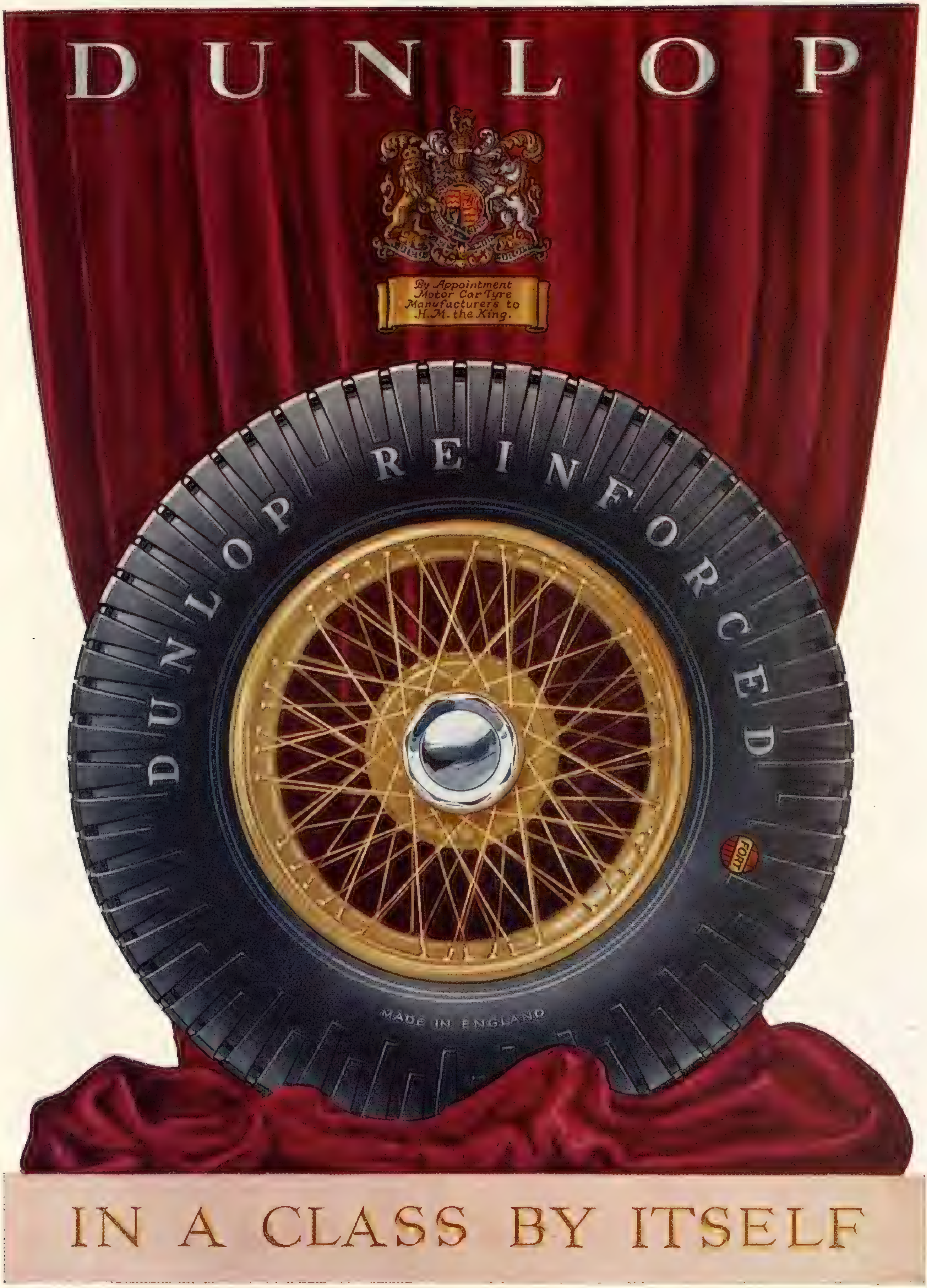
He did not give me a true version of her career. I don't think he even tried to. He pretended that he did not know much about her.

She was only a woman, he said, and, being a true Chinese, he did not think a lot about the opposite sex. He knew, of course, that she owned a few junks, he said, but she was not by any means as rich as the chief who sent me the ring. Oh, yes, she was doing some guard duty all right, and the junks paid her captain some sort of fee for her protection, but still, the taxes his friend the chief was levying were far greater, and, after all, this grand robber of the West River was a real man, while she was only a woman. And a bad woman at that. And then he told me.

He told me a blood and fire story of passion, intrigue and hatred, and pointed out—too often to make it ring true—that there had not been the slightest sign of love in any of her amorous escapades in her younger days. But no doubt the man was prejudiced. The donor of my ring, he said, was the man whose friendship was the thing for me. Why bother with a woman, a bad woman totally *renoncé* of any code of morals?

But I did not believe him. Because I remembered the sadness in her eyes.

END.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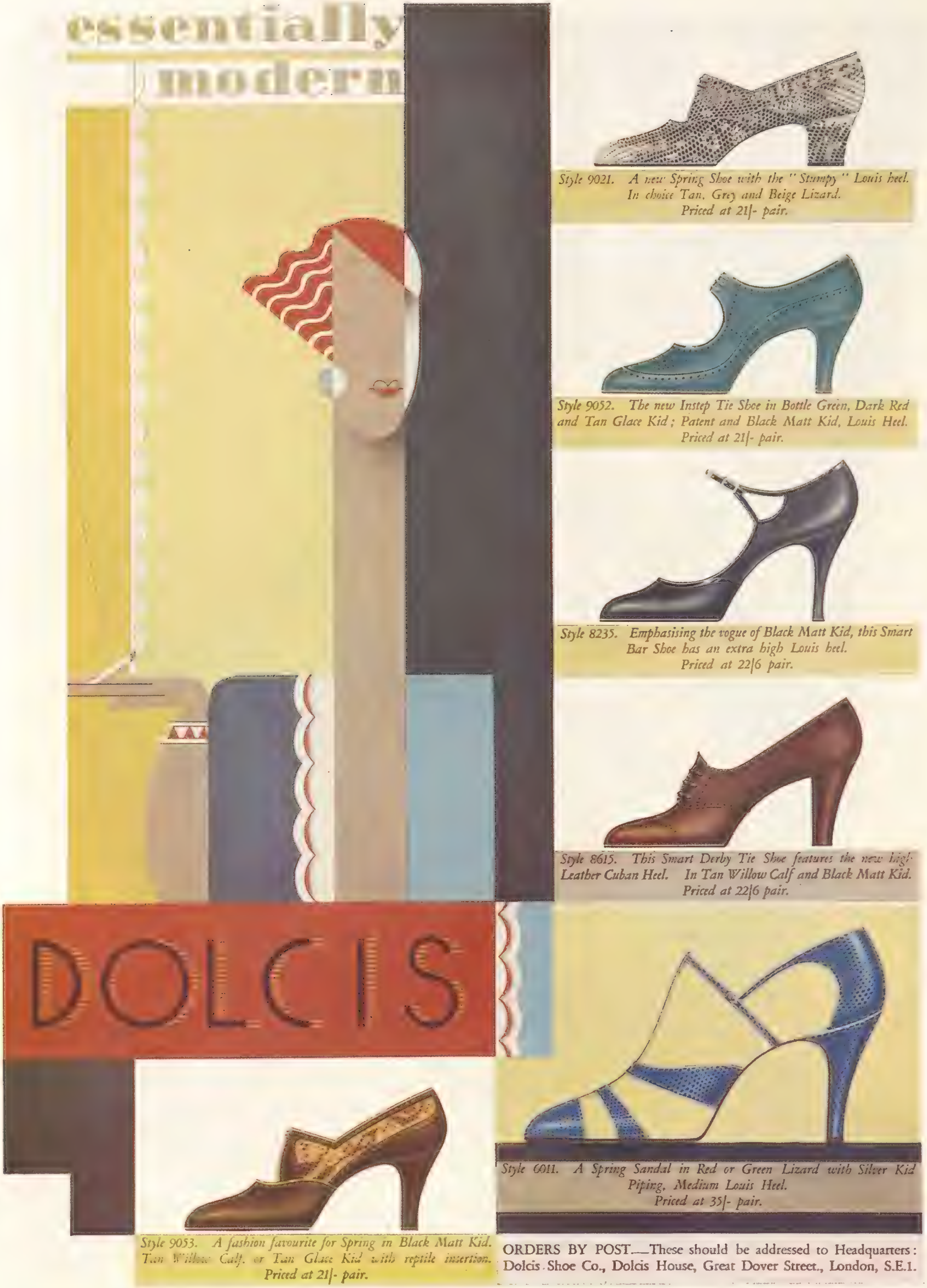

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Pilgrimage (*Continued from page 13*)

"That was a wonderful convalescence. I discovered myself to be in a smallish palace surrounded by acres of flowers and lawns and huge trees—I pointed the place out to you yesterday, the one with the high white wall round it. Buraala, or rather Said Abdul Buraala, to give him his full title, used to sit yarning with me by the hour.

"At first I was rather uncomfortable at accepting hospitality from a coloured man, but that feeling disappeared completely when I found he was a *sahib* in every sense of the word. I wish you could meet him, but he's away now on a trip to Mecca.

"Then, too, there was Jafra. The loveliest, shyest, merriest wild creature. She sat with me in a shady part of the Said's garden and taught me Malay. It was a joy to be with her; she was so good-humoured and cheerful and understanding.

"I had assumed she was a member of Buraala's household—he was so fond of her; but she was not. Jafra's father had been a man of some consequence, a trusted employee of the Said's, and the old fellow looked after her along with a hundred others who had a call upon his bounty.

"He and I were having a final whisky and soda one night in what he called his office, a magnificent room filled with books and Oriental treasures, when I told him I was fit enough to move on. He was silent for a moment; then, after apologising for seeming to pry into my business, he asked if I'd mind telling him what had brought me out there. I gave him the bare facts: nerves on edge after the war—wandering about the East at a loose end, broke, making my way down to Australia.

"He was so concerned that I began to regret having mentioned it. It was not wise, he told me, to travel in foreign lands without money, especially when one had scarcely recovered from a severe illness. To my assurances that I was perfectly all right he paid no attention—just sat staring at the ceiling with a troubled expression. He finally asked me if I'd consider remaining in Banda for a time. He could give me a job.

"Frankly, it was a temptation; but I hesitated, for during the last few days I'd begun to realise that there were pressing reasons why I should move on without delay. Jafra was getting under my skin and—I feared she was learning to care for me.

"The Said, oddly enough, seemed to regret having spoken, and it was some time before I could get out of him just what he had in mind.

"Several years before, it seems, Jafra's father, while on a trip along the west coast of Dutch New Guinea, had bought a number of very large and valuable black pearls. He had surmised they'd been found by New Guinea natives and he came back to Banda much excited. The Said had outfitted a lugger and sent him back to prospect those waters, with the understanding that they would share equally in the profits of his discoveries. He had never returned. Nor had Buraala ever received a hint as to his fate. More concerned at clearing up the disappearance of the old man than in solving the mystery of those pearls, the Said had equipped two other boats and sent them after the first one. Neither had ever been seen or heard of again.

"Buraala wondered if I might wish to carry on. The profits, if any, would go three ways—a third to him and me and a third to Jafra.

"We discussed the matter for an hour, and it fascinated me, but actually I had come to the point where I dared not trust myself longer near that girl. . . . If I'd been a free man—but I wasn't. Eventually I made the excuse that I was still too weak and rattled to risk the venture.

"I said nothing to Jafra about leaving, but the Said must have told her. She was hurt, bewildered; nevertheless she was sweeter than ever, more alluring, more maddening. Every bone in my body ached for her, and I had to curb myself with a Spanish bit.

"The night before I was to sail we went for an after-dinner stroll. I couldn't resist one last hour alone with her."

FOR a while Astley sat staring out across that corn-flower sea. "At the far end of the beach we sat down. My Malay was quite passable by then—it's an easy language, you know—and we talked about one thing and another. Mostly about ourselves. . . . I told her about that pal of mine and my wife. Softly she laid her hand on mine and—I fished out a handkerchief as an excuse to avoid the feel of her flesh. . . . She had eyes like a deer. I couldn't bear to face the reproach in them. The pain——

"But I didn't know the women of Banda. Jafra had some of that old, wild blood in her veins.

"After a while she said she wanted to swim; she insisted. We had swum often, but I said I was too tired. I was really making an honest fight, old man. She was a spoiled, wilful little animal, however. What did she do but kick the *spatus* off her feet, peel off her tiny white jacket and gather up her *sarong* so as to form sort of bloomers. Away she streaked into the sea.

"She was like a fish. With pounding heart I watched her sporting about. I was cursing my luck. I don't know how long she stayed there, making up her mind, but finally, having swum close, she rose and waded towards me through the shallows. I gasped! She was as naked as a statue! The moonlight sheathed her in shining metal.

"She had determined to hold me here in Banda at any cost, and she scorned no weapon that would serve her purpose.

"The next morning she went with me to Buraala while I made a clean breast of everything—I was man enough for that. Jafra was not in the least ashamed of her conduct or of mine. To her it seemed natural.

"The Said behaved much better than I had expected. He's a philosopher. I was glad I'd told him what had sent me wandering.

"I told him that I intended to get a divorce and marry Jafra as soon as possible, and that if he was still willing I'd head that pearling expedition. Gladly. What's more, I'd claim no share in the profits which were rightly his and hers. Whatever he decided, the die was cast. Jafra was mine.

"Jafra and I sailed away to New Guinea a fortnight later with the Said's blessing. We carried a Malay crew and a diver. For us it was a voyage of supreme delight. The stuffy little cabin of our lugger was a bower, this was our honeymoon.

"I had no feeling of having gone native, or any such rot. On the contrary, I realised that I was a man again; there was peace in my heart.

"I can't describe what a thrill I got when we reached the New Guinea coast and the diver got dressed and went over the side. I glued my eyes to his life-line, and when, after about half an hour, he came to the surface with three shells in his string bag, I nearly fell overboard from excitement. I pounced on them and opened the things in a jiffy. But there were no pearls in them. My disappointment was terrific.

"Conditions were ideal for pearl-fishing; clear water and light winds. We were working our way north, picking up a bit of shell as we went. What with this fascinating job—and Jafra—I'd never been so happy in my life.

"At last I found my first pearl—not much of a thing, but a pearl. That was a big moment. Then I came across others.

"ONE evening we found ourselves in water much too deep to anchor in. We could have pulled close inshore, but I didn't want to do that because of the risk of a sudden squall. So I kept on sailing and looking for a safer spot. But for miles and miles along that coast it was the same thing. Beyond two or three hundred yards from shore the water dropped away abruptly to some amazing depth—we couldn't get bottom at all. At last I got fed up, and dropped anchor so that the men could get their sleep and be fit for work the next day.

"It had been a long day and I dropped off to sleep like a log. Jafra was a queer, restless little thing; she slept as lightly as some wild animal, and lucky for us she did. I felt her tugging at my arm, and awoke to find her standing at the open cabin window staring out. She whispered to me and I leaped from the bunk.

"It was glassy calm; a thin haze lay on the water, giving the night a blurry, ghostly appearance. What attracted my attention was the fact that, in spite of that haze, the shore looked much closer now than when I had turned in. It *was* closer. Yes, and we were moving towards it precisely as if those black, scowling hills of mystery—New Guinea is a no-man's land, as you know—were magnets which drew us to themselves. At first I thought my eyes were playing tricks, but Jafra was whispering excitedly; she thrust a rifle into my hand and, barefooted, silent as a cat, she pulled me out of the cabin.

"THERE was no doubt about it, as I saw when we reached the deck. That jungle was scarcely a stone's-throw distant. I could hear the restless sea whispering upon the shore. I observed, too, that the lugger was headed straight in that direction and moving steadily, if almost imperceptibly. From somewhere in the gloom there was a stir, a stealthy movement, a faint, extraordinary stirring of the waters. The night was alive. . . . It was incredible; it was spooky. I thought of those other pearling schooners, lost——

"But Jafra gave me no time to think; she drew me towards the bow of the boat. For a moment I could make nothing out of what I saw except that a school of turtles were at play. Or porpoises. Now one showed itself and again several; almost soundlessly they rose and sank. I could hear them fill their lungs. Then I realised that they were men. Naked men. With black bodies and shocks of fuzzy hair.

"There must have been a dozen of them; they were swimming down and carrying the anchor shoreward a yard or two at a time.

"'Cannibals,' Jafra whispered. 'Quick! Before we're on the beach. Fire and keep firing, while I rouse the crew.'

"She was off like a streak, and I began blazing away at those devils.

"With the first roar from my gun a hellish uproar broke out, the most bloodcurdling shrieks of rage I ever heard. The whole mountain-side, as still as a tomb, seemed to rock with the yelling. Plainly it was alive with head-hunters, who had been patiently waiting and watching.

"Crafty game, wasn't it? Too cautious to risk an open attack, they had figured to ground us, then swarm aboard as the tide fell.

"We were still in something of a jam, for we were in range of their arrows, and the air whined with them for a while, but we finally got the anchor aboard and our sails up. Slowly we pulled away.

"Jafra was a brick. She was in the thick of things every minute, routing out the crew, hustling them to their work, running to me with ammunition. I've told you all this to show the kind of girl she could be in an emergency.

"Well, we kept sailing all the rest of that night, and the coolie who'd gone to sleep on watch got a lovely licking from the diver. Next morning we came farther in, and began prospecting near the shore—no diver could have gone down in the deep water farther out—and I need hardly tell you that we kept a keen look-out for visitors. Towards midday I found a black pearl—a beauty. My eyes simply bulged when I opened that shell and saw that gorgeous thing near the lip, all wet and shining and almost alive.

"That decided me to concentrate on this particular bit of coast, and my guess turned out right; for while there wasn't much shell, what there was of it yielded an unusually high average of pearls. (*Continued on page 92*)

TREYER EVANS

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"Every day at sundown we sailed away from the shore, the tender and I taking turn about to skipper the boat through the night. I was convinced now that Jafra's father and Buraala's vanished luggers had met with the gruesome end which we had so narrowly escaped. The crews had been slain, and their heads were blackening in some devilish jungle skull-house; the boats burned—not a trace of anything left.

"Eventually, when stores ran low, I headed back for Banda. The memory of that trip will always be with me.

"THE Said was frightfully pleased to see us. He asked Jafra to join us in a threesome dinner, although, as you know, Malay women are expected to take their meals after the men. And what a dinner we had! It was more like an old Roman banquet.

"Afterwards, when we came to the pearls and the shell, he was awfully generous; absolutely insisted on retaining only a third interest. The rest was for us. Then he asked if I'd care to go into partnership with him to work the New Guinea coast on a bigger scale—a proposal I'd been hoping for—and I jumped at it."

It was clear to me now why Astley was so partial to Malays and so prejudiced against people of his own colour, but I was greatly puzzled about this trip to Banda Lantor. Did he keep Jafra hidden away here? Had some terrible illness left her disfigured? Had she borne them a brood of children of whom he was ashamed?

"Half a dozen times," he said, breaking in on my speculations, "I offered to go back home and get a divorce, but she wouldn't permit so long a separation. So we went on as we were, our hearts and minds and bodies in complete harmony. It all seems ages ago now, and yet——"

My companion stopped abruptly as the bow of our *prahu* went round and we headed towards a small strip of white beach at the end of Lantor. Presently we grounded gently in shallow water. Two of the crew leaped out and carried us ashore on their backs. I could see no sign of habitation, but as we made our way over the clean sand and pebbles I caught sight of a hut, from which a shrivelled old man emerged.

Where the beach ended and the dense jungle began we went through a narrow gap and along a few yards of moss-grown path. Suddenly this emerged into an exquisite garden, and my companion halted. That garden covered about a quarter of an acre; part of it was lawn, green and smooth and well cared for. Dotted here and there were hibiscus bushes laden with great red or white bell-shaped blossoms, and small arbours of a trailing vine from which hung innumerable clusters of pink flowers. On every side towered great forest trees which watched over this strange thing of beauty laid down in their midst. I glanced at the man beside me; he was standing with his hat in his hand.

"Poor Jafra!" he said. "She rests here."

A long silence followed; he squared his shoulders finally and said, "It's just over five years since it happened. My very soul died with her. The burial places they have out here are pretty terrible. I couldn't bear to think of her among tombstones—she was so gay, so much alive—so I bought this piece of Lantor. It had been our favourite picnic ground—she loved it. It *is* rather fine, isn't it?

"When the ghastly details were over I made this garden with my own hands and put old Kassim here to tend it. Then I cleared out—I couldn't bear to stay.

"Every year I make my pilgrimage as faithfully as the Said makes his to Mecca. A sentimental idea, isn't it?" He smiled apologetically. "I warned you that my story had no beginning and no end. It's just a bit of Life."

A moment later I went back to the beach, leaving Astley in his fragrant garden, alone with the spirit of that woman of Banda.

END

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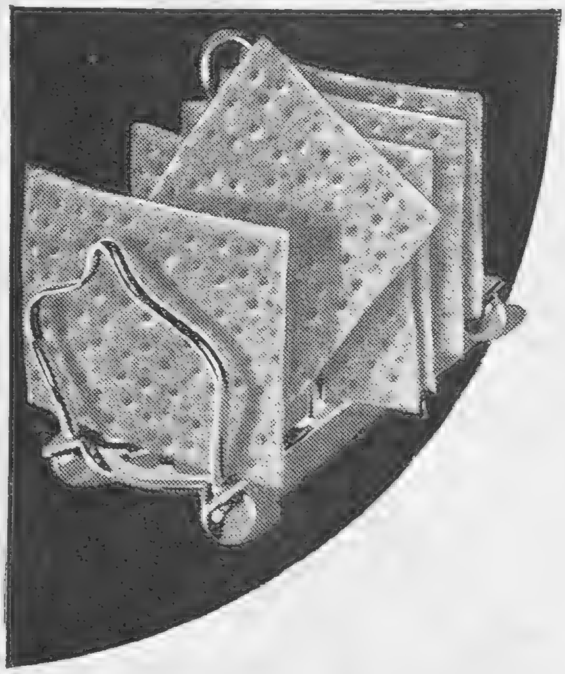

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Home Pasture

(*Continued from page* 67)

They made it a dollar a put, and 'Enery won again. But he couldn't chance winning too often. They'd get suspicious-like. Still, with all that money out there, it was hard to resist winning when all it took was a twist to the left . . .

Once or twice, to his confusion, the Shipping Clerk won a pot when the top stem was not pushed down. This was strange, very strange. But 'Enery attributed it to an accidental twist—the w'y he'd 'eld the top, m'ybe. The put was raised to two dollars, and the Shipping Clerk took a sixty-dollar pot with a "Take All.". 'Enery's entire stake was swept away, so he excused himself for a moment and retrieved his sixty-eight dollars from its hiding place. He'd get down to business now. He'd wait for a good pot with everything in it, and then he'd play to win.

He spun "Put" after "Put," and so did everybody else.

"Damned if I ever seen anything like it!" stormed the Shipping Clerk. "My whole wad's out there, pretty near!"

"'Pretty near,'" thought 'Enery. "Well, so is mine." And then, aloud, "'Ow about myking it a four-dollar put, gempmen? Four dollars, what d'ye s'y?"

"Four she is!" said the Shipping Clerk. "Spin, spin, spin, you —— !—Hup! *Put*! Oh, shucks! . . ."

'Enery had only four dollars left, but deliberately he spun for a "put." He'd wait until the turn came around to him again, and then, and then . . .

The rest of them spun "Put," "Put," "Put." Now it was the Shipping Clerk's turn. With elaborate ceremony, he held the top between his hands, caressed it, blew upon it, addressed it in endearing terms. Then, rising to his feet, he gave vent to a mighty oath and spun with a gesture so lusty that 'Enery could not see whether it was to left or to right.

For minutes, it seemed, the top spun as steadily as though standing still. Then it skittered sideways an inch, and 'Enery caught his breath as it resumed its whirring poise. 'Enery knew that he had nothing to worry about, but still . . .

The top was waltzing now. 'Enery felt that he should be glad; but he wasn't. What cryzy circles the little red fool was myking! The w'y it swooped and dipped and teetered! . . . Whoa-a! It was slowing up . . . it had stopped.

"Take All!" shouted the Shipping Clerk. "Take All! Read it an' weep! Come to Papa, dollars, come to Papa!"

'Enery saw two great hands gathering in the money. He heard loud laughter. He snatched up the little red top and thrust it into his pocket. As he walked towards the Shipping Department to get his hat and overcoat, his feet didn't seem to be touching the floor. It was strynge, the w'y he felt . . . floating-like.

Waiting for the elevator, he heard raucous voices singing a song about "*The wise guy's not a wise guy after all.*"

"Yair," the Shipping Clerk was saying. "And so I bought the book and it tells all about those gamblin' gyps. As soon as I got wise to that top bein' phoney, I played him for a sucker. Le's see, now, le's figure this out . . . we'll split even all around . . ."

'ENERY CARSTAIRS found himself in the flat in Brooklyn. He didn't know how he had gotten there.

"Where you bin?" Hyacinth was scolding him. "Ayn't you satisfied to st'y out lyte every night in the week wifout leaving me alone on Sattid'ye too?"

'Enery slumped into a chair and wept. As all young people know, the old weep very easily.

"Well, 'pon my word, wot's the matter wif you now—drunk or something?" fumed Hyacinth. "Anyw'y, 'urry up and give me your pay. I 'ave a date wif some people for supper."

(*Continued on page* 96)

"I am guarding my beauty by drinking 'Ovaltine' for health every day"

GONE are the days when a pale hot-house delicacy was the aim of beauty and fashion. To-day we live in a very different world, and the beauty we admire is based on perfect health and inexhaustible vitality.

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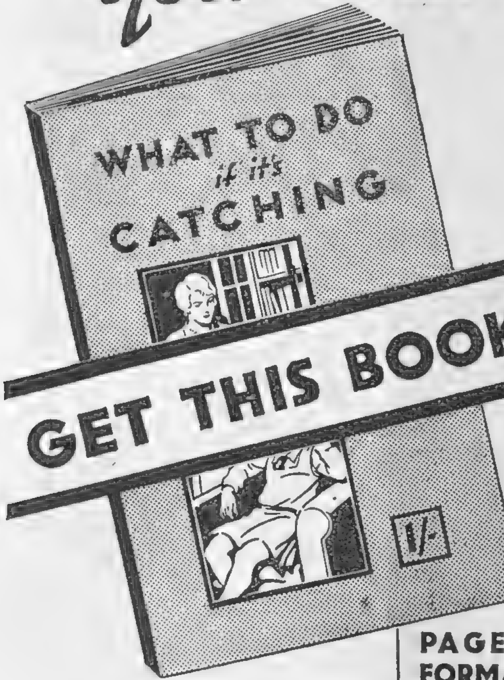
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M.D., Ch.B. Hons. D.P.H.,
County Medical Officer.

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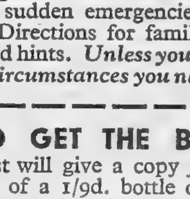
Z79

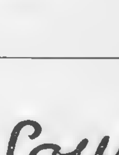
Louis Wain drew this,

forty years ago, as a trade-mark for



Cat's Head

PAINTS, ENAMELS & STAINS



It still stands for the best series of paints, etc., for home decoration. Supplied, ready for use, by leading Ironmongers, Oil and Colourmen, Stores, etc.

LOOK FOR THE CAT'S HEAD

Brokenly, 'Enery told her what had happened. He had lost his pay. Lost it gambling. Lost it gambling crookedly. Even his job was gone . . .

Her rage was terrible, but such things didn't matter to him now. Humbly, he admitted that she was right in all she said—that he was an ungrateful old waster who didn't know when people were good to him. As her tirade went on and on, he took out the little red top, spun it on the table, and watched it through the tear-fog. It waltzed mockingly before him. "Take All," it said. Yes, but what was there left to take?

Hyacinth snatched it away from him, and glowered at it. Then, savagely, she snapped it out across the oilcloth and watched it dancing.

"'Ow does it work?" she asked. He showed her. She spun three "Takes" in a row, and then, as if by way of practice, deliberately twisted for a "Put." A shrewd glint was in her pale blue eyes. She chuckled as she tucked the top into her handbag.

"Go to bed, you narsty old cheat!" she ordered. "Go to bed, and let this be a lesson of shyme to you! I'm going out, I am, so's I can be wif decent people . . ."

'Enery went to bed. He wished that he might die. He would have died, too, save for one thing—he had seen the Brooklyn cemetery. His idea of a cemetery was a quiet grassy churchyard in the country, and not a place crowded like the subway with graves jammed right against each other. Why, those in the cheaper lots around the edges had gin bottles chucked on them from the windows of the surrounding tenements. When his time came, he wanted to lie in the yard of Druid Oaks Christ Church under great trees and amongst decent company. This, he vaguely realised, was probably his fundamental reason for wanting to go home.

"*Old Pal . . . Old P-a-a-a-l!*" said a radio down the block. Well, probably a hundred radios around the Brooklyn cemetery were bleating the same tune this very minute. Dead, he would have to listen to *Old Pal* through eternity. No, he would not die just yet . . .

AFTER hours and hours, 'Enery dropped off to sleep. He dreamt of trees and moors and foxes and 'ounds. He dreamt of his old jockey days, and of the Lanark Steeplechase. Wearing the Cheynesyde scarlet-and-white, he was thundering along on Pondicherry towards the water jump at the Calthorpe turn, where he'd had the narsty tumble. Pondicherry was winded, the 'edge was 'igh, and . . . *thump*!

'Enery sat bolt upright. Pondicherry had fallen. Of course he had fallen. But that was thirty-five years ago. The thump he had heard was right in the flat. Well, he knew what it was—Hyacinth was 'ome.

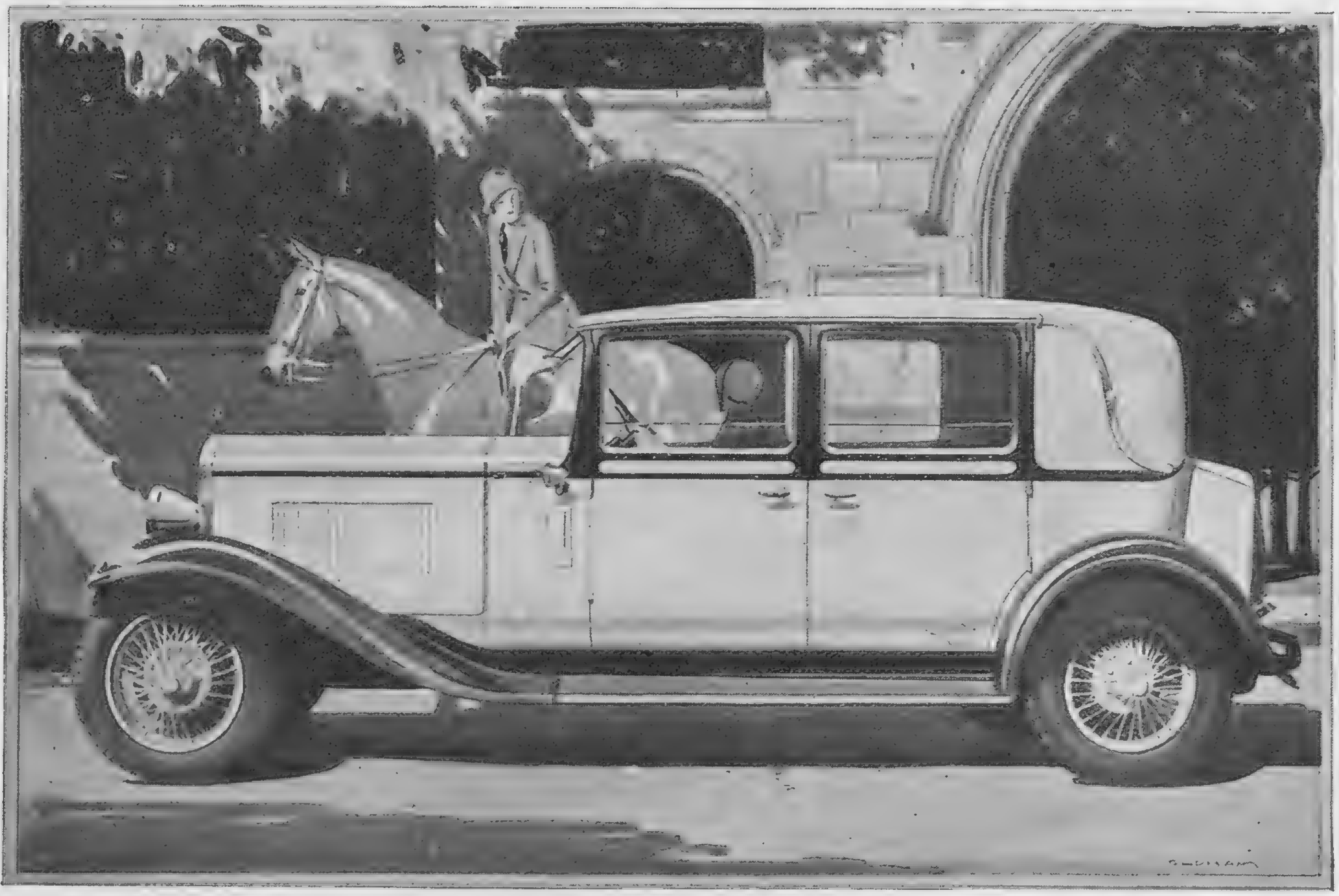
Stepping into his slippers, 'Enery shuffled down the little hall and into her room. On the floor a chair was overturned. Hyacinth lay on the bed, sound asleep. Upon her face was a seraphic smile, in her left hand was the little red top, and in her right was the largest roll of bills 'Enery had ever seen.

But he didn't take them all. He left fifteen dollars for his week's room and board. It ran from Sunday to Sunday, and it was five o'clock Sunday morning now . . .

Late next afternoon 'Enery Carstairs, in his new cap and overcoat, was leaning against the rail of the S.S. *Lapland* bound eastward past Sandy Hook for Plymouth. A fresh wind was whipping his face, and the vessel sea-sawed to the first long surges of the North Atlantic rollers as they swept in from the ocean. A steward came out and threw a bucket of potato peelings over the side. A dozen seagulls swooped down, mewing and chattering, and snatched their meal from the foaming wake. The sun was setting astern in a sky of yellow, streaked across with grey clouds like the smoke of autumn brush fires. It was getting to be fine brisk weather . . . Fox 'unting weather.

END

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN



THE TWENTY WHITEHALL SALOON

Suppose you designed your own car . . .

You would specify—you would demand—certain essentials. First and foremost your car would have to be *outstandingly dependable.*

You would demand fine appearance, pleasing lines. You would demand comfort, safety and riding ease. And with these qualities should be combined good performance,—good all-round performance not necessarily spectacular, short-lived speed . . . All these demands are met by the new Austin Twenty five-seater Whitehall and Mayfair Saloons.

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The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

Better Driving *in* 1931

"I am going to cross the road." The new pedestrian's signal recommended in the Road Code issued by the Ministry of Transport

In the Opinion of
The Earl *of* Cardigan

The Standard continues to *Improve*

"I am going to slow down and I may turn left." One of the motorist's signals with which the pedestrian is required to familiarise himself

FOR the inspiration of this article I have to thank a woman driver whom I encountered in Oxford a few weeks ago. I happened to have stopped by the kerbside in a very stately car, and to have left a space of perhaps fifteen or twenty feet between my radiator and the tail lamp of a car which was already parked ahead of me. This lady proposed to manœuvre her car into the gap, and both I and the chauffeur who was with me prepared to indulge in the superior smile which the male sex is accustomed to adopt on these occasions.

The conventional feminine tactics in these circumstances are well known. The lady drives forward into the gap, finds the tail of her car projecting well out into the road, and then reverses to and fro some half-dozen times without ever materially improving her position.

This lady, however, did nothing of the sort. She drove on well beyond the gap, reversed back into it, put the wheel hard over at the proper moment, and completed the movement by squaring up within six inches of the kerb. The chauffeur and I had to cancel the superior smiles, and were left with the sensation of being a year or two behind the times.

Thinking it over, I believe that there has been a definite improvement in the standard of driving during the last few years. Fully efficient women drivers are still in the minority, but I can remember when they were practically unknown. It used, for instance, to be my invariable practice to overtake a woman driver before entering a town, so as to avoid having to follow her through it, whereas not long ago I deliberately followed one all through Hammersmith and Chiswick. She was going at a reasonable pace, avoiding unexpected stops and starts, and was soon the leader of a small and contented procession. I do not believe that this would have been possible five years ago.

TIRESOME old men on motor-cycle combinations are also, it seems, becoming rarer. Like the original women drivers, they were seldom dangerous, but they used to come out in swarms on a Bank Holiday, and their aggravating slowness often goaded others into rashly overtaking them. Roads were narrower then, and traffic was less fluid, so that one would sometimes be forced to follow these asthmatic and doddering machines for two or three miles at a stretch. One could understand, if not condone, the impatience of those involved in the resultant queue.

For one reason or another, there certainly is less "cutting in" now than there used to be. It is very rarely now that one has to take refuge in the gutter from the criminal who simply cannot "wait his turn." Many people, apparently, are alarmed by the modern high-speed motor coach, but my experience is that these are often particularly well driven, and the danger arising from their size and weight is far more apparent than real. Really fast sports cars are also handled, as a general rule, with discretion and skill.

There are various explanations to be given for this general improvement. One of them, and perhaps the most convincing, is that the majority of the new drivers who are now appearing on the roads are young people who were born, let us say, not earlier than 1900. This means that they have been accustomed from childhood to the use of motor cars. I am perfectly certain that this gives them an enormous initial advantage over the earlier generation.

If a child has been brought up exclusively among horses having a maximum speed of perhaps 15-20 m.p.h., it is obvious that he will have difficulty in rearranging his ideas to fit a mechanical era in which speeds of 40 m.p.h. and more are normal. In just the same way, the men and women of my generation are going to have difficulty, if they delay their apprenticeship much longer, in learning to approach the earth from above at 60 m.p.h. in an aeroplane.

Anyone who doubts the advantage of learning these arts in one's youth has only to watch the small boy of to-day handling his pedal motor car. Observe him manœuvring in a narrow space or steering boldly through obstructions. You will find that he has already attained a degree of skill which is quite equal, *mutatis mutandis*, to that of his father in a full-sized car, and which is probably superior to that of his grandfather who was brought up in the days of horses.

ANOTHER factor which must not be overlooked is the provision, at long last, of a sane motoring law and an intelligent semi-official code of motoring behaviour. An immense amount of harm was done by the old legal adage that main road traffic had no priority over traffic emerging from by-roads, quite apart from the contempt of the law which this and a few other absurdities provoked. A certain daily paper tried to mend matters, in the officious manner of its kind, by proposing that we should ignore all traffic coming from the left and give way to all traffic from the right. This, of course, was quite illogical, and was made use of chiefly as a cloak for incompetent driving.

It may be too early yet to make predictions, but I believe that the police will find their task greatly lightened by the introduction of laws which the vast majority of drivers will respect. The law that is respected is comparatively seldom broken. I, at any rate, am hoping to motor more enjoyably and in greater safety during 1931.

This Month's Motoring Hint

WHILE many modern cars are fitted with anti-theft devices, there are still many which have no such protection, and others with safety devices of an antique or inefficient type. In the latter class, I remember a car owned by a friend of mine which had a special key to operate the ignition. This seemed to me an admirable scheme until my friend asked me to lend him my pocket nail file, saying that he had lost his own. I complied, and he at once made use of it to switch on his engine!

Foiling the Car-thief

In such cases, or where there is no alleged thief-proof device, a very good plan is to cross over two of the leads to the sparking plugs, exchanging, let us say, No. 3 with No. 4. This will render the car, for practical purposes, undrivable—a fact which the owner should remember before switching on again.

It may be argued that the clever car-thief could easily discover this ruse and counteract it, but it is unlikely that he would care to risk the necessary delay in making his escape. I know of one case in which a car was saved merely by the owner's care in turning off the petrol. The thief drove this car away until the carburettor had run dry, and then, rather than waste time searching for the tap, left it and took another one instead.

Twelve Months After

The Rolls-Royce Continental Touring Model

ALMOST exactly twelve months ago I was reclining in a very handsome Phantom II Rolls-Royce, which also contained three other men and a quantity of suitcases and cameras. We were skimming down one of those magnificent new roads which have recently been built in Spain. The needle of the speedometer was hovering at 88 m.p.h., the engine was humming very softly to itself, and only the swish of the tyres announced that we were travelling at any unusual speed.

If anyone had asked me then whether I expected to travel in any other car at such a speed with equal silence, comfort, and security, I should have replied decidedly, "Not for a number of years, at any rate." Actually I was destined to discover within a year a car which is both faster and more comfortable. Its name is the Rolls-Royce Continental Touring Model, and it is, I believe, the direct outcome of the Spanish trip to which I have referred.

This is, in itself, a rather wonderful achievement, but it is also an extremely interesting one as an example of the manner in which Rolls-Royce supremacy has been built up and maintained. The average man, if he had succeeded in building a silent and luxurious car with an 80 m.p.h. cruising speed, would be inclined to pat himself on the back, sink back in his office chair, and wait for the dividends to come rolling in. Not so the designer of the Rolls-Royce. If he has succeeded in obtaining a comfortable 80 m.p.h., then it is high time for him to start working towards a still more comfortable 90 m.p.h.

In making a practical test of this Continental Touring Model, I discovered at least two points at which the recent improvements are not only remarkable but positively baffling. The springing, for instance, is definitely better for fast touring. This is no mean achievement in view of its previous excellence, but what astonished me was the fact that the back seat now seems to be actually a trifle more comfortable than the front one.

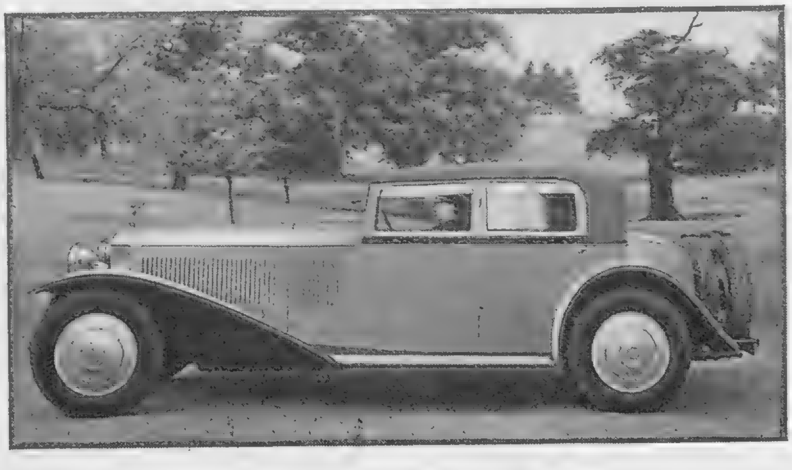
ANY experienced motorist will agree that this is a complete reversal of the usual state of affairs. However good the suspension of a car may be, it is generally found inevitable that the chauffeur, who sits in the centre of the wheelbase, should be better provided for than the owner who foolishly insists on sitting over the back axle. In the new Rolls-Royce the back seat is just within the wheelbase, but even so it is extraordinary that the springing should be definitely at its best within a few inches of the axle.

Again, it is highly creditable that this car should be some 10 m.p.h. faster than its predecessors, and one would be pleasantly impressed by the fact that flexibility at low speeds has not been sacrificed.

I did not, for obvious reasons, test the absolute maximum speed. Messrs. Rolls-Royce, who specialise in modesty, would no doubt murmur something to the effect that the car "should exceed 90 m.p.h." The chauffeur told me privately that he had once touched 100 m.p.h. Its minimum speed I can vouch for, and I should estimate this, in top gear, at approximately 2 m.p.h.

As for the car's cruising speed, this is, of course, limited only by the road conditions. Variations of surface affect it hardly at all, since the low-built chassis sits down on the road with exceptional stability. It may give some indication, however, of the insidious charm of the Rolls-Royce when I say that on a wet day I found myself, quite unconsciously, driving it habitually at 60 m.p.h.

I have long ago used up my small stock of superlatives in trying to sum up successive Rolls-Royce models, but of this one I must say that it is the most remarkable combination of the sports model and the luxury carriage that I have so far encountered.



The New Rolls-Royce Continental Touring Model

Above:

Some of the prize-winners, with their prizes, of our Spring Medal Foursomes at Sunningdale last year

Right:

Waiting to tee up at Sunningdale. Miss M. Simpin, Miss B. Dix Perkin, Miss N. Peet and Miss A. G. Regnart

In retrospect: the "EVE" 1930 Spring Medal Foursomes at Sunningdale

OUR FOURSOMES and CLUB COMPETITION:

by ELEANOR E. HELME

CONSOLATION AT WOODHALL SPA.

GOOD things abound for golfers nowadays, and by the generosity and hospitality of Woodhall Spa something very good has been added to the BRITANNIA AND EVE Northern Foursomes, which are to be played at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, April 14th to 17th. That is a consolation competition, so that when couples are beaten they will not be relegated to the ranks of onlookers or mere players of friendly games. Exact details appear at the foot of the Conditions on the next page. The long and the short of them is that at early morn on Wednesday, the 15th, you may start taking out medal cards, in singles, and may go on doing it—provided, of course, that you keep clear of Foursome starting times—until Friday morning, the 17th. It does not matter whether you are beaten in the first, the second, third, fourth, fifth or sixth round, the Consolation Competition, like the chocolates, will await you.

Major Hotchkiss is most kindly giving the first and second handicap prizes; there will be small third handicap and scratch prizes in addition. Perhaps the best part of the competition is the fact that the players will not be the only people to reap benefit from it. Entrance fees for it—there is, of course, no entrance fee to the Foursomes themselves—will be divided between the Gentlewomen's Home and the Alexandra Hospital, both at Woodhall Spa. Visitors who receive so much pleasure in a place will be delighted to feel they can do something, however trifling, for other people there.

OUR ONE DAY SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES.

THE entrance form and conditions for the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes, to be played at Wentworth on April 24th, appear in this number. It is hardly needful to remind those who wish to enter that it is well to fill up the form and post it without delay. The closing date for entries may be Tuesday, April 7th, but experience of past years shows that the limit of one hundred couples is likely to be reached long before then.

Wentworth is to be revisited, and play will be over the East (or long) course and the Centre course. They were called the Old and the Middle courses when these Foursomes went there before. Both, naturally, have matured since then, and we can hope for better weather than the snow and deluge of three years ago when Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Guedalla had their first of two wins. April 24th is a pleasantly late date, so that conditions should be good, and players in the height of practice. Wentworth needs no recommendation—its charms and its difficulties are too well known for that—so that Enter Early seem the only words which need be said on the subject.

OUR CLUB COMPETITION.

THERE was only space last month for brief congratulations to Langholm, the first Scottish holders of our BRITANNIA AND EVE Club Challenge Cup, who achieved that triumphant position with a percentage of 62·69 for the twelve months of 1930. That is a fine performance, for the average is more than twice as good as the winning return for 1929. Again it is a small club which has come to the fore—Langholm's membership is only 76. That, in a sense, is neither here nor there, because total membership is taken into account in reckoning the percentages: fifty cards from a club of 100 members *is* 50 per cent., whereas from one of 200 it is only 25 per cent. But what Langholm has to contend with is weather conditions, nothing less than the unenviable position of possessing the second highest annual rainfall for the whole of Scotland. "Many soakings," wrote their Hon. Secretary, "some of our members have got rather than give up their score." That is the spirit which wins. Nine out of the twelve monthly competitions of 1930 have been won by Langholm, as well as four of BRITANNIA AND EVE's monthly spoons, Mrs. J. C. Bell securing three and Mrs. R. W. Irving one.

Altogether Langholm is a thoroughly alive and energetic club, who have worked for their success and deserve it.

Thonock, who filled second place, were second also in 1929. They more than doubled their percentage of the first year, but it was unavailing. Ryde, who had special difficulties in the way of course reconstruction, increased their average all the same, and put up a courageous performance to arrive in third place. All these three clubs have been sent two prizes each, for which their members will compete during 1931 under any conditions which each club chooses to fix.

The competition seems to grow in popularity, and rivalry will no doubt be keener than ever in 1931, especially as there will have been time for Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. to realise that they are eligible to compete, their cards being accepted a month later than those returned by a club in the British Isles. For instance, a card taken out, say, in Calcutta in January only has to reach the office of BRITANNIA AND EVE before March 1st, and competes against the scores which home players have been doing in February.

During the eight months of 1929 for which the competition ran, 1,483 cards were returned; during the twelve months of 1930 no less than 2,796. In 1931 the numbers may well run up into the third thousand.

"BRITANNIA & EVE" FIXTURES, 1931.

April 14-17	..	Northern Foursomes at Woodhall Spa.
April 24	..	One Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth.
June 16-19	..	Scottish Foursomes at Gullane.
Sept. 9-11	..	Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.
Oct. 6-9	..	Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

The "EVE" Spring Medal Foursomes (1931) At Wentworth

The "Britannia and Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes (7th year) at Wentworth will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Friday, April 24th, 1931.

Holders: MISS ENID WILSON and MISS DOROTHY PEARSON.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps, if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three and a half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Tuesday, April 7th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest in the week preceding the competition.

The Directors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course: ties for the 18 hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. No card taken out in the second round can compete for an 18 hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first round card.

The Entry Form is on page 110.

The "EVE" NORTHERN FOURSOMES (9th year)

The "Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1931, will be held at Woodhall Spa, Lincs, by kind invitation, April 14th and following days.

Holders: MISS RUDGARD and MRS. BRADSHAW.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but EVE reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 26th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play.

EVE reserves the right to close the entry list before March 26th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

CONSOLATION COMPETITION

By the courtesy of Woodhall Spa G.C., a Consolation Competition will be held at Woodhall Spa on Wednesday, April 15th, to Friday, April 17th.

Prizes will be given for the best medal round, singles, over 18 holes returned by a competitor in the Foursomes who is beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. Competitors may take out and return as many medal cards as they wish, but no card may be returned later than 12 o'clock Friday, the 17th.

Half a crown entrance fee for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card; these fees to be divided between the Gentlewomen's Home and the Alexandra Hospital, Woodhall Spa, less 20 per cent.

First and Second Handicap Prizes kindly presented by Major S. V. Hotchkin, M.C.

First Scratch Prize presented by Miss Helme and Miss Paul.

Second Scratch Prize and Third Handicap Prize, orders on the Professional's shop totalling 20 per cent. of the entrance fees.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps, which will be reduced during the competition in accordance with L.G.U. regulations.

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the JANUARY Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are now in accordance with the new L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division; 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Lowe	Cheadle	82	15	67	70	3 Below
Miss Irene Doxford	Chislehurst	75	4	71	72	1 ,,
Mrs. Rostron	Tollygunge (India)	85	13	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. Smalley	Bowdon	84	8	76	76	Equal
Miss M. Gourlay	Camberley Heath	77	1	76	75	1 Above
Miss Shipman	Bowdon	88	10	78	76	2 ,,
Mrs. Dazeley	Northampton	90	11	79	77	2 ,,
Mrs. M. Pannikar	Ashton-under-Lyne	82	9	73	71	2 ,,
Mrs. S. Hall	Ashton-under-Lyne	91	18	73	71	2 ,,
Miss Donald	Falmouth	82	14	68	66	2 ,,
Mrs. Heppenstall	Crosland Heath	92	17	75	73	2 ,,
Miss Strachan	Murcar	84	15	69	66	3 ,,
Miss Simpson	Chesterfield	97	18	76	73	3 ,,
Miss Welchman	Hockley	94	17	77	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Mellor	Chesterfield	89	12	77	73	4 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss A. Carrie	Arbroath	100	31	69	79	10 Below
Mrs. Grant	Harborne	105	35	70	76	6 ,,
Miss Grove	Aston Wood	107	34	73	77	4 ,,
Mrs. David Evans	Creigau	97	33	64	68	4 ,,
Miss Pattison	North Hants	104	31	73	77	4 ,,
Mrs. Bradley	Tollygunge (India)	97	28	69	73	4 ,,
Miss Nichols	Hunstanton	97	21	76	73	3 ,,
Miss Dewhurst	Camberley	108	35	73	75	2 Above
Mrs. Robertson	Camberley Heath	98	25	73	75	2 ,,
Mrs. Earnshaw	Fairhaven	99	20	79	77	2 ,,
Miss Monkhouse	Birkdale	112	35	77	75	2 ,,
Miss D. Bond	Northenden	97	19	78	75	3 ,,
Mrs. Goldsmith	Ryde	96	22	73	70	3 ,,
Miss G. Napier	Arbroath	104	21	83	79	4 ,,
Mrs. Pooley	La Moye	99	21	78	73	5 ,,

"EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading results for JANUARY

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.	Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.
Langholm	76	29	39·47	Huyton	104	2	1·93
Ryde	68	11	16·17	Northampton	144	2	1·39
Cowes	62	7	11·29	Hockley	80	1	1·25
Tamworth	70	6	8·57	Cheadle	80	1	1·25
Thonock	80	6	7·50	Chislehurst	119	1	·84
Bowdon	46	2	4·34	North Hants	150	1	·67
Chesterfield	78	3	3·84	Crosland Heath	148	1	·67
Trentham	100	3	3·00	Fairhaven	200	1	·50
La Moye	45	1	2·22	Birkdale	267	1	·37
Aston Wood	50	1	2·00				

SHOTS OF THE MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE have much pleasure in congratulating the following players who have holed in one:—

Miss Hirst	18th hole at Fixly Golf Course.
Mrs. W. Heaton	15th hole at Clacton Golf Course.
Miss Colvill	9th hole at the Dyke Golf Club.
Miss E. M. Cossey	13th hole at Westgate and Birchington Golf Course.

"EVE" NORTHERN FOURSOMES, 1931

Hotels at Woodhall Spa

The "EVE" Headquarters will be—

GOLF HOTEL, adjoining the course. Inclusive terms, 18s. per day, or, with private bathroom, 21s.

There are also, within six minutes' walk of the course:

EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. Inclusive terms, 15s. per day for not less than a three days' stay.

SPA HOTEL. Inclusive terms, 17s. per day.

WOODLANDS PRIVATE HOTEL. Inclusive terms, 15s. per day, or 12s. 6d. without lunch.

Names of other rooms on application.

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

WOODHALL SPA, LINCS. **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

"EVE" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Ninth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 26th.

"Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Woodhall Spa, on April 14, 1931, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ....

of .... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* ....

Home address ....

Telephone number ....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* ....

of .... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* ....

Home address ....

Telephone number ....

Please notify change of partner, handicap or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 11th to Golf Hotel, Woodhall Spa, Lincs. Tel. 8 Woodhall Spa.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **MARCH**

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total

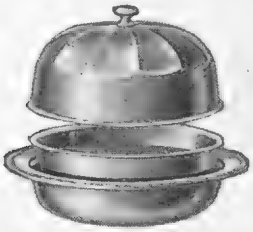
of.............................. of which I am a member.

BY APPOINTMENT

Wedding Gifts

that last a Lifetime

Efficiency in the Company's Manufactory enables thousands of homes the world over to enjoy the Charm, Economy and Lifelong Service of Prince's Plate. A Catalogue will be sent by return of post.



20746. Prince's Plate Muffin Dish.

With loose lining - - - £1 10 0

20742.

With plain cover - - £1 8 6

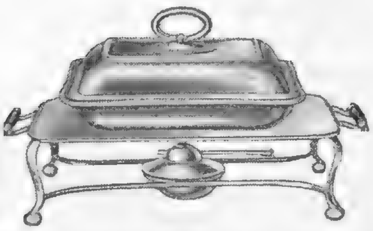
25118. Round Pyrex Dish in Prince's Plate Frame.

7 in. diam. £1 16 0 8 in. diam. £2 2 0

9 in. diam. £2 10 0

25282. Prince's Plate Octagonal Cake Basket, pierced and mounted.

9¼ in. diam. £2 12 6



26380. Prince's Plate and Aluminium Heating Stand.

11 in. x 7 in. £3 5 0

20354. Prince's Plate Entree Dish.

Length, 10¾ in. £3 12 6

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172 REGENT STREET, W.1
156-162 OXFORD STREET, W.1
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4
LONDON.

Manufactory: The Royal Works, Sheffield.

A Large Diamond

(Continued from page 23)

I got to the other side. There was nothing much to see, just burnt cinders once more; dusty to walk on, of course, but I came the whole way back over the ashes rather than cross that diamond again. I was wearing furs, so I was able to sleep on the way. I couldn't have done it in one journey, even if I'd started fresh. It was a long way round the shore of that diamond, over the ashes.

"I found my Esquimaux again, but nothing would take them near that diamond. Devils had come there, I gathered from them, after the god had gone, and had enchanted the place with coldness and glare. Whether they had pursued him to Earth, or had merely come to the place that he had vacated, I did not know enough of their language to gather. In any case there are many ways of accounting for anything, and the scientific and the religious are two of them. I was going one way, while the Esquimaux went the other.

"I might with some difficulty, and certainly with much publicity, have got a quantity of dynamite at the coast, and gone back and got enough splinters to have stocked the Rue de la Paix. You know Paris? Yes, yes; of course. But I had bigger ideas than that. I wanted to beautify homes. I wanted to form a company that would bring chandeliers of surpassing beauty within reach of the moderately rich. I had planned gorgeous vases. And I had thought a good deal along the lines of sheer utility.

"And in the end what happened? The very day that I got to London, the very day, I saw placards in the streets saying 'Big Earthquake In ——.' Just saw those words, the top three lines. I rushed up to a newspaper man. 'Don't tell me,' I said. 'Don't tell me. It's in Russia.' And, sure enough, I was right, though they called it something ending in 'ansk.'

"I knew it was there. You see, I knew what a blow the earth had received. I knew that the strata must have been shattered for miles down under that frightful blow. I had been thinking of nothing else. You know how, if a friend hurts an ankle badly, or has a groggy knee, and all of a sudden you see his name in the papers—or it might be a her—you know at once what's happened; the ankle or knee has given out, and they have fallen and hurt themselves. It was just the same with our poor old Earth: I knew what a blow she had had, and the moment I saw the word Earthquake I knew where it was. And I was perfectly right. They had merely worked it out from the seismograph, but I could have told them the very spot.

"Of course I went back at once to see what had happened. No use forming a company to place a thing like that on the market until you're sure that it's all right. I went back by the next boat. And I found worse than I'd feared. It had been the hell of an earthquake. And no wonder, considering the frightful blow that the strata there had received. The wonder is that they had held up so long. Worse than I'd feared, it was certainly—a long way worse. The diamond had tilted sideways. It must have been that: it could never have gone clean out of sight, as it had, if only it had stayed level. But that would have been too much to expect, with all the strata like broken arches after some unimaginable railway accident. When they went they must have just dropped in heaps, into subterranean caverns of which we know nothing. Anyhow, the diamond was gone. Not even the cinders were there that had been like a shore all round it. It was gone with every trace, and the earth had closed again over it. It almost looked as if the right thing had happened, in a kind of way, after all. We're probably better, in the end, without that diamond. But I'm not a philosopher. Not that I didn't do my best to bear my loss as I suppose one ought to. And I think I do, pretty well—considering the size of it. Only, you can understand, when I hear anyone talk of big diamonds, that it upsets me a bit. I can't help it."

"Couldn't you have dug for it?" The question came out of the silence that had fallen when Jorkens ceased; it came out of the gloom of one of the leather chairs, now dim with that wintry evening but for the glow from the fire.

"Couldn't we have dug for it!" exclaimed Jorkens. "Couldn't we have dug for it! *Of course* we could. A couple of thousand men might have done for a start. But I thought we'd better do the thing properly. Fifty thousand would have been about the right number; and we could have easily got them in Russia. Labour is cheap there; ten shillings a week would have done for them. That would have been £25,000 a week. We are sure to have got results in about ten weeks. That would have been two hundred and fifty thousand in wages. Say the same again for feeding them, and about the same for transport. Then, of course, there'd have been the housing; quite primitive huts would have done. We could have done the whole thing for a million to start with. And what is a million in the City of London? But do you think I could get it? Money in plenty, and imagination simply not there. I tried talk, I tried everything, and as many drinks as they wanted, but not one would put up that million. Good Lord, when I think of the profits, the hundreds of thousand per cent. profit on that one miserable million, and not a single one of them would touch it! It was enough to make me tell them what I thought of them. I did tell one of them; and then I gave it up.

"Waiter," he called, "bring me a very small whisky with just a dash of soda in it."

There are no very small whiskies in our club. There are small whiskies, of course; but all the waiters know that they must never bring a small one to Jorkens.

END

François Villon

(Continued from page 19)

François! François! kicking up your heels in verse, what made you dash off those six *Jargon et Joblin* ballades which no one could understand till Marcel Schwob, digging in the archives of the Coté d'Or, found that they were written in the jargon of the Coquillards?

That put the cockle shell in your hat, my friend, and forever.

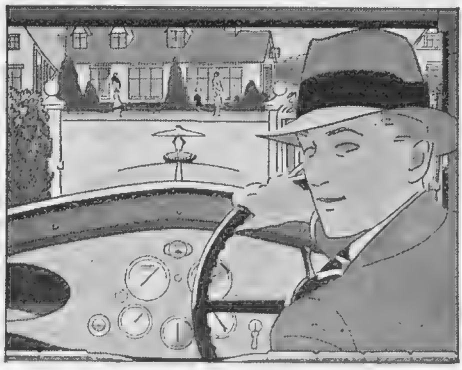
> "Joncheurs, Jonchans en Joncherie,
> Rebignez bien où Joncherez,"

the six weird old ballades still jibber and chatter away, pointing back at their father, the King of the Vagabonds of all time—as if he cared!—with Henri Cousin the sworn tormentor safely dead five hundred years and the gibbets of Montfaucon vanished—like this spring morning which shivers out, the day turning to night and the skies to winter and the time to Christmas! *La Morte Saison*! with the only light a candle burning in Villon's room in the Porte Rouge, where old Guillaume Villon in his room below is listening to the Christmas bells, drinking his wine and telling his beads, quite unconscious that his adopted son has committed a burglary, is preparing for flight and busy upstairs—packing?—not a bit, writing verses.

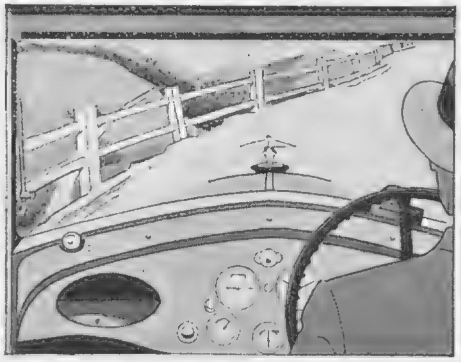
It is all in the mentality of the time; with Henri Cousin trailing a gibbet rope and the whole howling College of Navarre, robbed of its silver plate, likely to be on him at any moment, he is writing verses—with his tongue in his cheek. Forty stanzas in all, which he calls his *Testament*.

He is leaving Paris because of a girl, Katharine de Vaucelles, who has treated him badly, so *he* says, and, leaving, he bestows his goods on his friends and acquaintances. Lots of these men

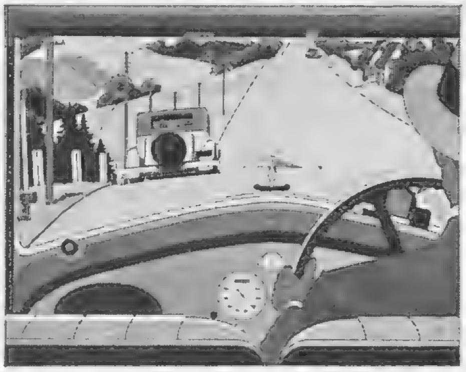
(Continued on page 104)



" She always starts as quickly as that . . . just a touch with the foot. Notice how quietly the engine ticks over and how smoothly she runs when we get into gear."



" This hill is a bit of a teaser, yet you'll see that in spite of that corner, she'll go up in top starting from a walking pace."



" Now watch the speedometer needle go round while I let her out. She'll be up to 60 in no time. It's perfectly safe with these brakes."

"No other car gives so much for £280 as the Vauxhall Cadet"

YOU CAN BRING THESE PICTURES TO LIFE by asking any Vauxhall dealer for a trial run; or you will enjoy our unique driving-picture booklet "Your first ride in a Vauxhall Cadet," sent on request. Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

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A full range of Vauxhalls is on show in London at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

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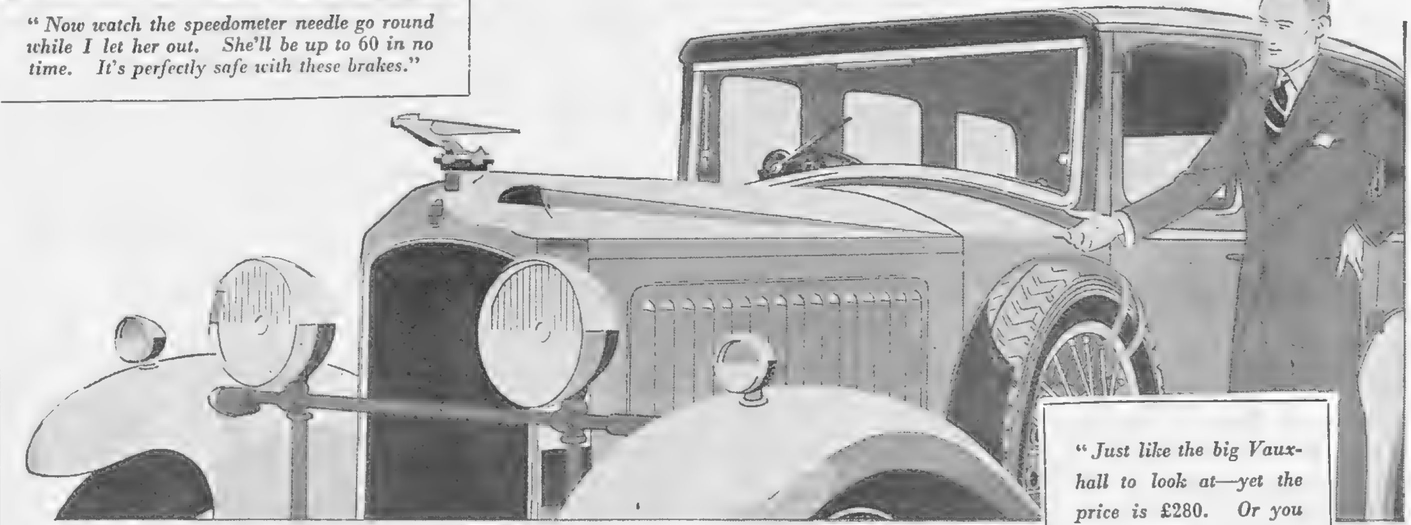

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Take a trial run in a

VAUXHALL CADET

17-h.p., 6 cylinders

BRITISH

MADDENING MOMENTS

Another hopeless dawn!

Compared with the Brown-Browns, sailors marooned on a desert island with a batch of cannibals to appease were a soft thing. After all, what was a cannibal compared with Caroline Gloria when she cried in the night? Nothing—a mere trifle—a bagatelle.

And now you see them abandoning the last hope. The "Ovaltine" Rusks tin is empty. Someone shall pay the penalty for it tomorrow; but, after all, tomorrow may never come.

And all the time Caroline Gloria cries. That toothsome, flavoursome, scrunchy, golden-brown Rusk is not there. And she never stopped crying for less. She knows . . . and so do they by this time . . . .

'OVALTINE'
RUSKS
APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING
Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R .74.

we saw on the Petit Pont are legatees. To Saint-Amand the drunkard, for instance, he leaves the Mule Tavern and the White Horse. To Maître Robert Vallée he leaves his breeches, so that Vallée may clothe his mistress, Jehanneton de Milliers, more decently. He leaves the decretal which begins *Omnis utriusque Sexus* to the priests, and so on. Then he snuffs out the candle and next morning is gone into five years of historic darkness that is lit for us only by the sparks of a few camp fires, and a few rocket-like ballades; one sent up from the court of Charles of Orleans at Blois, one from the tiny court of the Duc de Bourbon at Moulins, and one from the pit of Meung. Let us follow him, gropingly.

The Bourbon ballade is a begging-letter asking for *another* loan—so he had been there before—and assuring the good Duke that the last " six écus you handed to me were all spent on food and not frivolity."

Every verse ends up with a promise to pay, and the thing has one remarkability. It is the only promissory note that has ever been honoured by Time.

What did he do at the Court of Charles of Orleans? He entered a ballade competition. What else? Who knows?

Two charming girls seem to peep at us from the ninety-fourth verse of the *Great Testament*, girls living at St. Genou, near St. Julian des Voventes—or in the Marshes of Brittany or Poitou. He gives no names, not even their right address.

But there were also wolves and five long winters and Burgundians and Armagnacs at war, and robbers and mumpers worse than robbers and nobles who did not understand verse. Certainly the King of the Vagabonds had his kingdom cut out for him, and certainly he carried on in it for nearly five years till one evil day he tripped at Meung and fell into the grip of Thibaut d'Aussigny, the Bishop.

The Church never produced anything worse than Thibaut d'Aussigny, Bishop of Meung, and that is saying a lot; and if oubliettes could breed and propagate, no two oubliettes in France could have produced a worse child than the pit in the Tour de Manasses into which the hand of this Bishop dropped our King of the Vagabonds; a pit dark, damp, airless, without a bed for him to lie on or a stool to sit on, and there Thibaut, having dropped him, kept him for three long months.

We are beginning to get into touch with his character now. Any fool could have robbed the College of Navarre, killed Sermoise, frequented the house of La Grosse Margot, but few men would have dreamed of turning the pit in the Tour de Manasses into a ballade. He did. Like the Japanese artist who, cutting his way out of prison, made his hole of exit with the exquisite outline of a flower, Villon sent his cry for help out in this most intricate form of verse.

Nothing came of it, till one day the clash of arms and the sound of trumpets reached him in the pit. It was Louis XI passing on his way to Paris to be crowned. There was a general gaol-delivery and Villon was set free.

He came back to Paris, and there let us look at him again in the light of day.

HE has been only five years away, he is only thirty years of age, but he is now an old man, bald, broken, and afflicted perhaps—from the symptoms he gives—with consumption.

Five winters and the pit of Meung have done their work, but they have not broken his mind. They have in fact brought that extraordinary mind up to flowering point.

It is the autumn of 1461. Paris is all agog with excitement over Louis XI, the new king, and has little mind to bother over the doings of the vagabond poet, who has found shelter somewhere and time to write.

The result is what is called the *Great Testament*. The *Great Testament*, like the *Little*, contains a series of caricatures of the people of that day, humorous and biting and expressed in the form of jesting legacies. There are the makings of at least fifty libel actions, one would fancy, in these two documents, and the lampooned ones range from the Chancellor of Orleans to Perrot Girart the barber. But the *Great Testament* contains also a number of the magnificent ballades that have made the name of Villon immortal, notably the " Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis." Also it is marked by a reflection and a power and depth of thought absolutely wanting in the *Little*. And now the light of history upon him becomes clearer so that we may even read far distant dates.

With the ink scarcely dry on this wonderful production, and the " Ballade of the Ladies of Old Time " safe forever in the pocket of Poetry, the poet suddenly found himself arrested for robbery!

I say nothing. Only this. He was almost immediately released, so let us give him the benefit of the doubt. This was on November 2nd, 1462.

On that same day, however, the College of Navarre, which he had helped to rob five years ago, having got wind of his return to Paris, met him at the prison gate in the form of its representative, Maître Laurens Poutrel.

Villon confessed to his share in the robbery, and the College of Navarre did a surprising thing, refrained from prosecuting on the promise of *ledict* Villon to pay 120 écus in gold in the course of three years.

Villon, the interview with Laurens Poutrel over, was in need of a drink, and going into the Fir Cone whom should he meet but Rogier Pichart and Hutin du Moustier, the two men we saw him with on the Petit Pont five years ago. Later that day the three of them called on a mutual friend, Robin Dogis, who held out in the rue Parcheminerie. They all had supper together, and after supper that dull November evening they went out arm in arm, the four of them, in search of fun.

They soon found it, for halfway down the rue St. Jacques, next door to the Mule Tavern, they came upon the shop of Maître François Ferrebouc, the notary, and inside it they saw the clerks soberly and diligently working by candlelight.

The author of " The Ballade of the Ladies of Old Time " stopped with his companions to contemplate this ridiculous sight and jeer at it. Pichart did more, he spat into the room and out came the clerks, headed by the venerable and discreet Maître François Ferrebouc himself. In the scene that ensued Ferrebouc was wounded by Dogis. The four revellers took to their heels, but the Law was not far behind them and next day they were arrested.

VILLON was condemned to be hanged and strangled—*pendu et étranglé*. He had done nothing, but the Law was tired of him and the College of Navarre was not helpful. He had promised to turn over a new leaf and almost instant on the promise here was the venerable and discreet Maître François Ferrebouc in the gutter with a dagger in his side and Villon arrested for complicity in the business!

A bad business that, however, again casts light on the most curious side of this most curious character for, literally, in the shadow of the gibbet, he sits down and writes the magnificent " Ballade des Pendus." This is not the appeal of a living man for mercy, but of a dead man for compassion.

He considers himself already dead.

But friends were at work and a reprieve came, but with a terrible postscript to it, returning the King of the Vagabonds to his kingdom of the roads.

He was banished from Paris and forbidden to return for ten years on the pain of death, and in the bitter weather of January 8th, 1463, he left Paris on foot and never was heard of again.

Where he went, who can say? But one thing is sure, if he ever reached the gates of Paradise he most certainly presented his request for admission in the form of a ballade.

END

Linked with Lavender

The Stately Homes of England! What stories they could tell. How often the lovely fragrance of Lavender has stolen about them and lingered in their dainty boudoirs.

Through generations, the changing years have seen the ever-increasing vogue of the Yardley Lavender.

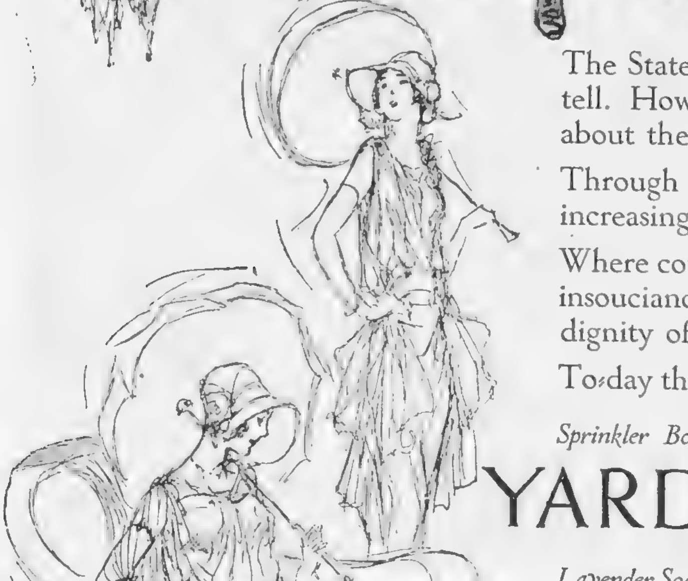
Where could you find a more delightful perfume for the gay insouciance of fresh girlhood?—or one more graceful for the dignity of the older generation.

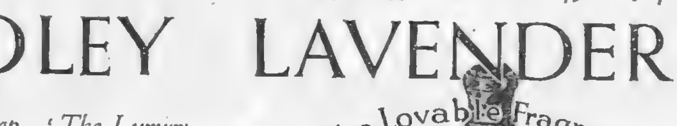
To-day the whole world treasures its wistful lovable fragrance.

Sprinkler Bottles 2/6 to 16/6. *Fancy Stoppered Bottles 6/9 to 70/-*

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Lavender Soap—' The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Compact Face Powder 2/-, Face Cream 1/6, Bath Salts 2/6, etc.





YARDLEY 8 New Bond Street LONDON

Cool *of the* Day

(*Continued from page* 28)

canvases, were saying almost audibly: "You are worrying, woman. Cease worrying. Be calm. Have faith. What you set out steadfastly to get, you will get."

Yet faith was difficult to find; knowing what stood against one.

On to Kelkamp's bulb fields; and here Minna remained in the limousine, bored with bulb fields, while Lady Warder went in. Sheet upon sheet of hyacinths and tulips entranced and bemused her, as she began to walk slowly along the little paths intersecting them. Kelkamp himself and both his sons were there to meet her, for she was expected. She had written them most particularly of her coming. Well they remembered this nice English lady who, most years—if she did not send her head gardener, a man called Earle—visited them and talked bulb-growing quite learnedly.

In Lady Warder's blue eyes seemed reflected the visions of the hyacinth and the tulip fields, and her pale face had a strong red spot of colour on either cheek. Indubitably, she had enjoyed it. "Divine, my dear. Divine. The best for years!" Yet as they drove back in the pearly evening towards the Hague, and another epicurean dinner, Minna Van Fruën still descried in her that faint eternal agony of hoping against frustration as if even the beloved flowers could not cure or ease her. Yes, she was a woman with a keen, cruel little agony in her heart.

Minna had hoped that the visit to Kelkamp's would have salved the pain, brought a happy intermission.

But no. Most evidently it was not so.

"Some day," Minna thought, "she will resign herself."

And then, on a sudden determination, she said aloud: "By the way, where is your husband now, dearest?"

"In Paris, I think."

"Staying as usual at the Bristol?"

"I expect so, dear."

"Shall you join him?" Minna asked sharply.

"No! no! Oh, no!"

It was hastily spoken. Ah! she knew better than to join that husband in Paris? How sorely she suffered still! "Did you like that wine we had last night, dear?" said Minna.

"Perfect."

"I am going to give you a different one to-night. . . If there is anything you fancy specially, just tell me."

They drove on along the flat, winding roads. Windmills made stark little silhouettes against the opal sky.

"Dear Eva," said Minna Van Fruën, "won't you stay longer than the three days you promised me?"

But Lady Warder said a strange thing as if it were wrung right out of her secret soul: "No thank you, Minna. *It would be of no use.*"

These words were so plainly from the heart, spoken almost without volition. They broke out naturally, and they startled Minna Van Fruën. "*It would be of no use.*" Was Eva at the girlish business of trying to recapture a husband's love by absence? And then, had she suddenly realised—here with a shrewd friend of her own sex—"*it would be of no use*"?

"Eva dear," Minna murmured, pressing her friend's hand.

Lady Warder recovered herself, smiled her sweet smile: "Oh, my dear, but what a silly, ungracious way to express myself!"

"No, no, Eva. Perhaps I know what you mean."

Lady Warder turned on her a glance so startled and so cautious that Minna left the subject.

Lady Warder said one more thing that confirmed Minna's impressions, as they rode together on the second morning, with the fat, proud groom bumping behind:

"I wish, dear, you would change your mind and stay longer," Minna reiterated.

"Thank you, dear; *but I can do no more.*"

Again Lady Warder recovered herself and turned, smiling: "What a thing to say! Forgive your ungracious friend. I have something on my mind that one day I may be able to tell you about."

"Oh, Eva, you don't think it," said Minna; "but I understand!"

Again the secretive look, and: "How lovely your trees here are in the spring!"

"*I can do no more,*" stayed in Minna Van Fruën's mind, with that other tribute to despair: "*It would be of no use.*"

Minna communed with herself for quite a long while before she decided to do what, presently, she did.

SIR BEN stayed, indeed, at the Bristol; he always had. The little Countess's reply—to the hotel—had been all that he could wish. He wore his most becoming suit of a rather pale brown—pale but not light-toned—and his shoes were so polished and boned that you hardly knew if they were leather or mahogany. His valet had ordered roses to be sent that morning. And now he was off to find again the alluring woman whose eyes had promised so much, and whose ebullient young husband had come home too soon. She had a lovely secretive old house in a courtyard behind high intricately wrought iron gates. Above these high gates, on a spring day like this, the heads of white and purple lilacs rose.

What a bower for assignations!

Her slender black-eyed butler was a most intelligent man. He recalled Sir Ben instantly: that was gratifyingly plain. In those suave eyes was surely the greeting: "Ah! I have expected this . . you have been away too long." Up the straight, shallow staircase Sir Ben went behind the servant and, rounding the high Empire screen that guarded the door, was in Julie's salon, all dim blue and rose.

There she was, lithe, dark, tall—he only called her "little" because he would never have acknowledged any woman, who won his approval, to be large—her dress one of the first poems of 1931, faintly but insistently perfumed. She turned her head on the cushions of the divan where she lay and smiled at him. His breath almost forsook him; his heart laboured. He walked quickly across the wide gulf of parquet and took the hand she was holding out.

"Countess!"

"*Mon ami!*"

Now a sort of memory touched him like the flick of a little whip; it was very queer—a memory of himself as he would have been, twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, even only ten years ago. That man would now—sure of himself—have leaned down, taken this intriguing woman with her inviting eyes, into his arms, and in due sequence all the rest would have followed.

What held him from it now?

The months—even years—of encounters with cold women?

Anyway, after he had kissed the hand, he merely held it, sitting upon the edge of the divan beside her.

Now she was accusing him: "You have stayed away from me too long."

"It has been hell for me," he said promptly. "I . . . was remembering your husband. I was jealous."

"Là là! . . . How remarkably well you look."

"I've never seen you more beautiful."

"Ah, of course I have no one to tell me that since you are gone!"

"You have a lonely life, Julie." He had never called her "Julie" before. "And you are far too adorable to be allowed to be lonely."

"Ah—if others thought like you! *Mais—c'est la vie!* And there is no one quite like you!" As she said this her look travelled over him in a series of little looks like birds in flight, full of fun, enchantment, raillery. Like all pretty women worth their salt, she meant to tease, torment, cajole, prevaricate and laugh all at once, just for a little while.

Well, that lightened the heaviness with which he had entered; which had, distressingly, weighted his feet as he went behind the slender young butler up the stairs. Love should be light. Twenty years ago he would have said it should be swift, serious and strong; but now—it was experience that educated a man—he liked lightness, persiflage. It postponed the hour. . . .

He did not wish, of course, to postpone the hour. . . . No! no! no! But there were going to be many hours; no husband this time.

"You promised me this evening, Julie?"

"Yes. Take me to dine. And we can go to the Opéra; and then supper and we'll dance. *N'est-ce pas?*"

He was quite terribly pleased, ecstatic. The rest of the world vanished for him, as it always did when the silver horn sounded for this chase. That place in Hampshire and the Blue Walk and poor Eva, and the cold Mrs. A., and everything, dissolved—were wafted out of life. He returned to the Bristol to dress. His valet had seen to it that there was a gardenia for his buttonhole. There was no man in London whose white waistcoats were more perfectly fitted. He ordered a car.

WHEN Julie la Comtesse de la Richiennes leaned back beside him in the car, all chinchilla, orchids, pearls and faint elusive scent, he knew something definitely, something very important. Instinct—that had been blurred and blunted and disappointed with these shattering encounters with cold women—rose clear and faultless to tell him that here was a woman not only vibrant with love, but in love. In love. A woman informed with *un grand amour*. The real thing. That electric tide, those winds fluttering with them in the car—he, with his great experience, could not misinterpret. He no longer doubted. Once more a lovable woman—*une grande amoureuse*, not *une allumeuse* like that cursed—oh, but forget her!—once more a lovable woman loved, adored, and desired him.

All the evening the Countess was perceptibly informed with this great radiance. His heart beat; he melted; he was like jelly. After the Opéra, it was divine to hold her in the dance. When he drove her home he wanted to kiss her; and she put a thin, flexible hand quickly over his mouth. But even the hand of itself was the hand of a woman electrified by love.

"Patience! patience!"

"My patience is gone."

"Là, là! And mine? See how long you stayed away!"

"I am to take a few hours' penance," he whispered. "Very well."

Her low laugh was like a sound far-off.

Let her play her game! He knew women. He was certain and triumphant and happy.

"To-morrow?" he said.

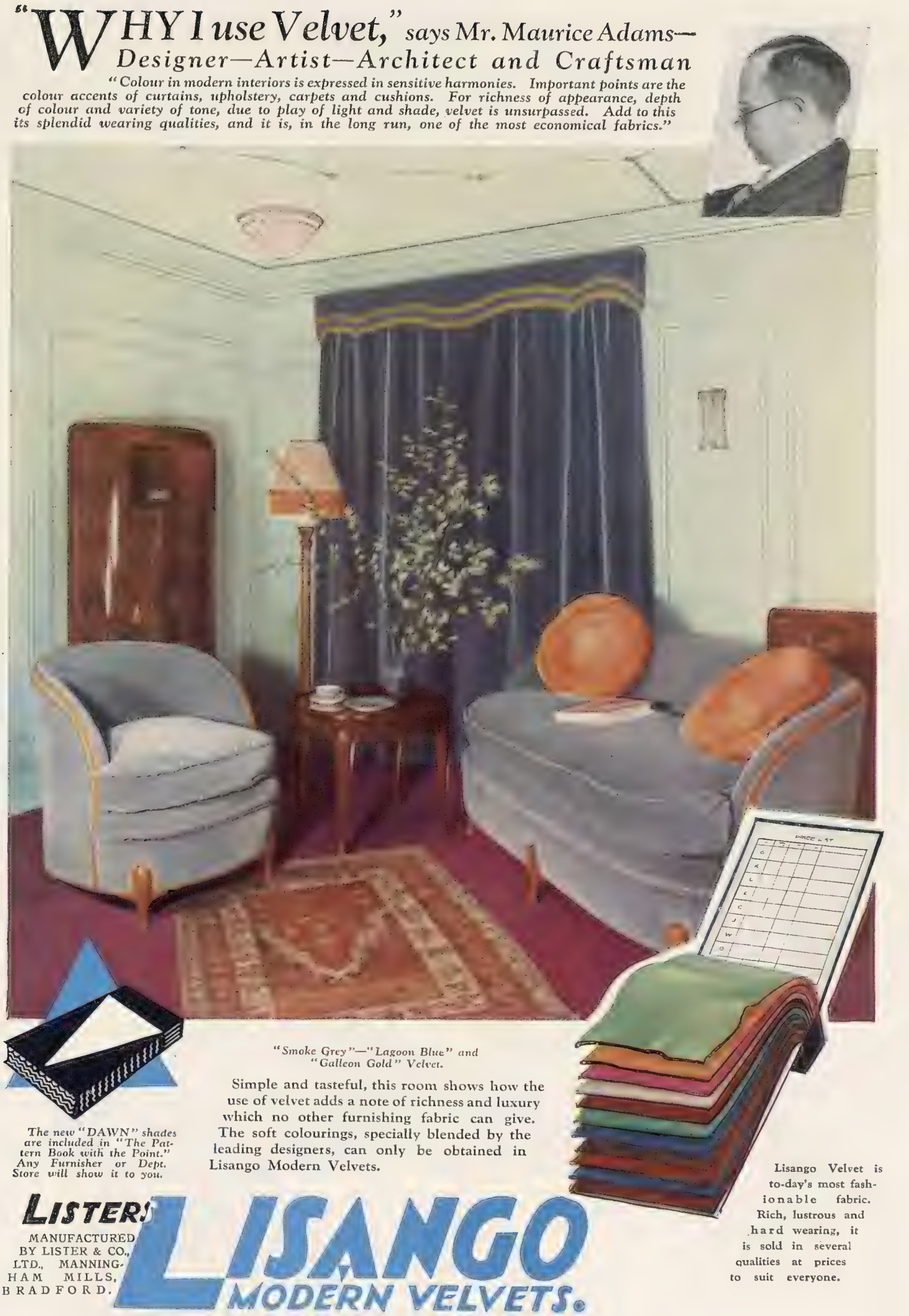
"Ah! To-morrow." The low laugh again.

The car stopped outside the laced iron gates, and the slender young butler ran out and shepherded her in.

He stepped into his suite at the Bristol like a young man. And so he was a young man! Fellows of his make-up had no middle age. They were young—and they were old. *Finis!* But that was far away.

After the cool, disappointing times, then, again he possessed Youth. Again he was confident, lusty and sure. Life began quickly, in anticipation to fill. He took an early stroll in the Bois, looking for old acquaintances. There were none, but it did not matter. He lunched alone—one or two men whom he had rung up, So-and-So at the Embassy, and So-and-So who, he had seen in *Le Journal*, was over to look at the Duc de Ducy's yearlings at Maison Lafitte, having declined to join him on this or that excuse. But he had his expectations—and those fellows were dry old dogs anyway. And then, at last, he was driving again towards the lovely secretive house behind the lacey iron gates for his hours with Julie de la Richiennes. He was a bridegroom once more.

(*Continued on page* 109)



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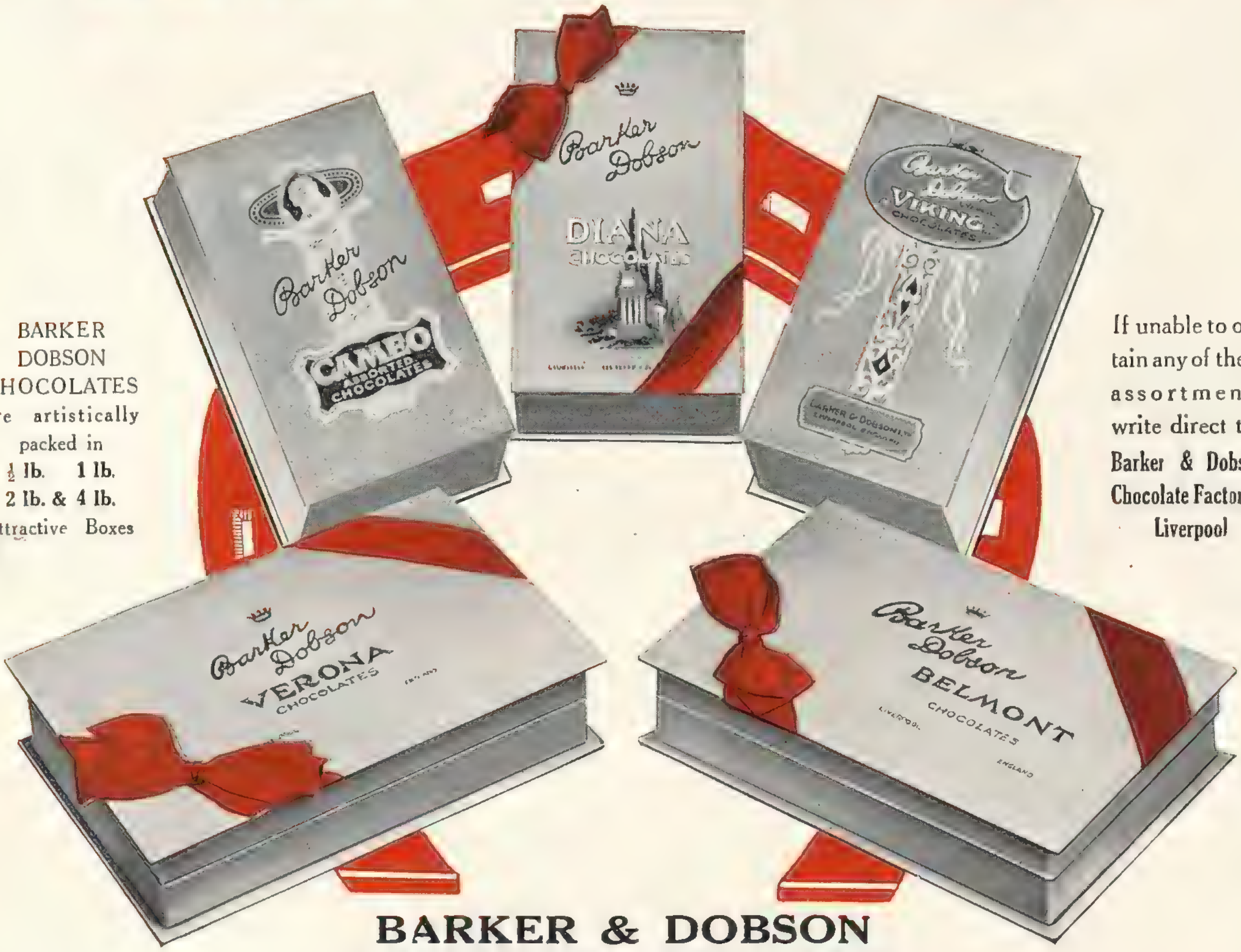
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He sent away the car. "Come for me in three hours." In three hours it could be dismissed again, and probably would! He had sent more flowers earlier: dark red malmaisons, enough to deck a dozen salons. And, satisfied with his generalship of love, he rang the bell.

Out came the slender young butler, swift as forked lightning and yet negative as a shadow. He stood on the threshold like a sentry: the effect he made was curious, as if he expressed: "This door is not open; I am not here; you are not here." His eyes, large and black, guarded the house with their vigilance.

"Oh, sare. *Madame la Comtesse* is not receiving to-day."

"*Madame la Comtesse* expects me!"

The man bowed.

"*Mais certainement*, sare. But *Madame la Comtesse* wishes me to express to you her sorrow that she is tired; she rests; and that . . ."

Sir Ben smiled.

He saw through that! Oh, little devil! All that morning he had been recalling the wonderful evening before. She was teasing him again—testing his determination to reach her in spite of embargoes—would never forgive him if he accepted this, not if he knew women!

And he did know women. Suddenly, good-humouredly, he thrust the servant aside, walked past him on buoyant feet. "Now, my good fellow, I'll make your excuses." He tossed his hat to the servant with his gloves thrown into it, "You needn't show me up." He was halfway up the staircase.

But what was this? The butler was trying to get in front of him, to protest, to deny. He would not have that.

Sheer weight took him on to the door of the salon. She might indeed be tired and asleep on her divan—he would love to awake her. Without a sound he turned the handle of the door, without a sound slipped in, and looked round the high Empire screen that shut the view of the room from the doorway.

But behind the screen he stayed, wilting. She was indeed in the room, locked in the arms of a blonde young man; no, not that husband. The blonde lover was angry in his love; he shook her as an Apache might shake his girl down in some little rat-hole of a restaurant down on the quays; but he was exultant, too, ardently embracing. And she was indeed a woman in love. The room was full of love. And intercepting the blonde lover's soft strong voice of jealousy and passion and exultation—the voice of the conqueror—came her voice husky and vibrant, for all its little laughter, the voice of the conquered: "Ah, *mon cœur, mon cœur! écoutez!* I do promise you. You are ridiculous—to be jealous—if you see me at the Opéra with that old man! He comes after me—no woman wants him except for what he has, you understand? He comes to that age when a man cannot choose; but he does not know it! Imagine to yourself, *mon cœur*, how I laugh yesterday when he arrives. *Quel drôle!* And you have been cruel to me—yes, cruel! And I go to the Opéra with him; and he might have been here to-day if you had not come. But now I have told Louis to keep him out."

Here the blonde lover kissed her silent and shook her breathless; but her voice gasped, laughing, on: "Why cannot a man know when he is old and not so agreeable? . . . *Quel fou! le pauvre cocu!* Does he not know that if he wants love he must go and buy himself a *cocotte*?"

HE was on the staircase, descending carefully. He had shrivelled inside. The news he had received, standing behind the Empire screen, was grim: terrible.

It was not that women were cold. These last years . . . it was not that the women were cold . . .

On the staircase, holding his hat, was the young butler, full of relief that there should be no scene; no fracas. Ah! but this was an Englishman, and old, and dull. Any Frenchman would have been different! The hat was snatched from him, clapped on Sir Ben's head; and Sir Ben walked out.

As he emerged into the street his own voice seemed to be saying with chagrin into his private ear: "Even I—even I—*even I*—have never kissed a woman like that."

Back to his hotel, passing in the streets more than one girl who would have been ready to amuse him and take his money. One or two murmured to him with the demure and perfect courtesy of the nicer Paris *cocottes*. But oh! no! no! no!

No! no! no! he had not come to that.

At the bureau they handed him a letter postmarked from The Hague. He thought slowly that poor Eva was, or had been—he was unable to speed up his brain processes under the shock—staying there.

But the letter was from that woman, Van Fruën's wife—that inæsthetic, uninspired red-faced frau. He opened it and read.

"My dear Sir Ben,

I hear you are in Paris for a few days. Dear Eva has been with me on her annual pilgrimage to the bulb fields. But alas! she would not stay, and has just departed. It would be such a particular pleasure to me were you to make a detour, and return home via The Hague, and visit me. Let me beg you to do so.

I fear my husband is not at home.

Yours most sincerely,
MINNA VAN FRUËN."

Good God!

AH! ah! these women! these women! But who would have thought it of the red-faced frau? Still, he knew men who held stoutly that the plainest women were really the most subtly intriguing; also that invariably they had warm hearts.

He felt himself reviving.

"My husband is not at home . . ." How often that little phrase had been written or said to him!

He was almost himself again.

He wired to Minna Van Fruën, and left Paris that night.

Even only a year ago if anyone had told him he would be brought so low as to have a slap at old Minna, he would have remarked this and that. But now his reviving spirits invested the journey with a shade of the romance for which he had in the past taken so many other journeys.

He reached her in the evening, just before dinner: the right time. Begin with candle-light—for maturity. Wines good, food delicious. He saw her in touching colours—not too exciting as yet, but colours that were tender, and tenderness was all too rare these days.

By Jove! she was a nice woman and a fine woman, too good for Van Fruën. Also she was a woman of temperament . . . "my husband is not at home" . . . and he would bet these long-faced Dutchmen were hardly adequate. Here was a woman, discreet and quiet, behind her homely exterior concealing—like a great lady should—those attractions which surely she possessed, until, now and again, the right man, a man who understood her, came along; if there ever had been such a man until to-night.

Of course he did not quite care for the wise, disconcerting look in her eyes.

But what was this?

Must he again readjust himself?

She was talking of poor Eva.

". . . and my friend, it has hurt me to see the hunger in her face. Ah, she has worshipped you for thirty years! It is a long time. And you have been very naughty! *Very naughty*! Ah! we all know. Well, well, I wish I could think all that was past for her dear sake. There she goes back to Hampshire, to her garden, where she will sit and wait for you—hoping and hoping—ah! men are unkind! Especially men who have always been so irresistible, so successful, so sought after . . ." continued Minna Van Fruën, her wise eyes judging her effects.

She was pleading Eva's cause! She was reminding him in very timely fashion that he was king of a kingdom still. Readjusting his standard of riches, he realised with a chastened sigh that he was still rich in his wife.

"You have done me an immense service!"

He exclaimed this, laying his hand over Minna's on the shining dark table. Ough! what a warm, moist paw! He removed his hand. "I cannot thank you enough; I own we have been drifting; but after many years it is difficult . . ."

"To take up the lost threads again?"

"Exactly. But I am going home. I promise you I will make poor Eva radiantly happy."

"Ah, how glad I am that I managed to get you here while Wilhelm was away and we could talk in private!" Minna said. "My dear Eva—so elegant and charming . . ."

"Yes, yes! And you who knew her when she was a girl knew how lovely she was then!"

Minna nodded vehemently.

"So passionately in love with you. For passion need not die early in a woman as most men think . . ."

"No! no! You mustn't lump me in with those fools who think such things!"

She beamed.

"You have still wonderful years before you."

"Wonderful! wonderful!"

"She had such a tense, brooding expression. She would not tell me what was the matter, but I knew."

"You are a precious friend."

He looked at the red paw for a moment, because here was where he might have lifted and kissed it—merely as a gesture of appreciation for the good offices of a poor plain woman who could never, herself, charm any man.

For now there had returned to him for good and all the conviction of the thickness of the Van Fruën's legs under her velvet skirts, and her whole impossibility.

He let the paw alone.

An uninspired, uninspiring creature, whom only loneliness had made him consider for a moment. . . .

IN a Hampshire garden pacing her Blue Walk, was a woman who had adored him for thirty years; who had suffered greatly in her love for him, but who should now, again, greatly rejoice. He could see her absorbed, brooding face; the eyes veiling with abstractions what her lips were too proud to utter.

And suddenly he laughed. He was lonely no longer. Once more he felt proud, careless and sure. During the crossing next day he thought all the time of Eva. Return to the old love; not the first love nor the last love, but the love of whom he was certain. And, shaken by the years, he knew that certainty was not a bad thing.

He would walk suddenly upon this woman who had dedicated her life to him, and watch the radiance, the flowering of her face at sight of him!

So, hurriedly through London, which had seemed increasingly cool and listless and indifferent, down to Hampshire, feeling like a king, and, in the sweet hush of the May afternoon, walking into the gardens into which, month by month, year by year, inch by inch, Lady Warder had planted her dreams, as the only sure way of making them to fruit and flower.

He walked fast towards the corner which, turned, would give him a sight of the long Blue Walk.

His lips were not very firm and the palms of his hands sweated and his heart beat as heavily as it had beat in the house of Julie de la Richiennes. And when he came to the corner he stood almost out of view of anyone in the Blue Walk, looking.

There she was.

Yes, there at the top of the Blue Walk, far away so that he could not see the expression of her face; only the expression of her attitude. But that told him the tale he longed to read. Quiet, still, brooding, intent, sad; and yet as if . . as if . . . listening, waiting, hoping . . . still hoping, dear woman! . . . for a happiness to come.

He stayed still where he was for a half-minute, reading

(*Continued on page* 110)

and savouring this desirable tale of an elegant lady's fierce, enduring love. She was so slim in the misty-grey tweeds; the sun gilded her fading fair hair. Her ankles were finer than Julie's; she wore better than that hussy Mrs. A. would ever wear; her skin was so pale and clear—how could he ever have thought for a moment's madness of taking pity on a Minna Van Fruën? And he rounded the corner into the Blue Walk.

Half-way between him and Lady Warder, Earle was examining the young delphiniums. Damn the busy fellow!

Now—fuming and fretting with his impatience—he saw also a servant from the house approaching by a path at right angles to reach Lady Warder. He flushed with frustration and halted. But the servant only handed her something and was gone again.

Now to get Earle out of the way!

Lady Warder stood still as a statue, as if reading the slip of paper that the servant had brought. She stood terribly, terribly still. Ah! but she hadn't seen him yet! And then all at once she lifted her head, and even from where he came slowly on he could see the radiance flush into her face: the radiance and the glory. She looked straight down the Blue Walk at him. Oh! his heart need not beat so! Here was his lover! And then on her slim ankles—no woman like her!—she moved forward.

If only Earle. . . . But she had reached the gardener. Three seconds after, Sir Ben had reached him too. The respectful gardener stood between them in the Blue Walk, taking from his lady the telegram that she thrust blindly towards him, while she stared gloriously at her husband. And Sir Ben saw that she could not speak. It recalled old moments—the way she put her thin fingers on her throat where he could see—old, old moments reborn—the little pulses beating. Yes, remember! remember! In great moments she had always been like that.

The gardener looked up from the telegram and he also saw that she could not speak. So, turning away from her, he fixed a dull, respectful look on Sir Ben. "Her ladyship's anxiety is all over, sir! She has wore herself quite ill. Her ladyship had set her heart on being the first in this country with Kelkamp's new azure double tulip what no one knows of yet. And, as I said to her ladyship, you can't never get a bulb from Kelkamp under three years. But her ladyship has been over and persuaded him, and he's going to let her have it at the second year and bring it on herself. He sent this telegram after her to say so. Being no gardener, sir, you don't, maybe, understand how happy her ladyship is now she needn't fret nor hanker no more—because she can have the azure tulip."

END

Cold Ashby Hall

(*Continued from page 79*)

THE second storey accounts for all the bedrooms, painted throughout in that shade of deep cream nearest to burnt custard. They are friendly rooms with big windows, buff carpets, and attractive chintzes. The principal double-room has original bed covers of green and beige silk, flecked and bordered with rose. This shade of pink is repeated in the eiderdowns and creeps into the flowered chintz curtains and chair covers. On the self-coloured mantelpiece is gathered a collection of vivid green and gold china, harmonising well with the set of rare and lovely French prints in severe black frames which depict Versailles during Le Grand Siècle. A long mirror as well as a dressing-table glass where one can really see (as opposed to the hundreds where one can't) matches the solid polished mahogany furniture and contrasts with the flippant plaster cupids, whose mission in life is to support a row of modern novels. Honey-coloured china for the washstand and pink china morning tea-sets with green linen napkins (to match the pink and green beds) are excellent features deserving the unconscious praise of imitation. . . .

The owner's room at Cold Ashby has an attractive tiny four-poster bed covered in green patterned with red and yellow flowers. This material is used for the dressing-table stool and for the seat of an upright Stuart chair. Amusing French prints, delicately coloured and hung in gilt frames, find an echo in the gilt lamps with parchment shades

While the sporting influence is paramount in the ground floor rooms, the bedrooms strike a happy medium, combining simplicity with a decidedly feminine atmosphere. On the stairs hangs a fragment of manuscript, carefully framed, which tells that a house on the site of Cold Ashby Hall changed hands in the early seventeenth century. This interesting deed of property had evidently reposed in the stable chimney for years, but was unearthed during the recent alterations and now has a place of honour in the heart of the house.

END.

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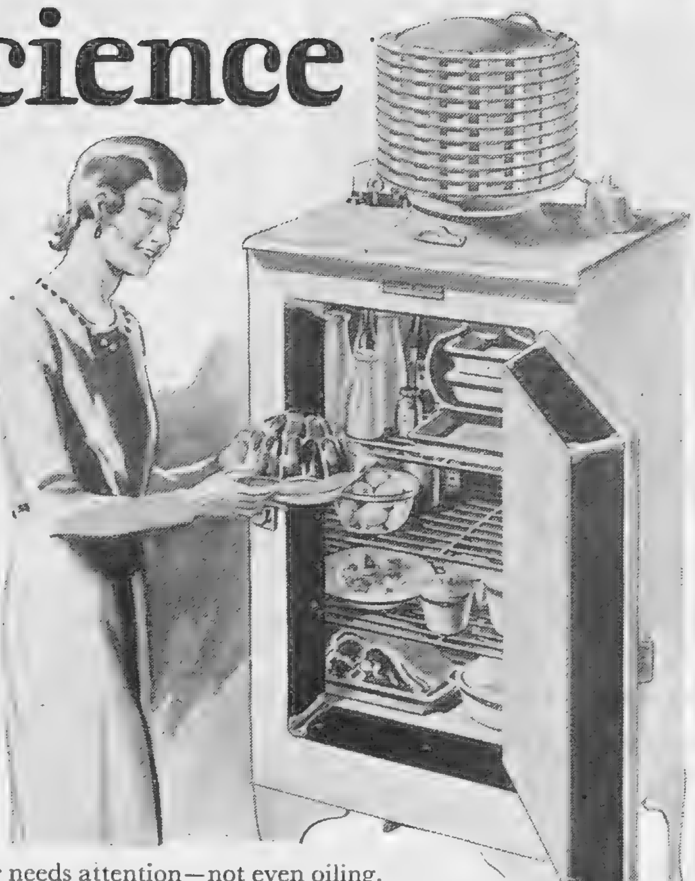

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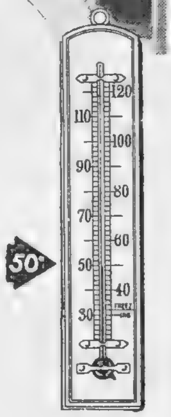

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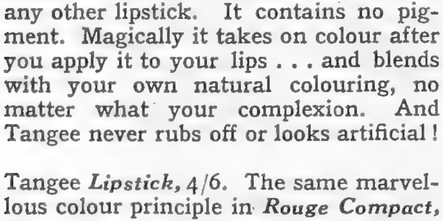

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The Drama *behind the* Drama

(*Continued from page* 43)

and heard the eulogies of the German author whose work, he said, he had translated. In the morning, when he had read the eulogistic notices, and the tributes paid to the genius of the Teutonic author, I have known him roar with laughter, because he was the only one who knew there was no German author, but that he had invented him just to get his work accepted in London!

I HAVE known an actress of small account here borrow her fare home to her native America, only to find, within a few years, that she was a Queen of the Films; and I have known an actor sell his fur coat to pay his fare to America, only to find, within a few years, that he was one of the kings of Hollywood. How they have laughed as they told me!

"Thank heavens, father and mother can have a nice quiet tour together," Olga Lindo said to me once. "They're going out in 'The Monster,' and they have got such nice parts."

Within a few weeks, the Lindos found themselves in the middle of the Reading murder!

They were telling me the real end of Dan Leno, only the other day.

"I was in the Winter Gardens at Bournemouth," said A. T. Borthwick, the critic, "when, after a comedian had done his turn, Leno, who was there with an attendant, came on the stage and sang a comic song, and then started a long monologue, something tragic. They always said he wanted to be a serious actor. Apparently, in the weak state of his mind, he was trying. The audience still screamed with laughter, and they led him off."

I have known a musical comedy during which one of the chorus girls, ordered out of the theatre because she had been dining unwisely, was chasing the stage manager around the wings with a knife.

"Give me my money back," she shouted. "I gave the producer £50 to get this job, and I want it back."

In front, all the time, the audience was applauding. Behind, the stage manager was blanched with a very natural fear.

THERE was one night, too, when a man who had just stabbed another in Soho dashed into the gallery of one of the Avenue theatres, and, actually during the performance, was chased by a policeman, with some of the people pointing to the man who had just dashed in and shouting, "That's him!"

In the middle of a cabaret, too, I have seen Sophie Tucker, as the Queen of the Night, call up star after star to take part in her farewell show, and, while I have watched her master the large gathering, I have remembered how she was actually a married woman with a child when she got her first job in a New York cabaret, getting just two or three dollars a week and the coins they threw on the floor.

As I watched, I saw her call Irving Berlin, who was standing near with his wife, the daughter of a multi-millionaire.

Irving, at that time, was a millionaire himself.

"Sing something, Irving," Sophie said, "one of the songs we used to sing together."

For it was Irving Berlin who, as a boy, was the pianist in that low-down haunt from which Sophie started to climb.

They sing of drama and romance. They act tragedy and comedy and farce. And, all the time, it is there—Reality under the make-up.

Brave hearts!

END

Modernity *in the* Making

(*Continued from page* 37)

are all the elements of happiness in the world we know and it is surely tragic if we enforce conditions in which the happiness of the majority is impossible.

So many virtues had our ancestors! Behind and beyond the shams of Victorianism, there was a splendid dignity which would not show what it suffered. It must have needed courage to forswear so much that makes life easy. Our ancestors had faith in themselves and in their own established order. If they were narrow and prejudiced, at least they were prepared to make painful sacrifices for the creed in which they believed. Perhaps their lives were stunted. They grew old quickly fighting all their natural impulses, but it was rather a splendid age, uncompromising and unafraid.

The modern young person has a different kind of courage. It is active rather than passive. He puts tolerance ahead of all the other virtues, because he realises that contemporary ethics and standards are in the process of development.

A new morality is in the making, but it is by no means cut and dried. A new interpretation of religion may follow, for this has been the case throughout history.

Youth realises the importance of the present. Whether or not it believes in a future life, it is determined to get the most it can out of this one.

What was good enough for their parents is certainly not good enough for young people to-day. On the contrary, they want to know why it was ever considered good at all. I don't think personal happiness is always their first consideration, but they would never subscribe to the code which considered it of no importance at all. In theory, they want to live and let live, which, translated into practice, means that they refuse no sensation, mental or physical, which may add to their sum of experience. Unimpressed by what two thousand years of so-called morality have made of the world, they realise that only at a great price can genuine evolution be achieved.

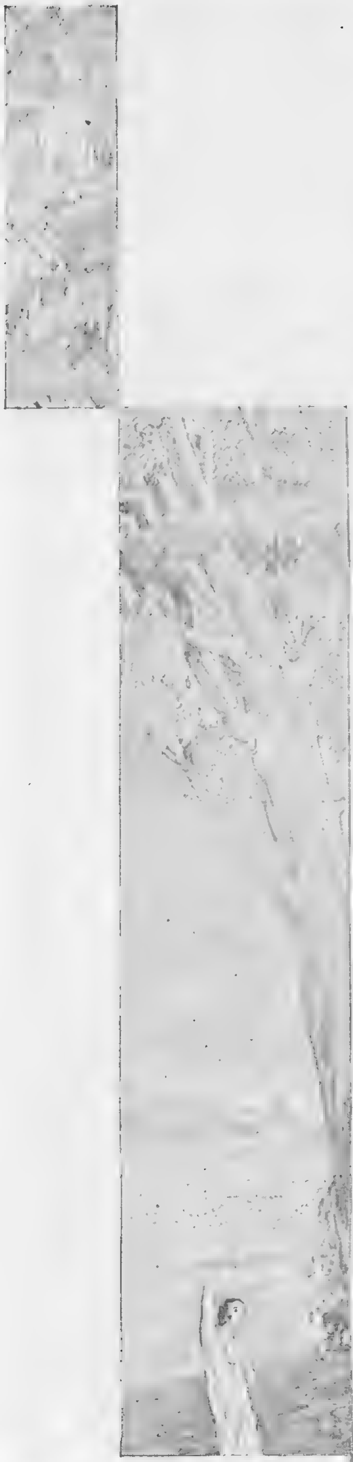
Youth wants to be able to say, "I understand" right now, in this life, even if it pays a tragic price for such comprehension.

To those entrenched, with comparative safety, in the halfway house of the thirties, the conflict between the equally vehement sincerities of the old-fashioned and the new may seem pathetic or ridiculous, but there remains the fact that the average family is reft into two sections neither of which makes much attempt to understand the other. It is nothing less than a tragedy if one generation can expect no help from the preceding one. At present the average parent is so bewildered by the outspokenness of his offspring that his mind is incapable of retaining more than a bemused horror. He attributes all that he dislikes in the attitude of his children to the books they read, the things they see and the subjects they discuss. Above all, he bewails (as the manager of the book department) the publicity given to sex, but sex really has nothing to do with it. Now that the conspiracy of secrecy is at an end, we are no more and no less interested in sex than in any other elemental factor of our existence.

On the other hand, never has youth more needed help because never before has it been without heritage, spiritual or material. And never has it received less from its elders.

Of course, youth makes mistakes and it will make lots more, but at least it is sincere, as sincere as our elders in their suppressions and evasions. Perhaps "modernity" means simply that we are willing to-day to make any number of minor mistakes rather than the one irrevocable error which so often blighted the lives of our ancestors. The young may be blinded by their own incomplete emotions, but they are distinctly hard-headed. They know perfectly well that they've got to pay for their form of intensive sincerity and they are willing to do so on the off-chance that, in the course of their experiments, they may somehow tumble on the solution of the problems bequeathed to them.

END



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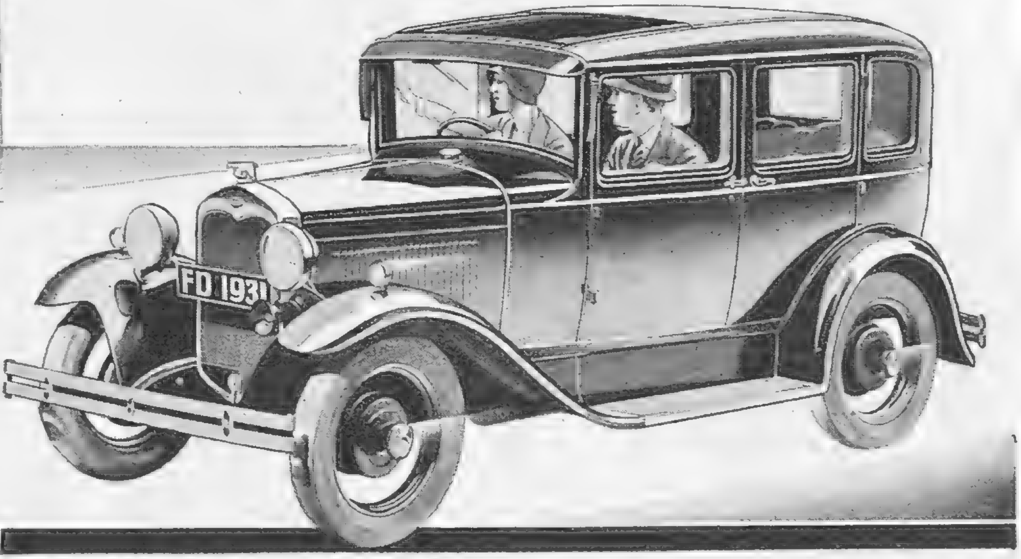

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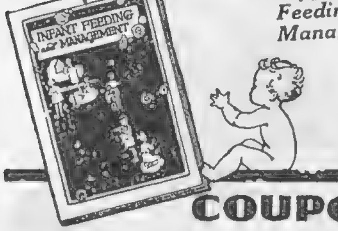

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Viennese Caprice

(*Continued from page* 63)

the night he took her to the opera. The inimical mood in which Lisa had started out softened as the evening wore on, and she gave herself up to enjoyment of the spectacle before her—of the music, Tristan and Isolde, and the great golden horseshoe, and the women who stood up between the acts and stared at her so unashamedly through their glasses. She was pleasantly conscious of the fact that her dark hair, and the yellow satin of her dress, and Franz Vavorek's fine profile stood out strikingly against the crimson background of their box.

The music was still ringing in Lisa's ears as the curtain fell and Franz Vavorek guided her out, along the hall to the gallery, where the Viennese, with their healthy enthusiasm for food, were already beginning to cluster around the buffet. Women in trailing gowns promenaded back and forth, cheerfully munching salami sandwiches, and gentlemen with gardenias in the lapels of their impeccable evening clothes drank beer and bowed with elaborate courtesy to passing acquaintances.

"I'm not in the mood to watch people eat," she said suddenly. "Let's go somewhere else."

They went out through one of the long doors to the balcony that looked down on the Ring. It had been raining, and the headlights of cars gleamed on the wet pavement. The sidewalks were thick with people, meandering along with that curious shifting restlessness so different from the hurried bustle of American crowds. Somewhere an orchestra was playing the "Viennese Caprice," and through the clatter of trolley cars and the honking of taxicab horns wisps of the music floated up to the two on the balcony.

Lisa Storm felt strangely content.

"I wonder," she said softly to the tall figure beside her, "why we've been so childish? Why have we hated each other so?"

He was silent for so long a time that she thought he hadn't heard. It seemed silly to repeat the question. He turned and looked down at her—speculatively, she thought.

"This," he said, "is why." And suddenly, fiercely, he caught her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

She stood quite still for a moment. Then, as he continued to hold her, she put up her arms and clasped her hands behind his head and returned his kiss.

A bell tinkled, and Franz Vavorek, releasing her, said gently, "The call for the last act. Come."

All through that last act Lisa Storm sat thinking of what had happened, wondering what she would say to Franz Vavorek on the way home.

She needn't have wondered. He relieved her of the burden of conversation. Sitting back in a corner of the car, he passed her his cigarettes, and when she refused them, selected one for himself.

He said thoughtfully, "What a voice that woman has! But *mein Gott* what a figure! Too bad you couldn't hear Jeritza."

And when at last they parted in the deserted foyer of Lisa's hotel, he took her hand and, bending to touch it lightly with his lips, murmured, "*Gute Nacht, Fräulein. Küss die Hand.*" His monocle gleamed sardonically as he turned away.

"*Küss die Hand!*"—I kiss your hand. It was what shop-girls said after they had made a sale. It was what bell-boys and waiters in restaurants said when they had been well tipped. An old phrase that might once have been gracious, debased now by the meaningless politeness of servile people.

THUNDER STORM'S granddaughter was angry, with a white-lipped, consuming wrath that nauseated her and made her long to seize something precious and break it into bits. Alone in her room, she tore off the yellow dress and, ringing for the night maid, piled the shining satin folds into the girl's hand.

"*Ach, Fräulein, das ist sehr schön!*" The stolid Teutonic face was flushed with gratitude. "*Danke! Danke! Küss die Hand!*"

She looked dazed as the door was slammed in her face.

Lisa sat at her desk and did sums on the blotting pad. Ten dollars a day, probably, for the guide. Six dollars a day for the car. The dinners and lunches and tips, museum fees, cocktails, opera tickets—two hundred for them, at the most.

She wrote a cheque on her Paris bank: "To order of Franz Vavorek. One thousand dollars."

She wrote a note that was a masterpiece of polite venom: ". . . leaving unexpectedly for Paris . . . don't know exact amount of bill . . . a little extra, in appreciation of services rendered . . . very competent guide . . . recommend you to friends who come to Vienna. . . . Most sincerely, Lisa Storm." Poison, dipped in milk chocolate.

She amused herself, imagining the expression on his face when he read that. All through the night as she packed feverishly, cursing herself for not having brought a maid; all through the next morning's rush for last-minute reservations, she thought of that note and imagined what would happen when he came to the hotel and the *concierge* produced the note she had addressed to Herr Franz Vavorek.

What would he do? Learn her forwarding address from the hotel and send back the cheque with a note as insulting as her own? Or tear it into pieces and send them to her without a word? Or take out the exact amount she owed him, down to the last penny, and send her his cheque for the rest?

Nine o'clock. The train pulled creakingly out of the station and Lisa Storm said good-bye to Vienna.

It was not until she had been in Paris three weeks without a letter that a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her. She had spent a miserable three weeks, watching the mail deliveries, a bored three weeks listening to Dot Warwick waver between Paquin and Worth, and drinking too many cocktails, and stepping on the amorous advances of that human doormat, Roddy Ellsworth.

Lisa Storm did an unprecedented thing at the end of that time. She went to the bank and demanded her cancelled cheques. Sitting on one of the uncomfortable marble benches that banks provide for their clients, she thumbed through the green slips.

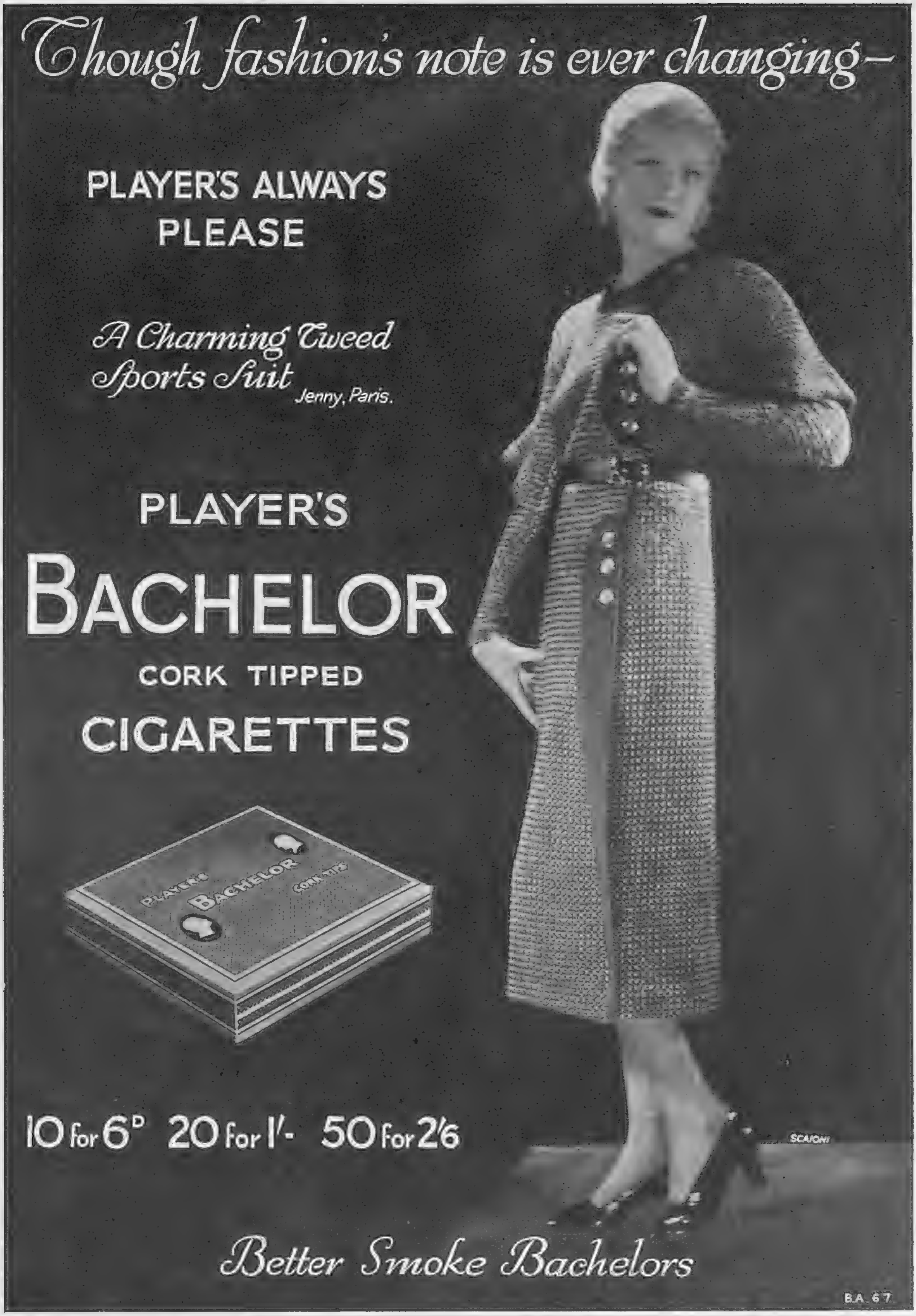
March 6, five hundred dollars to Suzanne Talbot; March 8, to self; March 10, to Hotel Meurice; March 27, one thousand dollars to Franz Vavorek, endorsed and cashed on March 28th at the American Bank of Vienna.

Somehow she managed to wait until she got back to the hotel before she had hysterics.

FROM the time she was eight years old, Lisa Storm had known intervals of boredom. Endowed with all Thunder Storm's boundless energy, she had been born to a position that made the conquering of new worlds unnecessary. The money that her grandfather had left to her father had eliminated the necessity for effort and ambition. There had been times, before, when the life she led had seemed to her as futile as the frenzied activity of a flying squirrel in a cage, but never in all her twenty-five years had she felt as she did that summer after her return from Paris.

She opened the house, Seastorm, on the Maine Coast, and spent a month flirting with the young Englishman who was staying at the Thorne place next door. He was tall and blonde. He had an "Honourable" before his name. Lisa told him one night that she would marry him, and the next night that she had changed her mind. The reason? She had always

(*Continued on page* 116)



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preferred red to blue, she said, in the matters of clothes and blood.

In the middle of September she went to Santa Barbara to stay for a month with Maureen Chadwick, and came back by plane a week later.

In November a letter with a Vienna postmark was forwarded to her from Paris. The envelope contained a cheque for a thousand dollars, signed in a clear, precise hand, "Franz Vavorek." Lisa tore it thoughtfully to bits and dropped it in the waste-paper basket. She wondered whether he had robbed a bank.

A week later she found the explanation. She had been playing contract at Mary Baldwin's and in an interval when she was dummy she got up to stroll restlessly about Mary's green-and-ivory drawing-room, lighting a cigarette, looking out at the snow that swirled against the window pane, thumbing idly through the magazines from which Mary got her opinions on clothes and plays and books.

A name on the printed page leaped out at her: "*Heritage*, by Franz Vavorek."

Lisa crushed out her cigarette in a jade flower bowl and began to read the review. The coldest critic in America had let himself go, for once, on the subject of "one of the few great books that have come out of Europe since the war."

"We have heard too many tales," the reviewer said, "about the sad fates of one-time Russian princes who now drive taxicabs in Paris, and German countesses who are reduced to keeping tea rooms in their palaces in Berlin, to get very much excited about any of them. But this new book is something different. Herr Vavorek traces the history of a family of Austrian aristocrats from their rise in the sixteenth century to their downfall after the war, when Vienna turned Red and the last young count, with a heritage of aristocracy and social graces and poverty, very nearly starved, until his father's old tailor financed him to a suit of clothes and he went into business as an *Eintänzer*—Viennese for gigolo. The book is more than a novel and much more than an autobiography. It is, in the last analysis, a history of Vienna that should be immeasurably valuable as a social document."

"*Heritage* is no romantic plea for the imperialists," the article concluded. "Vavorek is a realist. He shows us these people as they were—gay, witty, improvident, dancing charmingly through a life made easy for them by the labour of their inferiors. He shows us sympathetically the tragedy of their predicament when their world crashed about their ears and aristocracy in Vienna ceased to exist, yet he is pitiless in his condemnation of the social system that produced such a class and left it so helpless to cope with life when necessity arose.

"Is it, we wonder, merely another manifestation of the well-known herd instinct in the American reading public; or is it, as we would like to think, an indication of improving taste, that this great book has already surpassed in sales the latest murder mystery and is rapidly approaching the best-seller class?"

"Well, Lisa," Mary Baldwin's brittle voice was saying, "do you think you could tear yourself away for a minute? We went down two that time."

"I've got to go," Lisa said. "I've got an appointment I'd forgotten. I'll settle the losses for both of us."

And, above the protests of them all, she went.

Ten minutes later she was standing in a bookshop on the avenue, impatiently demanding a copy of *Heritage*. She cut a dinner engagement and the Brodericks' dance that night and shut herself in her room to read.

It was easy to see why Franz Vavorek had taken the world by storm. He wrote as he had talked. All the charm, all the gaiety and glamour of the old Vienna were caught and held there between the red-cloth covers of his book.

(*Continued on page* 118)

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MRS. RADIANT talks on Health

Men don't understand

"If they did some of them would be a little more considerate than they are." When I hear women say that, I wonder if they take the right steps to be no more "off colour" than necessary and to make their difficult days less trying.

A well-known physician writing in *The Medical Press and Circular* on the ailments and pains peculiar to women mentions a preparation which he says "acts like a charm" in these cases, and the woman who follows his advice and uses this safe method of relieving her pain will make life at those times brighter for herself and those about her.

The preparation recommended by this doctor is Genasprin, the *safe* brand of aspirin, which can be taken without fear of endangering the heart or disturbing the digestion. The makers, who also manufacture Sanatogen, Genozo brand Toothpaste and other famous health products, offer to send readers of this magazine a free sample of Genasprin and a helpful booklet which deals, among other health matters, with this subject. The address is, The Manageress, Genatosan Ltd., 24, Derby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, and a postcard saying "Please send Genasprin sample and booklet" is all that is necessary to enable you to test for yourself the great value to women of this safe form of aspirin.

She shuddered over the descriptions of Vienna in war-time, when everyone was cold and almost everyone was hungry, and people prayed at St. Stephen's and the little Capuchin church for the success of a cause that they all knew was doomed. She wept for the Englishwoman who watched her husband march away to die in a battle against English troops, and for the boy, the Englishwoman's son, who was too young to fight, but not too young to suffer as he saw his mother dying slowly of heartbreak and privations.

The terrible years after the war! It seemed to Lisa that she could hear the restless shuffle of feet along the Kohlmarkt and the Graben, as gaunt, hungry men hunted desperately for work, and beggars clutched at the hands of passers-by, imploring them for food, and women sold their bodies for the price of a loaf of bread.

And one of that haggard company was Franz Vavorek, the Englishwoman's son. He must have been a tall boy, Lisa thought, with sunken eyes and bony wrists and a thin, bitter young face. She could see him at seventeen, famished, tired of living, but too proud to give in submissively to Death. At eighteen, ill from hunger, being taken in by the withered, kind little man who had made his father's uniforms. The last of the Vavoreks a charity patient in the house of a tradesman. And then the search for work again. Franz Vavorek as a chauffeur, as a waiter, as a clerk, losing one job after another, because, try as he would, he wasn't a very good chauffeur or waiter or clerk.

Hunger. Desperation. The gift of a suit of evening clothes from the little tailor. And there emerged the Franz Vavorek Lisa had known, with his air of casual elegance and his monocle and his stick. A blonde young exquisite, despising himself, hating the women whose money kept him alive. Franz Vavorek, *Eintänzer*.

At three o'clock in the morning Lisa read the last page and turned back again to the beginning. The dedication said, "To L.S., the lady whose insult made possible the completion of this book." So he had the last laugh, after all.

THERE was a picture of Franz Vavorek on the inner page of the newspaper, with the caption: "Distinguished Austrian writer arrives in America to confer with publishers."

Lisa laid down the paper and ordered a very dry Martini and called Roddy Ellsworth to take her to lunch.

On Monday Mrs. Armstrong's card came: "Thursday evening. Nine o'clock. To meet Herr Franz Vavorek."

Lisa didn't know the Armstrongs. Their guest, she thought, must have suggested the invitation. It was characteristic of the man that he should be unsatisfied until, with his own eyes, he could see her chagrin. Characteristic, too, that instead of coming to her, he should have summoned her to him. Very well, she'd answer the summons, but if she were going to admit defeat, she'd do it proudly, as it should be done.

She wore black velvet and pearls on Thursday night, and her black eyes were enormous, and her mouth a defiant scarlet dash in the pallor of her face.

Morris Ames, meeting her on the stairs, as she went up to the Armstrongs' drawing-room cried out, "Lucrezia Borgia on the loose! Who's the man you're out to poison this evening, my dove?"

"Idiot!" she laughed at him.

Franz Vavorek stood at the end of the room beside a little woman who looked at him with the expression of complacent possessiveness peculiar to the hostesses of celebrities. He was laughing when Lisa spied him. She realised suddenly that she had never seen him laugh before. And he wasn't wearing the monocle.

Lisa made her way through the crowd to the end of the room. She greeted Mrs. Armstrong and held out her hand to Franz Vavorek.

"Herr Vavorek and I have met before," she said. "I'll have to be trite and compliment you on your book. I enjoyed it so much."

He was looking down at her gravely, studying her eyes, the vermilion streak of her mouth.

"It's your book," he said.

"Mr. Ames, Herr Vavorek," Mrs. Armstrong twittered eagerly.

"So nice to have seen you again," Lisa Storm said, as she moved away.

There was dancing in one of the other rooms. Lisa danced with Morris Ames, who said the drinks were deadly, but the celebrity seemed a nice enough chap, and why not leave, now that they'd done their duty by Austria; why not go up town and dance?

The orchestra began to play the "Blue Danube" and Lisa Storm said, "I think—that I'll go home."

"But first this dance, *Fräulein*," a voice said at her elbow, and she found herself in Franz Vavorek's arms.

"Such a charming sentiment, playing this waltz," she murmured. "If your name had chanced to be O'Brien, I suppose we'd all be dancing an Irish jig. I feel," she said, "like an obscure lady of the court receiving unexpected favours from royalty. I'll be a marked woman from this time on."

The music stopped.

Franz Vavorek said, "Come. I want to talk to you," and piloted her out of the door and down the hall, and Lisa Storm was once again Lucrezia Borgia on the loose.

"Well," she said, "Let's begin. Let's talk."

"Did you get my cheque?" the man demanded. He was standing in front of the fire, long legs spread apart, arms crossed as he looked down at her.

"I tore it up," Lisa said.

"I'll send you another. I had to use your money. I'd reached the point where I couldn't work in snatches of leisure. I had to have whole days for it, and I had to live. A thousand dollars can last a long time."

"You could have got it in some other way," Lisa said in a cold, still voice. "You took it—to hurt me."

"Perhaps I did," he admitted; "but that's all over now."

"I think I'll go," Lisa said. "Talking about money never interested me much."

"It doesn't interest me much, either"—his voice was grim—"but it's got to be done. If the book hadn't sold, I'd probably have had to steal, but I'd have paid you, somehow. As it was, I never dreamed of overnight success."

"You must remember to tell that to the interviewers. And now your public will be looking for you. I think we'd better go."

"Not yet," he said. "There are some other things I want to say to you. Did you see the dedication?"

"Yes, I saw it! And there are some things I want to say to you. You've humiliated me enough. If you brought me here to see me grovel, you'll be disappointed, because I'm not the grovelling kind. I'm sorry for the things I said. I'm sorry for what I did. I apologise. Now, are you satisfied? You've had your revenge. The book and your cheque were enough. That dedication was vindictiveness."

"Not vindictiveness," Franz Vavorek said. "Just—love. Aren't you going to laugh?"

"No," said Lisa quietly. "I'm not going to laugh at that."

"I thought you'd understand," the bitter voice went on. "The book was all I had to give, and I offered it to you. I should have known it wouldn't be enough for Lisa Storm, with her pride and her black hate and her delight in hurting people just to see them squirm."

Lisa put her hands on his shoulders and shook him gently.

"You're an awful fool," she said.

She laughed at the expression on his face. She brushed the blonde hair from his forehead and touched his eyelids with her finger tips. Then, as his arms closed around her, she sighed lightly and whispered against his cheek, "We have such placid dispositions. What a peaceful domestic life we're going to lead!"

END

Royal Ambassadors

(*Continued from page 57*)

Prince's official pilot—he has another private pilot, one Fielden—took Prince George in hand.

The Prince of Wales, reviewing his life over the last four years, has made himself the best living example of the efficient modern prince. Lean, brown, sinewy, active, restless, adventurous, far-ranging, enduring, he is himself characteristic of the new age into which mankind is moving so fast that the entire world is disorganised by the speed and range of the great transition. He possesses the most valuable quality of all—adaptability.

He made the crossing from the war to the post-war world with marked success. Dividing his life mainly between his bachelor quarters in town and his hunting quarters at Melton Mowbray, he seemed to be settling down, with his chosen circle, his favourite pastimes, his preferred haunts and pleasures, his round of duties, to a routine which would endure until, in due course, he became king.

Having the modern horror of fat, he exercised strenuously, too strenuously. He sweated too hard. Playing squash in heavy sweaters one day, he nearly had a heart stroke. He was tearing himself to pieces.

He was advised to give up hunting and steeplechasing. They were his passion. How was he to make this—for him—tremendous break? It meant, too, separating from the friends to whose company he had become accustomed at this season.

He solved his problem decisively. He took himself out of the country when the hunting season began. He went on a hunting and camping trip in another part of the Empire. Next year he did the same thing.

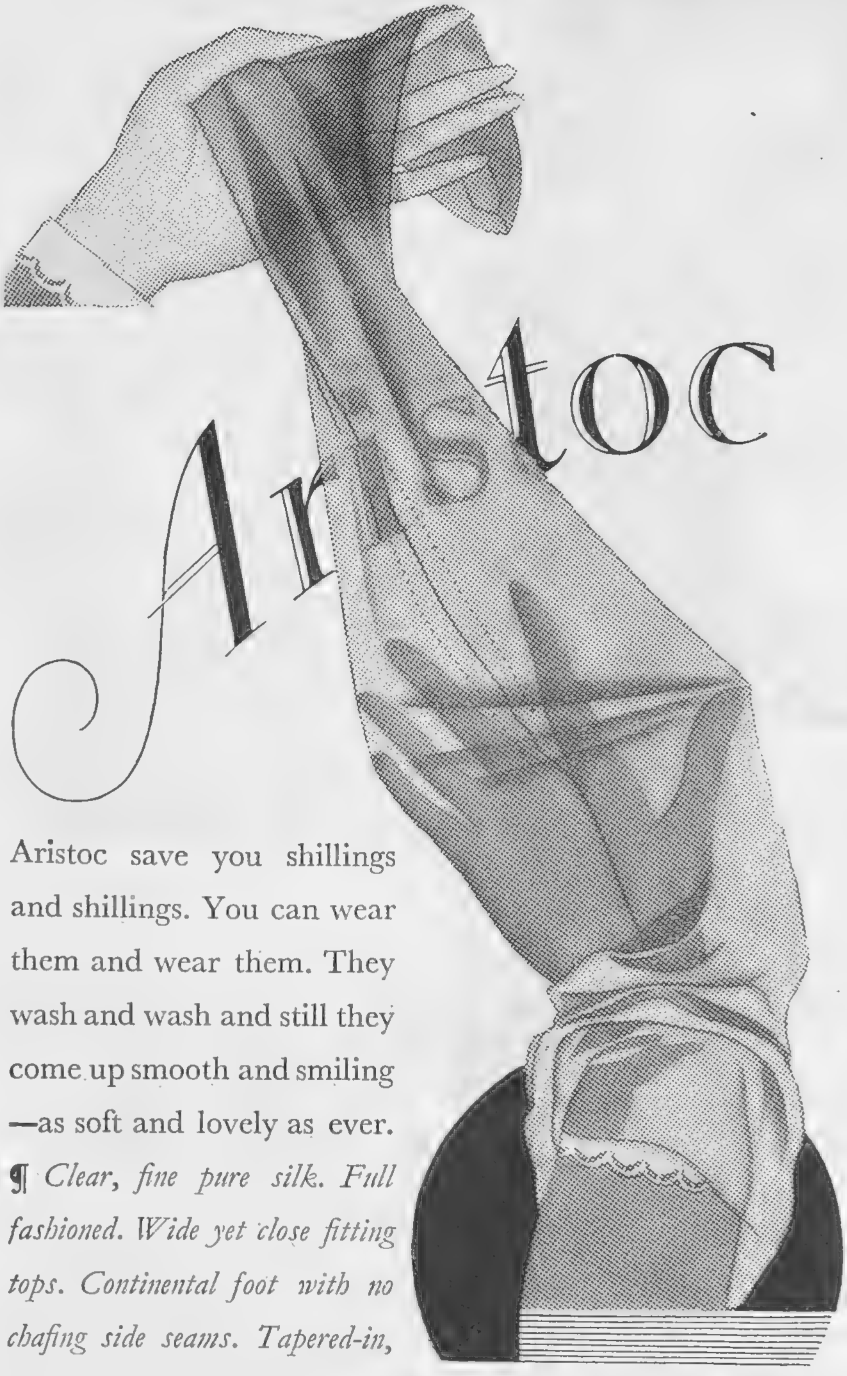
He extended the range of his pastimes to include golf (at which he used to be no good), by enlarging his bachelor quarters at St. James's Palace and planning a larger social life (his social contacts have always been very liberal), and by acquiring at last what he never had before, a country house of his own on the edge of Windsor Park, not far from the historic castle which is one of the four Royal seats.

HE went about the job of improving his golf so thoroughly that it changed the whole aspect of his life and habits and affected those of his set a good deal. He rented a house on the edge of Sunningdale, the famous Berkshire course, within easy motoring distance of London, and finally bought Fort Belvedere, the country house aforesaid, within easy reach of Sunningdale and half a dozen other golf courses.

His clothes have undergone a change—not his formal attire, but his sports clothes. It may interest sartorially minded males to know that he likes large-patterned and vivid checks in the country, and that he wears red, blue or pink cashmere shirts on the golf links—a new fashion among the young sporting set—but varies his lounge suits only in colour. He sticks to double-breasted jackets and never wears any jewellery, uses plain cuff links, and has a plain flat gold watch secured round his wrist by a plain leather strap. He would as soon wear brown boots with a top hat as spats with any sort of garb.

But if he remains conservative about cut and accessories, he goes his own way in colour. Indeed, until the Prince of Wales took all the young men of his set with him, in the matter of country clothes, including Prince George (who would never have gone as far if his elder brother had not set the lead), American golfers had been the most colourful pieces of scenery on the British golf courses.

But there is nothing dainty about his taste. He is strong in colour, conservative as to cut and line. The country coats may be in violent checks or of a bright canary hue, but they have all the room he needs across the shoulders for the full arm swing he has to have, and big pockets for pipes, tobacco and other incidentals. (*Continued on page 120*)



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He was in his usual ringside seat at a fight at the Albert Hall one night when the crowd upstairs was yelling because the black shield of a huge bank of film lights obscured its clear view of the ring, and things were going wrong with the boxing. The Prince did not like it and took hold of the situation on his own account. He asked his host, Harry Preston, to send for the manager, and when he came asked him if he couldn't pull the light bank higher. "Those fellows up there have paid for their seats like the rest of us down here," he said. "I can't stay here if you can't do something about opening a view for them."

The view was opened. Then, as things still sounded troublesome and the announcer couldn't get a hearing, the Prince climbed into the ring, and silence fell. He made a brief speech. In half a minute he had the sympathy of the crowd. In two minutes he had its heart. ("Good old Prince!") In a roar of cheering he ducked under the ropes and regained his seat. The rest of the evening was—except for proceedings in the ring—as quiet as a mothers' meeting.

AGAIN, he went down to a south coast town in the autumn to open a hospital wing and inspect a boys' club. It was sunny in town, but down by the sea a rainstorm had blown up, and dense crowds who were waiting to see the Prince drive by were getting very wet but sticking it. The Prince, who had not brought a greatcoat or umbrella, was astonished when he got out on the platform and saw the throngs in the downpour. The hood of his car was up, the windows closed—the crowds wouldn't get much of a view for their wait.

He asked the police captain to find him a raincoat quickly. The only one handy was an old stained trench coat. The Prince put it on and ordered the car to be opened. And in the open car, in the old stained coat—which did not keep all the rain out anyway—he drove through the pelting rain waving acknowledgments to the cheers.

A little thing—but in statecraft, as in life, it is just these things that make an indelible impression and count.

There was a little thing that worked out the other way during his first South American tour. Since there has been a change of presidents, I can tell the story without causing anyone trouble.

South America, rich and capable of vast development, a great market with enormous potentialities, means a lot to Britain, and the main purpose of these royal ambassadorial visits is to oil the wheels of British trade and gear goodwill to the industrial machine. The Prince is sufficiently alive to the importance of the Latin American lands in the British scheme of things to have taken the trouble to learn enough Spanish to manage a neat speech in that language, and he has behind him his diplomat-secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas, tenth of a line of Welsh baronets, who speaks Spanish like his mother-tongue.

Well, in the first visit of England's royal trade ambassador one of the items on the early Argentina programme was a visit to a boys' school in the capital. The boys were duly paraded and waited two hours. No Prince. Naturally, a storm burst. The newspapers said hard things, and back in England stern things were said in print about "bad staff work" in the Prince's entourage. The *Times* had a leader about it.

But the truth of the matter was this. As the Prince and the President sat late at a public banquet at the end of a heavy day of state visits, they agreed that a cut would have to be made in the programme for next day. "What shall it be?" asked the Prince. "I must leave it to you." The President said the school item was the least important and could go. He would see to it.

But he slept late and did not see to it, and when the storm burst he let it thunder over the Prince and his staff rather than invite it to come his way. For of such stuff are politicians made. The Prince and his people had to stand the racket. *Noblesse oblige*, and so on. They couldn't say that it was their host, the President, who had bungled.

Books

(*Continued from page 49*)

is English. It has a firmer foundation: admiration for an imagination of astonishing power and originality. Joseph Gregor, the author, was born in Czernowitz, on the Roumanian and Polish frontier, forty-two years ago. He studied music at Vienna University, and the theatre under Reinhardt in Vienna, Munich and Berlin. After the war, he was employed by the National Library in Vienna, and he founded there the important collection on dramatic art. For the last seven years he has lived in Berlin. These facts shed light on his work, which is notable for a mad, Piranese-like theatricalism, and also for that touch of megalomania which distinguishes and, I think, mars some of the latest German writers. But if Gregor has been influenced by his extra-literary career, he remains for the most part a strongly original personality. I said I took pleasure in his work, and so I do—the pleasure given by mastery. In another sense, his work is not pleasurable, but menacing, terrifying, horrible. He erects crazy structures on the quivering and slimy foundations of disease and insanity and perversity. The three stories in *The Sisters of Prague* are full of a mingled beauty and horror. They make you shudder, and you return to your familiar world with staring eyes, wondering whether it is as familiar as it seems. They have a haunting quality, more intense than I have found in any contemporary fiction.

I IMAGINE that Mr. Archibald Marshall is best known nowadays as a humorist. Everyone has read and enjoyed his *Simple Stories*, whereas not everyone has read his more serious novels, or perhaps even knows of their existence. Mr. Marshall himself seems to prefer to keep his two selves separate, and just as the fly-leaves of *Simple Stories* contained no evidence that the author was already a well-known man of letters, so the jacket of *Two Families* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) contains a list "by the same author" from which *Simple Stories* is missing. It must be admitted, I think, that Mr. Marshall is strong enough to stand on either foot. His new novel, like so much of his work in the past, is sound, well-balanced, level-headed, quiet, and entirely admirable, and it will be read with deep satisfaction by that select and faithful public which swears by Mr. Marshall and is prepared to back him against almost any of his contemporaries in the race where the immortal garland is to be run for. If, amongst rival traditions, that of Jane Austen holds its place, Mr. Marshall will be read by posterity.

Like Mr. Marshall, Mr Edward Thompson is a writer with a public which, if small, is yet faithful and enthusiastic. His new novel is called *A Farewell to India* (Benn, 7s. 6d.), but it may reasonably be doubted whether the title has any further significance outside the book which it labels. When a man has written a dozen books about one particular country and civilisation, he can never be quite free again in his choice of subject. Nor is it desirable that he should be. Mr. Thompson is an uneven writer who, in spite of all the volumes bearing his name, has still much of the gifted amateur about him.

Delusions

(*Continued from page* 25)

liberties of individuals. The relation of morals and dress, sport and modesty, cosmetics and virtue has ever been one of man's greatest delusions about woman. The curtailment of Sunday public service, and such absurdities as in England charging extra for telegraph service on Sunday when we have more than 2,000,000 unemployed, are blameworthy conservatism, to put it mildly. Sunday relief staffs from the ranks of the unemployed, for certain services required by citizen and visitor alike, would help to circulate money, and cheaper, not dearer, Sunday telegrams would popularise the telegraph on the slackest day of the week. Many suffer under the delusion that "the Government" is some kind of inevitable, impersonal institution, and lose sight of the fact that it is but an assembly of men-off-the-street, as liable to prejudice and inertia as your own unprogressive next-door neighbour. It is a delusion that exaggerated conservatism spells stability. More often it is fear of moving to disclose a rotted core.

If we harbour illusions about historic personalities, despite the efforts of modern psycho-analysts to strip their disembodied souls, it assures a legacy of inspiration for the youth of each generation. But in the case of living personalities, while American tabloids and a certain section of the Continental Press destroy with joy, in England we raise them to a Fleet Street Olympus or indelicately dissect to discover the wheels within wheels of genius or merely the lucky. It is rather a pity. Before the day of the penny newspaper and picture dailies, notoriety or glory was aureoled with glamour. Now it is brought close enough for all to tarnish the tinfoil, or glibly proclaim gold—gilt. The delusion of an age lies in false perspective, and these swiftly moving times, in the absence of a tested measure for social and intellectual experiment and innovation.

THAT is why, too, we invent all manner of delusions about "modern youth"—as if the youth of every age had not been as "modern" as the first flower of every spring. The two Christmas-time incidents both brought to the Law Courts, one in London, one in Paris, in each case involving a child disillusioned about Santa Claus by his schoolmaster, sued in consequence by the furious parent, illustrate the accepted sacredness of youth's illusions. But should we delude them—and ourselves too—about the visionary superiority of the "good old days," when they were nothing of the sort? Bad old days more likely—insanitary, intolerant, hypocritical. It is not fair deliberately to delude the young with inverted snobbery that "money doesn't matter," when economic independence, or a nest-egg, no matter how modest, should be pointed out as a freedom and dignity worth striving after.

The biggest delusion that any adult ever launched is that "childhood's days are the happiest." The fact that I was loved and indulged does not change my view that all children are to be pitied for their dependence, their distorted sense of proportion, the agony of inarticulate speculation, and natural rebellion against discipline and restraint.

THE Buddhistic "Life is an Illusion," or sentiments to that effect, just about covers the field of human delusion. We claim to believe that every human being has a soul. "Twenty souls all told" is erroneously synonymous with twenty human beings, three, five, or even ten of whom may be no more than animated bodies in which the soul has died from inanition or been killed outright. The illusion of life and delusion of death as a finale remain the two greatest human weaknesses against which Christ and the Philosophers fought to overcome in their respective days. We still attach too much importance to Life as such, too little to preparation for

(*Continued on page* 122)

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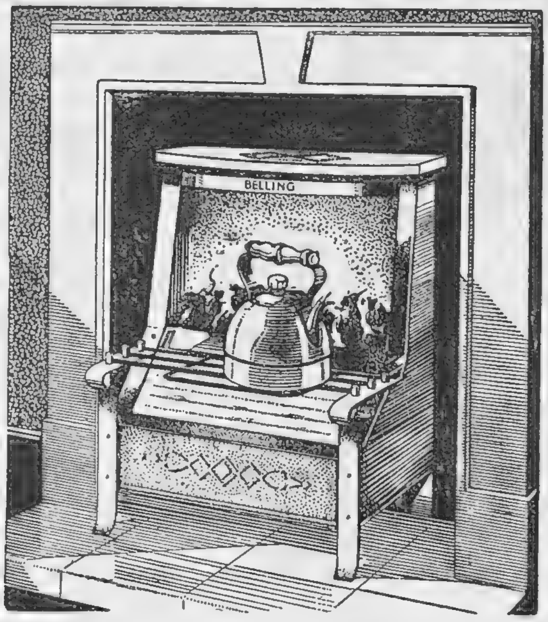

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Death as a Rebirth. Most of all do we delude ourselves that we are indispensable in our worldly niche. Reluctant to relax, fearful of "falling out," overworked men and women drive themselves to nervous breakdown, uselessness, or death. The irrevocable tide of routine closes over their fallen heads. Their place in the world is soon filled, even if loving hearts yearn cravingly. No better examples of the delusion exist than in the cases of statesmen and world figures, whose disappearance, mourned as national catastrophe, becomes "history" in a few months. We imperil personal achievement under the self-conscious delusion that "people"—that vague cloud of human witnesses existing only in our fatuous imaginations—will see, hear, think, or believe something or other equally futile.

A MORALLY dangerous delusion is that "self-expression" is a more advanced culture than decent self-restraint. There is no freedom save self-mastery. "This freedom," of which we boast and realise so little, is the privacy of our own emotions; it is a sane perspective, detachment, objectiveness; it is the steely might of cool self-control; it is the privilege of calling our souls our own, legacy of martyred saints and philosophers. "New" countries such as the United States delude themselves as to the relative bearings of civilisation and culture, when the first is but the material expression of an epoch and the latter the essence of a spiritual cycle.

Where is there greater delusion than the cynicism that "love" itself is a delusion? And where is there greater reality in the world than Love, since "God is Love"? Our inability to sense the mystery of that harmony which is Truth, and the Truth which is Love infinite, deludes us into believing that the Will-o'-the-Wisp of passion and desire, the provocation of propinquity, the relaxation of familiarity, is Love, the mystery which makes gods of men, and of the Son of God a Man.

END

Parisiana

(Continued from page 77)

demanded a boiled shirt and a white waistcoat, plus an order for champagne at thirty shillings the bottle (even over here, fifty miles from Reims!), is now gently suggesting that if you get in late and don't feel like dressing, you can come along and enjoy yourself without changing. Moreover, that if you want a brandy and soda you shan't be pestered to order champagne instead.

WINTER sports are liable to continue for a long time into the summer, now that Paris has her own ski-track. It is very well arranged, with painted scenery representing mountains and snow and all that, and photographs of it are ridiculously like Switzerland or Tyrol, only for the electric lamps apparently hung out from Heaven by interested angels. Nice little groups of artificial pine-trees appear on the opposite slopes.

And it is nice and warm.

What could be nicer? The only thing forgotten is a beauty-parlour where one can go and be sun-burned at so much the time. Discreetly, of course. The actual complexion brought back by the ski-ers who have ski-ed at least a night-journey away from Paris frightens them dreadfully when they first see themselves in a Paris looking-glass. They take a taxi and buy creams and things. Because it is so awkward to come back with a face like Hampton Court (the Tudor part, where the red brick is really mellow), and to go to the dressmaker's to buy frocks for the pale and delicate young spring ("Lily-leaf-green, Moddom, would suit you perfectly"). The ski-track is where Magic-City used to be, and is called "La Montagne à Paris." It is much less deleterious to the complexion than the real thing, and then one can be at the Superba half an hour after. Fine! What?

END

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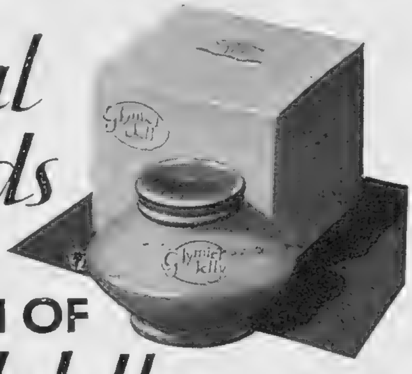

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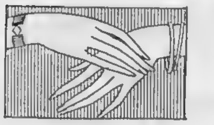

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When your baby comes into the world you will want to have everything just perfect. Your own needs, and the hundred and one little things for baby, should therefore be chosen from Treasure Cot, who are specialists in the needs of expectant mothers, babies and children. Send for their Catalogue A—you will find it a wonderfully helpful list of everything necessary for this important occasion.

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(Nearly opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's.)
Flynn's

Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

(Continued from page 53)

His own soldiers heaped up the faggots, goaded on by Spanish lances, and his own soldiers scattered his ashes to the four winds.

THE story of the conquest of Peru is one long record of slaughter and treachery. The first successes of the expedition were recognised in Spain by the despatch of a large armament. It seemed as if nothing could check the success of Spanish arms but the Spaniards themselves.

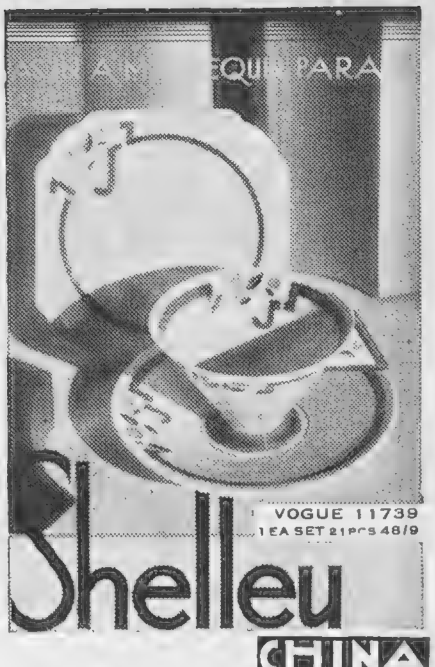
Human cupidity is responsible for nearly all the evils of men's rule. It played its sorry part in the later life of Francisco Pizarro. The sudden accretion of wealth and the intoxication of power had completely turned the minds of the Spanish leaders, and when there were no more Peruvians to fight they began to fight themselves. Pizarro and his followers disputed the boundaries of their possessions with Almagro. The conquerors were divided in two camps, and after Almagro had been captured and assassinated, his followers adopted his half-caste son as their leader. Pizarro's high-handed attitude did not meet with approval at the Spanish Court, and a commissioner, Vaca de Castro, was sent to Peru to investigate matters on behalf of the Emperor Charles V.

But in the interim events moved with terrifying swiftness. With the unswerving hatred of insulted Spaniards, the followers of the dead Almagro moved against Francisco Pizarro. The Conqueror of Peru had grown old and obstinate, and laughed at the threats of his enemies. He derided their poverty by appearing on horseback before them in a dress of tawdry magnificence. He taunted them with the sneer that the promise of the Emperor to send a commissioner to investigate the affairs of Peru would never be fulfilled.

The followers of Almagro could not brook the taunts of the arrogant Pizarro any longer. They determined to act for themselves. They plotted to assemble in the young Almagro's house, and at a signal from a white flag were to descend on Pizarro as he returned from mass in the cathedral. Alas, for their plans, Pizarro did not go to church on the appointed day. Fearing they had been betrayed, the conspirators were seized with the terrors that beset murderers and cowards. They rushed to the governor's house in a panic, determined to die in fulfilling their purpose. Pizarro was sitting at his midday meal as the conspirators rushed the courtyard. Unfortunately, the door to his apartments was left ajar, and its guardian was slain before the companions of Pizarro could prepare effective resistance. The rebels advanced mercilessly towards the room where the aged Pizarro was trying to fasten on his steel cuirass. The noise of clashing swords and groans of men echoed sickeningly near, and the conqueror of Peru threw away the obstinate cuirass in disgust. Facing his enemies, he struck two down, and turned on the remainder with an oath. For a moment the assailants quavered before the redoubtable Pizarro. Then the governor's two pages were slain, and the rebels rushed forward again. Pizarro was overwhelmed, and fell under a dozen thrusts. His last word was "Jesu," and with a faltering hand he made a sign of the cross in his own blood.

He had never married, although by one of the daughters of the Incas he had two children. They were not permitted to inherit the hero's titles and pensions. But long afterwards, with Spanish love of tradition, a distant relative, who bore the name of Don Juan Hernando Pizarro, was created Marques de la Conquista (Marquess of the Conquest), in recognition of his kinsman's great achievements, and was also allotted a very liberal pension by a grateful government.

END



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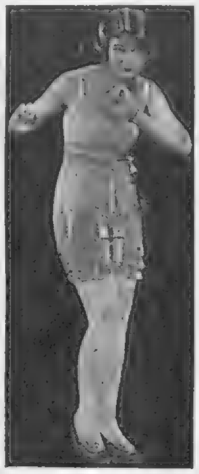

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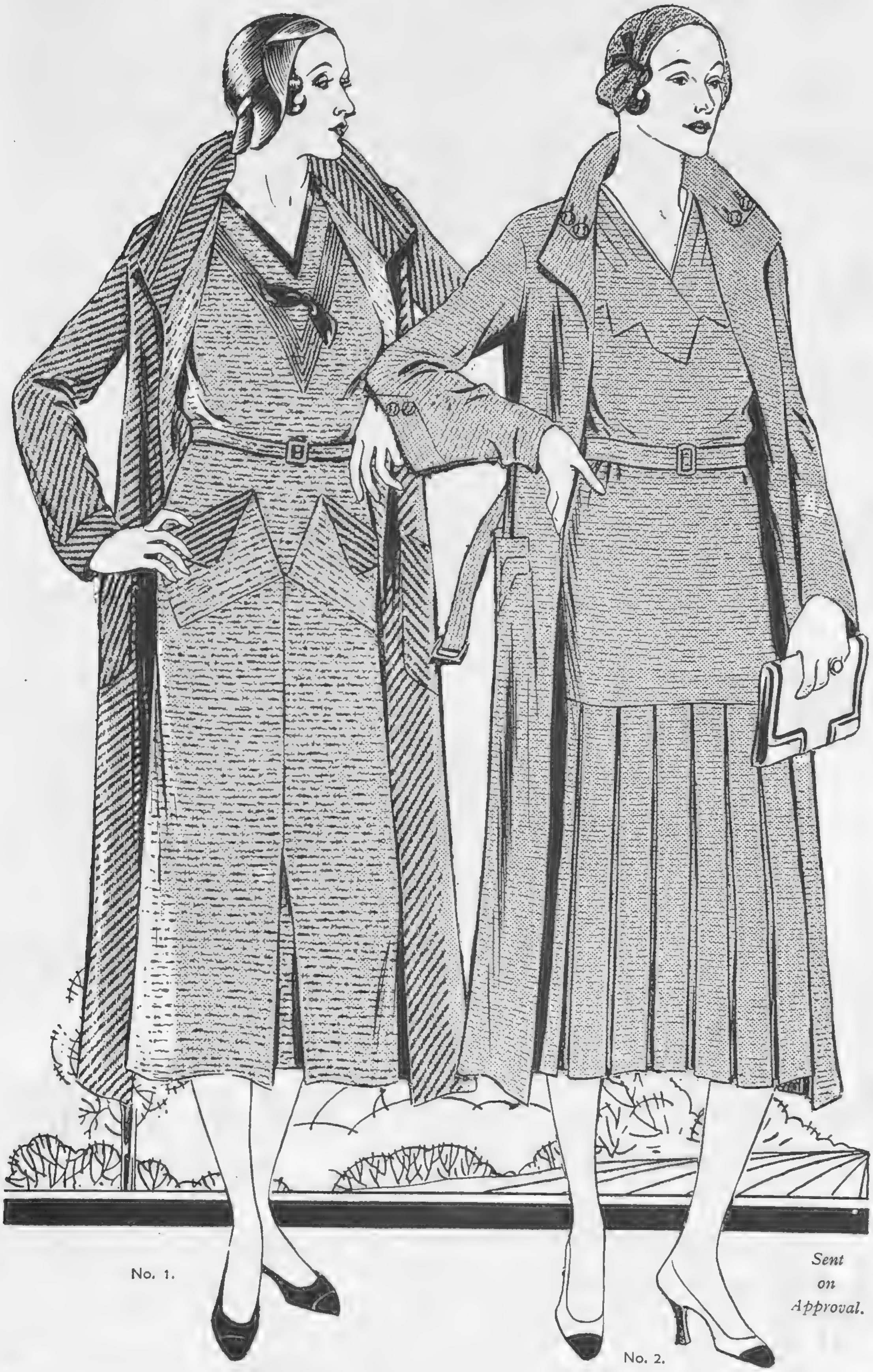

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS

SMART TAILORED TWO-PIECE SUIT, (as illustration No. 1) the coat made from tweed with a lighter weight tweed lining. The dress is made in the same tweed as the lining, with strappings to correspond with the coat. In blue, rose, beige, green, brown, or black and white. In three sizes. Price 12½ GUINEAS

In outsize, one guinea extra.

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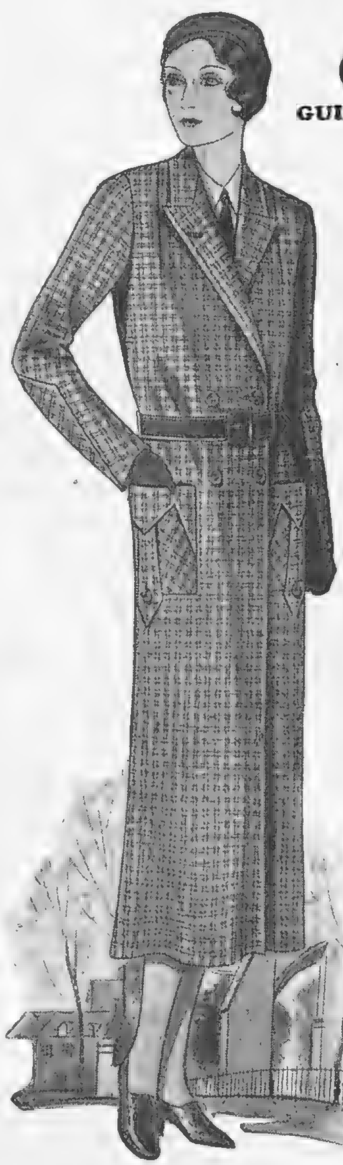
6
GUINEAS



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This model can be tailored to measure
Patterns and prices on request.

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The Seven Deadly Sins of To-day

(*Continued from page* 59)

from the men. Yet think—is a life that consists of catching the same train to the City each mortal dreary day with the same group of men, sitting in a dreary office, again with the same men, lunching with them and travelling back with them again at night, intrinsically any more interesting than the monotonous home-life about which bored housewives are so eloquent in the Press? A woman can generally squeeze in an occasional cinema, a shop-gaze, tea with a friend at times—your business men has to clock in and clock out like an automaton every day . . . Woman, you lament the lost dreams of your youth, but don't you think that your tired husband, trotting back and forth to his daily task, does not likewise sigh as he remembers certain glamorous dreams of *his* youth, now never to be realised, abandoned for your sake and "the kids"?

THEN we have another outstanding modern sin—laziness, or "trying-to-get-something-for-nothing"! This particular vice has spread from end to end of the social scale of to-day, and is now positively rampant—and until it can be stamped out and the cure of the old slogan, "Without work thou shalt not eat," applied, the country and the nation will remain sick and queasy. From the system of "gate-crashing," which is merely a cheap and beastly way of trying to get some fun for which you have not paid in either money or work, down to the dole, by which a set of imbecile statesmen are teaching people how to get money for doing nothing at all, we are all trying to wangle as much as we can out of life without paying for it, which is, I swear, a mean and cowardly and contemptible sin! Yet people's point of view does indeed vary in a singular way . . . The other day I was lunching with a woman friend, and a very well-known woman, attended by one of her many admirers, came into the restaurant. I commented on a marvellous new piece of jewellery that she was wearing, and my friend remarked that that was the gentleman-in-attendance's latest present . . . and hastily added, as if in extenuation, "Of course, it's all *right!* She gets any amount of presents out of them, but still she's quite *straight*—she's perfectly faithful to her husband . . ." She was quite scandalised when I retorted that I thought the lady in question anything but straight, since she was accepting things and then refusing to pay for them—and doubtless patting herself upon the back, as my silly friend was doing, for having preserved her twopenny chastity-of-body!

LAZINESS, or getting-something-for-nothing . . . We would rather do anything than face a real solid day's work, most of us—again, women are the worst offenders in this respect. I get countless requests from women—generally total strangers!—to find them a part-time job, well paid and not too arduous . . . I invariably reply, which does not make me popular, that as far as I know there are no part-time jobs worth a damn, that the writer had better get trained at something, if it's only keeping white mice, before she comes job-hunting.

The plain fact is that the post-war spending mania, like the post-war dance mania, has worn itself out as the cash has run out, and we are finding times uncomfortably lean, yet are still unwilling to accept the bald fact that the "wangling" once pardonable has become a habit, and a habit that must be abandoned—that, in fine, the world has got to get back on to a normal basis, which is a fair day's wage for a full day's work, whether the worker runs a city company, bangs a typewriter or drives a plough.

(*Continued on page* 128)

PETER—
with one exception

With one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A.B.C." and "Twice Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because—bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halfs. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress. Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters" throughout the British Isles for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

Will you help with a donation or annual subscription? Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received.

Here's a suggestion. Your eyesight is worth 3d. a year to you. Send Peter and his handicapped pals 3d. for every year you've had it. Now, please, in case it slips your memory: Good idea?

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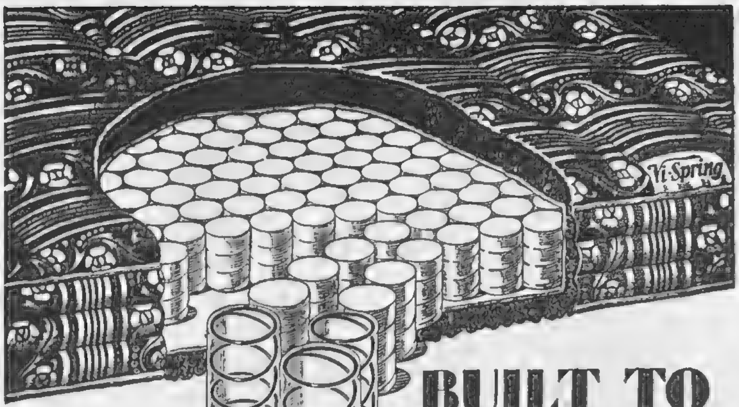

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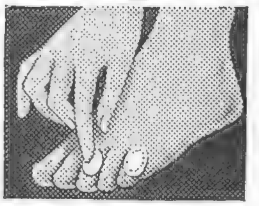
CORNS



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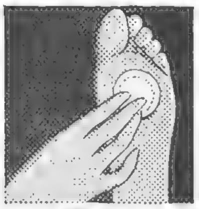

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Then another outstanding sin of to-day, I consider, is one that is most rampant, unfortunately, among the *intelligentsia!* Now I am a great admirer of Mr. Osbert Sitwell, and doubtless it is intolerably presumptuous of me to direct my minor ray of criticism upon one of "The Sitwells," where they swim in brilliance surrounded by phalanxes of adoring satellites—but I accuse Mr. Sitwell of allowing himself too frequently to descend to a very small and nasty sin—cheap cynicism! I am minded to be sorry for Mr. Sitwell at times, since the height of superiority upon which he sits must be singularly cold and lonesome—and I am likewise sorry that he, with his great intelligence, finds it necessary to use that intelligence always for destructive, not constructive, purposes! It is so easy, possessed of a brilliant brain and a crushing tongue, to sneer at, to crush and flatten out lesser people! It is so much more difficult to help. Cynicism is stultifying to effort, and brilliant people have a great responsibility—the opinions, the mental attitude of a "leading" man will be copied eagerly and slavishly by hundreds of smaller men, and to-day, when the world wants the tonic of kindness, tolerance and good cheer as a sick man needs medicine, there are thousands of imitation Sitwells, Huxleys and Lawrences strutting about posing and pouring contempt upon everything, especially the innate niceness and decency of mankind!

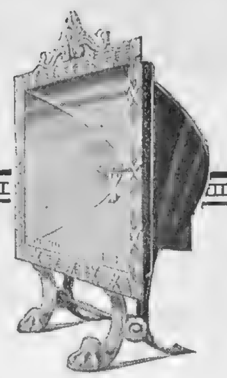
The Lord knows, I am a cynic about many things, but there is a pose abroad to be cynical about everything, and that is to me so incredibly mean and beastly. Why, for the satisfaction of your own nasty conceit and jealousy—for that is all it is—try to turn the very wine of life sour in a fellow being's mouth by pausing at his side and dropping the poisoned hint of contempt in the cup? . . . "because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

SEVENTH, and lastly, "restlessness," or lack of concentration! It strikes me very forcibly, these days, the entire collapse of what used to be called "home-life." The Lord forbid that I should advocate an immediate return to the stuffy Edwardian family evenings, when Mother knitted and Father read the paper, while "the youngsters" yawned—but I do marvel at the number of people these days who simply cannot bear their own company, or that of their nearest and dearest, for more than half an hour at a time. "Homes" have dwindled in size, certainly, but even thus they are rapidly becoming mere sleeping quarters . . . people have lost the capacity for amusing themselves; they must *be* perpetually amused instead. This is not peculiar to London; the fever for mechanised pleasure has spread even to the provinces, where the cinema craze, "the dogs" and kindred amusements attract more and more money! I adore all kinds of "shows," to be sure, from dancing to circuses, from highbrow drama to a penny peep-show, but I also love an occasional evening at home with a fire, my dogs and a book . . . and to so many people now home seems merely a place to fill with outside people, or to leave as quickly as possible!

"Making whoopee"—in other words, trying to make organised pleasure, canned amusement, ready-made fun, take the place of the happiness that one can or should be able to make for oneself. . . . how many people to-day dare spend a day by themselves, and what future is there for a nation if it loses the power to enjoy the little lovely things of life that still, thank Heaven, dwell on every doorstep?—only nowadays we rush over the doorstep so quickly in our haste to get away that we never see what is waiting there! With all my heart, I at least pray, with Stevenson . . .

> "If beams from happy human eyes
> Have moved me not. If morning skies,
> Books, and my food, and summer rain
> Knock at my sullen heart in vain . . .
> Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
> And stab my spirit broad awake!"

END



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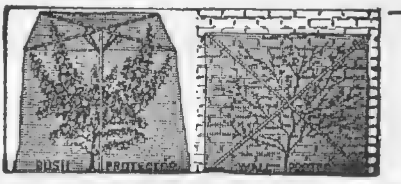

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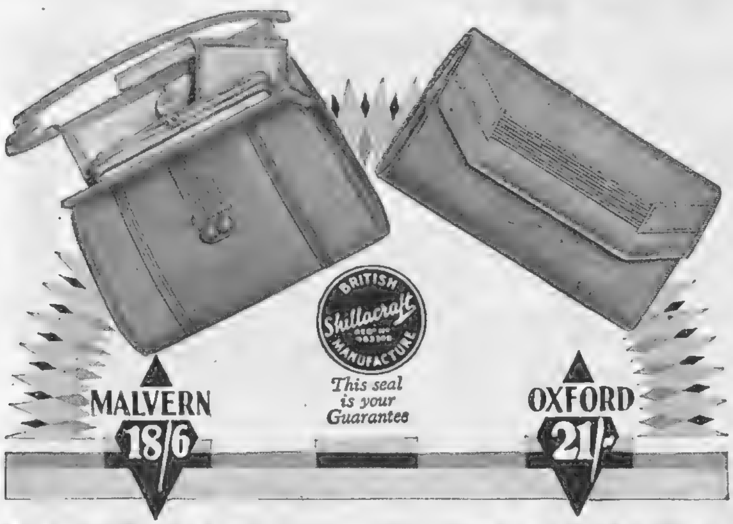

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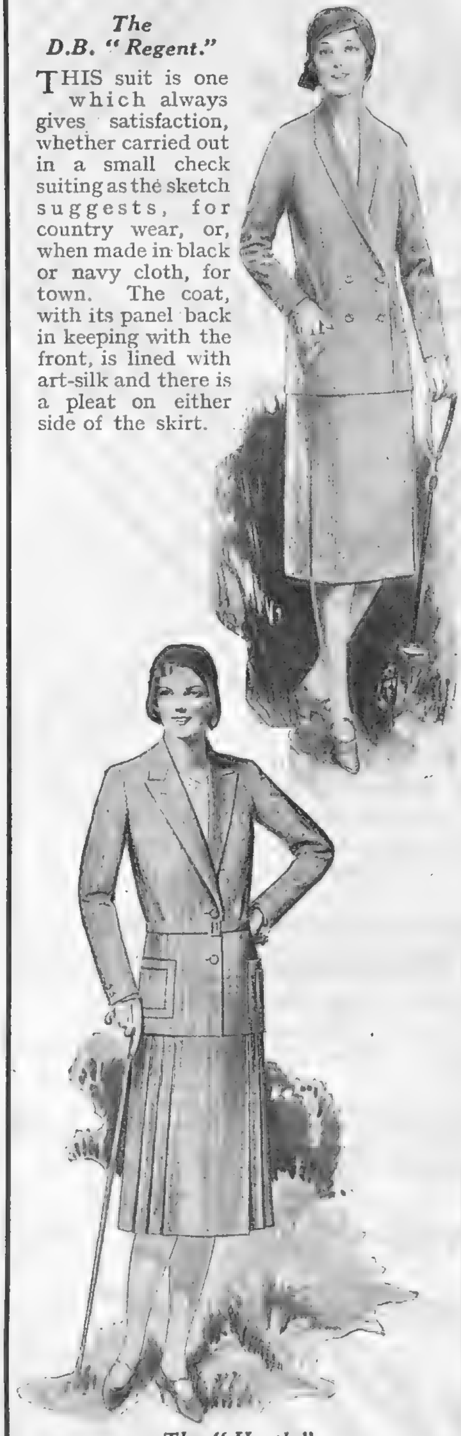

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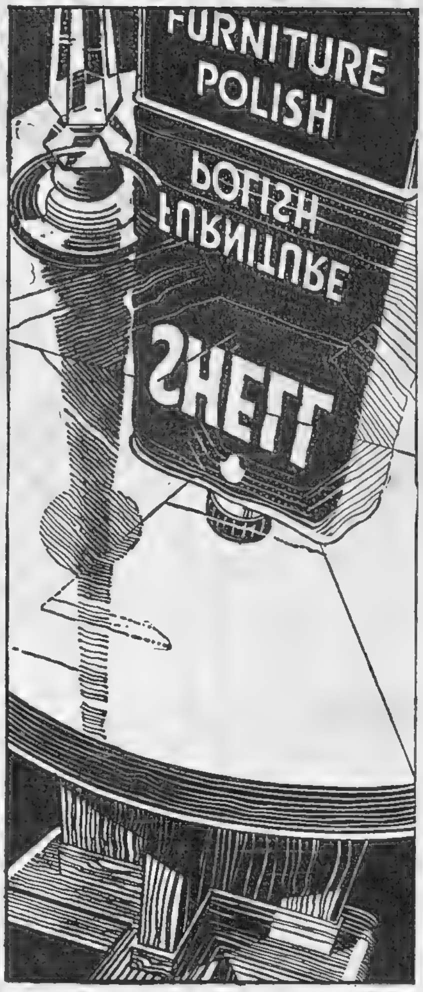

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M.C. 243

He'd been Spoilt

(*Continued from page 41*).

said anything. He added. "How did you know where to find us?"

"Darling, you gave me the address to send on letters."

"But I didn't say we were comin' here ourselves."

Squirrel contented herself by saying, "Ass!"

This was the first time she had spoken like that to Wren. It made him feel drenched to the skin. He thanked goodness his mother was being decent about it all.

In the meanwhile, Evelyn Brice got off her second lie.

"Isn't it funny that when Wren's father and I ran away we came here. Of course, that was ages ago, when divorce was thought rather disreputable."

Wren echoed the word "divorce" with his mouth open. It made it sound more like "Hee-haw!"

"Of course," said Evelyn, "I hope that you two *will* be happy."

"Why? Weren't you?"

But Evelyn wasn't going to carry the lie any further.

SO far Squirrel hadn't had a show. Whenever she got in some ammunition, the target shifted. Eventually she decided on a form of attack.

"Kindly ask your mother to leave my rooms."

It sounded horribly like a cliché, but it couldn't be helped.

Evelyn told Wren not to bother as the hotel people had booked the rooms in her name.

"Of course if I don't use them you are very welcome to stay," she said.

Squirrel popped off a second round.

"Telephone through and ask them to give me another suite."

"There's still some of that nougat we got at Havre," said Wren.

"*Rooms*—you idiot—*rooms.*"

Things looked like breezing up for a row. It was only Evelyn's incorrigible good temper that staved it off.

"Why you talk like an old married couple."

Which silenced Squirrel's batteries for the moment and provided Wren with the impulse to say:

"Squirrel may be a bit older than I am, but we love one another."

"That's just what I wanted to hear," said Evelyn. "I *am* glad. Of course, later on, a difference in age makes for difficulty, but there's no reason why you shouldn't have four or five quite jolly years together."

Heralded by a discreet knock a waiter entered with a tray containing tea—two cocktails and a wedding cake. When the waiter had gone, Evelyn pointed at the cake and said it was her idea.

"I thought it would give an air of respectability."

Squirrel required Wren to open the window and throw it out, but he demurred. As a matter of fact, he was feeling pretty peckish. The fool had forgotten the chicken and nobody seemed to be treating him as if he was of the smallest account.

Perhaps a cocktail would brighten things up, but Squirrel had snooped the one on his side of the tray, and when he stretched out a hand for the other Evelyn put a cup of tea in it.

Best thing to do was to have a slice of cake and sit tight. But the silence which had fallen upon them was so awful that you could hear the tea trickling past the swallowing valves and nobody could tell him that that was a good sign.

Over the rim of his cup, greatly daring, Wren took a crack at Squirrel and was greatly shocked to observe that she was waiting for him.

"Yes, exactly," she said. "I'm waiting to hear from you."

(*Continued on page 132*)

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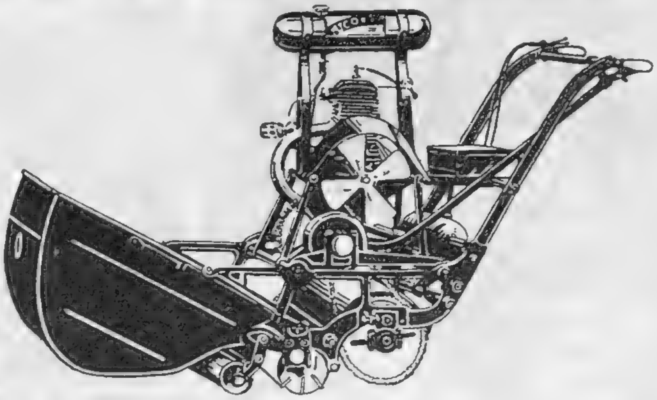

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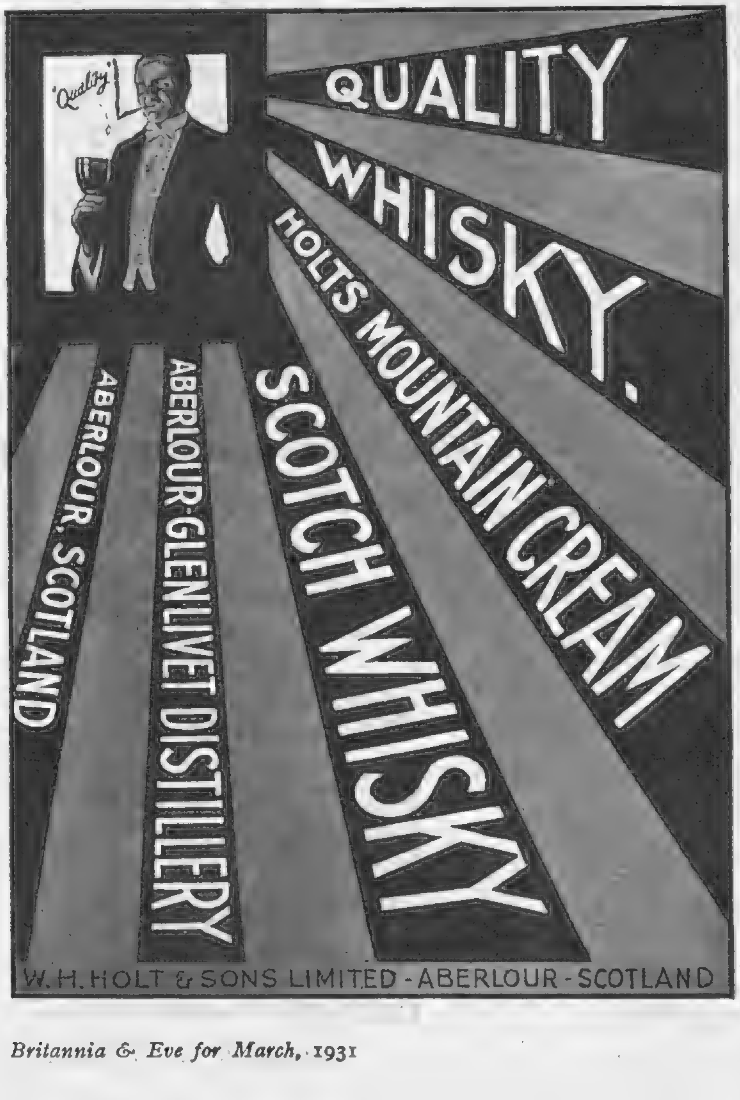
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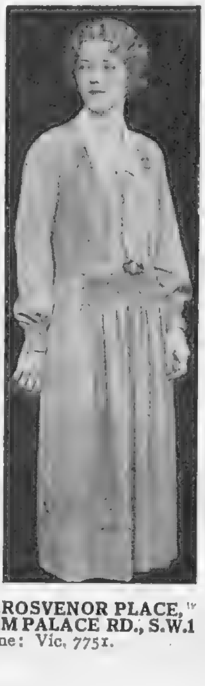

"Wren, darling," said his mother, "I do think it's rather horrid of you to sit there stuffing cake and not to help poor Squirrel at all. You can't expect her to have much faith in you if you behave like that."

"I am quite capable of telling that poor ape what I think of him," said Squirrel sharply.

Now Sarah had called him some pretty hard things, but never a "poor ape."

"I only thought I might be able to do it more gently," said Evelyn, "but as I see you're so well equipped, I won't keep my pilot waiting any longer." And rising she brushed the crumbs from her lap and began to collect her belongings.

It did not suit Squirrel at all that she should glide away without a reckoning. Wren would worry himself sick if she went without leaving them a blessing. Go she should, but not until such a time as she had been ground beneath the heel.

Squirrel Drayton nosed in a lungfull and sent it back across the vocal chords.

As the burden of her speech was the great love she and Wren bore for one another, it was a pity she looked so cross.

Squirrel finished with a fine piece of rhetoric.

"Nobody—nobody shall come between us. I mean to spend the rest of my life making Wren happy."

"Damn good," said Wren.

"Shut up," said Squirrel.

And then it was not so much Evelyn Brice as Wren's mother who began to talk. She said, simply, that any woman could make a man happy if she loved him, but a woman couldn't make a man make her love him, and if a woman wasn't made to love a man she wouldn't be able to make him happy.

It sounded rather like a tangle in a wet fishing line, but the sense was there.

"What worries me is whether Wren *has* those qualities that *will* make you love him. And to be quite honest, Squirrel, I—don't—believe—he—has."

Rather dizzily Squirrel said,

"I'm perfectly satisfied."

But Evelyn shook her head.

"D'you know," she said, "what I believe? I believe, Squirrel, that you are the sort of Squirrel that never will be satisfied—the sort that hops from branch to branch and leaves the empty shells behind."

"I wouldn't be such a fool as to take them with me," said Squirrel.

"Ah," said Evelyn, "but suppose in this case you'd picked up an empty shell to start with."

"I never supposed he was a genius."

"Not empty mentally—but materially," said Evelyn, and got off her third and last and worst lie.

When she had finished, Squirrel Drayton had all the appearance of having been filleted.

"Do you mean to say," gasped Wren, "that even the money I've got in my pocket——"

"Yes, darling, it's all mine. You're having this little jaunt on me."

"Kir-rismas morning," said Wren.

From Squirrel, whose spinal column had re-articulated itself, was discharged the question—

"What sort of lies have you been telling me?"

It was Evelyn who answered.

"Not one. It's hateful depending on other people for one's money. I simply didn't let him know."

And suddenly there was born in Wren the seeds of manhood. It is true that his speech was in some measure encumbered by cake crumbs, but that couldn't be helped.

"Never mind, Squirrel," he said fluffily. "I'll work."

But Squirrel was not impressed. She faced Evelyn in defiance.

"And now, of course, you'll cut off supplies at source."

The answer came straight from the honeycomb.

"But why accuse me of anything so unnatural. I shall provide for both of you."

"And I shall have to come to you for every penny, I need?"

(*Continued on page* 134)

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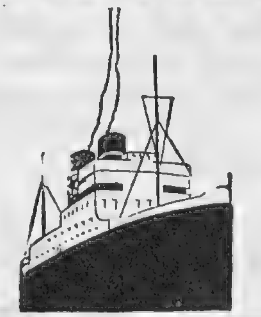

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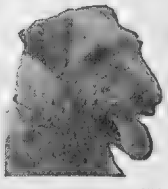

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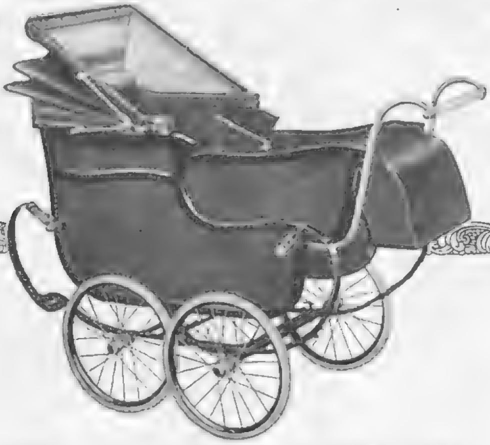

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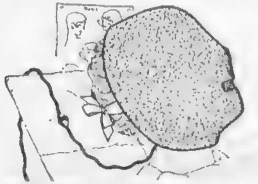

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"In a sense. Unless, of course, Wren *did* do some work, which would make you independent."

"What sort of work do you suppose *that* could do?" And the whole of Wren's commercial uselessness was pierced by a quivering index finger.

THERE is precious little difference between the mothers of the jungle and of civilisation where the protection of their young is concerned.

"Isn't it up to you to make *that* into something," said Evelyn Brice, and for the moment all her claws were out. "Even a man who has made a false start can finish well with the right sort of help."

"Help," echoed Squirrel. "He'll get no help from me. Oh, oh, I don't believe any woman in the world has ever been so rottenly swindled."

One might have thought that an observation so devoid of proper sentiment would have inspired the strongest denunciation. But it didn't. Instead, there appeared upon Evelyn Brice's face a rainbow of smiles. Picking up the telephone, she said:

"Will you please tell my pilot that another lady will be returning with him to England—in about five minutes."

"Fool," said Squirrel, through tears. "Traff is coming home to-night."

"Was, but isn't, my dear. He was offered the alternative between his own fireside and another day's shooting. Naturally he chose the partridges."

"He's a selfish pig and I'll tell him so."

"The sooner the better," said Evelyn, and lent her the green suède coat with the sable lining.

Squirrel Drayton refused to speak one word at parting. She wouldn't even allow Wren to accompany her to the airplane. She just looked at them both with loathing and contempt. Then she wrapped up the wedding cake in a napkin, put it under her arm and marched out.

"Ciaou!" said Wren, and went and hid himself in a corner and waited for what was coming. But it was not Evelyn Brice's way to say when the stumps were flat, "Look, your wicket's down."

All she said was, "Poor little Squirrel. I, for one, don't blame her."

Wren was silent for a moment, then—

"Nor do I," he said, and "Fancy me not having a bean."

"That was a lie," said Evelyn.

"Gosh! D'you think I ought to let her know?"

"Would you like her back on those terms?"

Wren thought he wouldn't, but he couldn't quite see the point in having pitched that yarn.

"That was a bit of a shock about you and father. Running off, I mean. The divorce and all that pancake."

"There was no divorce."

"Then what?"

"Just a honeymoon."

"Then what was the point?" Evelyn shrugged her shoulders. "Something to say."

"I believe the fact is," said Wren, "you were so upset by the whole business you didn't really know what you *were* saying."

Evelyn agreed that it might be so. Women were very odd—unbalanced.

"That's it. Say one thing and mean another. Dashed if I understand 'em."

The throb of an airplane engine smote the air. It yowled overhead and mewed out to sea. Wren sighed.

"I didn't come out of it too well, did I?"

"Not too well—but, oh! how luckily."

A silence, then—

"Sarah's a good sort, Mum."

"Sarah's a very good sort," the echo amplified.

"Work's not a bad thing."

"A very good thing."

Another silence, and then—

"Oh gosh, Mum, what a swine I've been."

"Horrible," said Evelyn Brice, "but it's all over now."

And little full stops of water fell from her eyes upon the backs of her hands.

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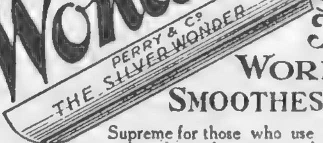

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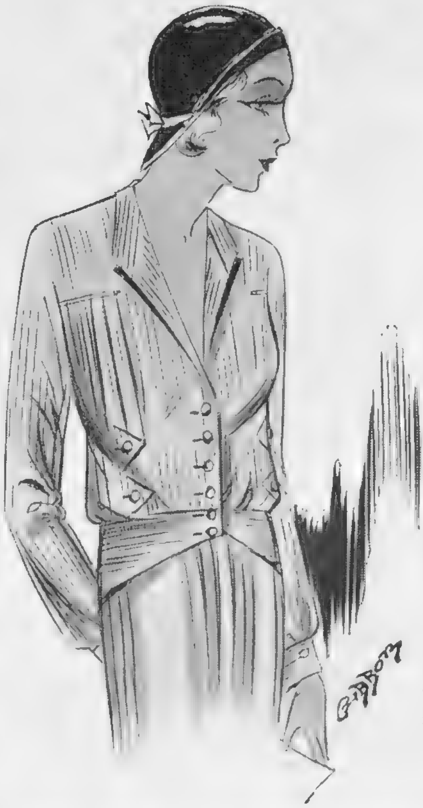

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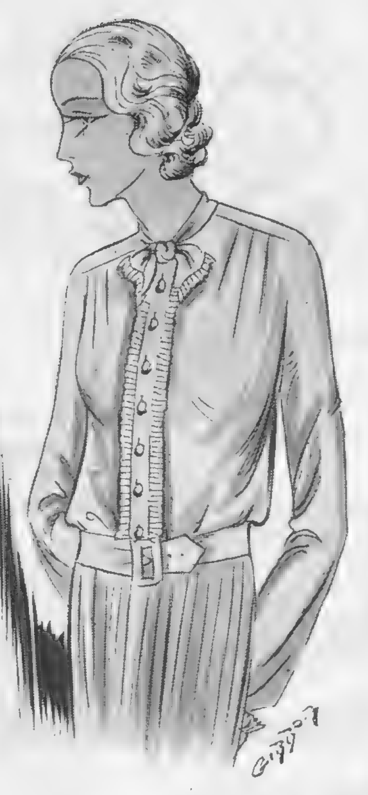

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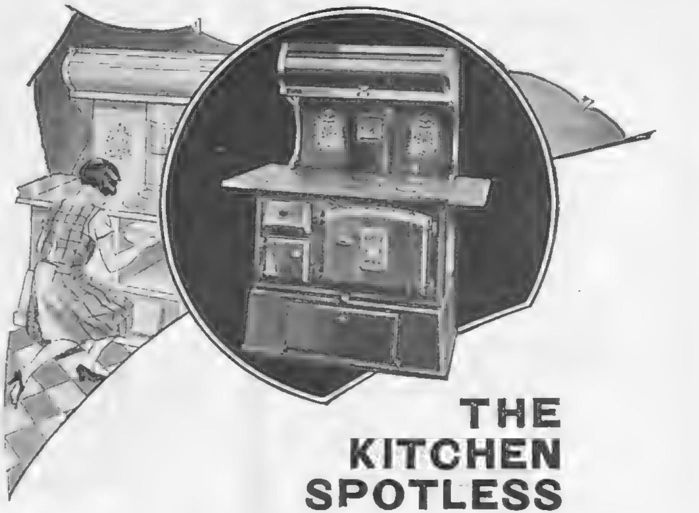

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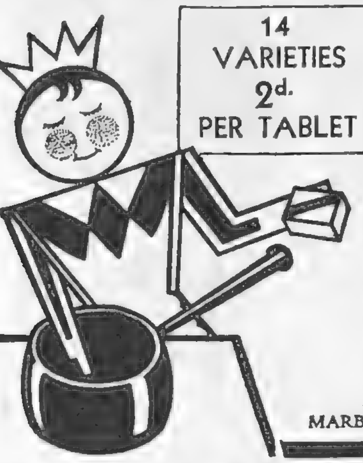

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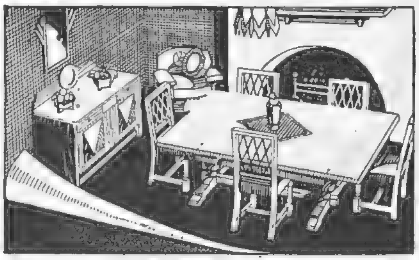

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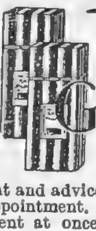

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-Kill the ROOTS* with Gypsia EAU PILOPHAGE

The Spangled Host

(*Continued from page* 44)

—better, perhaps, than the public or the producers realised—has come into her own, but otherwise where are the stars of yesteryear?

We have recently seen Gloria Swanson in her first talkie, "What a Widow!" To her large following Miss Swanson has, for many years, represented all that was exciting and exotic. She has now proved that she can be heard as well as seen. She can even sing. But—"What a Widow!" And what a pity! Why has she and why have her producers missed the opportunity of allowing her to create a rôle in which her experience and poise, her talents and her type, could have been exploited? Instead she, quite unnecessarily and inappropriately, enters the field of the young and skittish. She expresses excitement with little shrieks, she is in constant, agitated movement, she romps and rolls her eyes and uses all the expedients of unequipped flapperdom, and comes very near to encroaching on the technique of artists like Jean Cadell who have made flirtatious middle age farcical and pathetic.

NORMA SHEARER has a similar part in "Let Us Be Gay," inasmuch as she has to convey the impression that she is irresistible to all the men with whom she comes in contact. True, she has many wittier and better lines to speak than the babbling nonsense and slang given to Miss Swanson, but she does succeed in making it quite conceivable that she would easily score off the flapper, who gets drunk when she is jealous, and the affected beauty who had monopolised male attention before her advent. Miss Shearer's impersonation has wit as well as womanliness beneath the sheath-like modernity of her clothes and the exaggeration of feminine wiles which the part calls for. In her most frivolous moments she conveys an impression of humanity and the cynicism which is born of suffering.

Among those who play straight comedy and drama, Constance Bennet, Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis are newcomers whose names stand out. And Anne Harding has a large following, increased by her acting in that good film "Holiday." Constance Bennet's sympathetic playing relieves "Sin Takes a Holiday" from the sordidness imposed by the theme.

The latest phase of American film craft is the succession of authentic musical comedy and light opera to the jazz and revue themes of the first musical (?) talkies. And this gives the present and the immediate future into the hands of the film actresses who can really sing as well as act and "look good." Foremost among these are Evelyn Laye, Jeannette MacDonald and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new star, Grace Moore, the opera singer.

Evelyn Laye's first picture, "One Heavenly Night," is not perhaps a very marvellous one, but there is no question about her personal success. She looks exquisite, she sings deliciously, and her personality on the screen is definitely more interesting than on the stage.

Jeannette MacDonald, in spite of always playing opposite outstandingly popular leading men, has manufactured a place and a public for herself. She was a little more than adequate with Chevalier in "The Love Parade." The colour photography was pretty cruel to her and the musical score very high in "The Vagabond King," in which play Denis King played Villon. But in "Monte Carlo" she really comes into her own, and acts and sings effectively and unrestrainedly.

Grace Moore is not a raving beauty, but she is fair and attractive. Humour, at moments reminiscent of Marie Tempest's, shows itself in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. She moves and wears her clothes elegantly and acts with effective restraint and a sense of the stage—or screen—and her singing voice is very beautiful. She is starred with Reginald Denny in "Jenny Lind" (the Swedish Nightingale), and with that superb singer Lawrence Tibbetts in "The New Moon."

END

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AND

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NEWS OF THE MONTH

A SALONER has written asking for suggestions in connection with collecting for our Cots Endowment Fund, about which I was talking last month. A method, for instance, which has brought in a quite respectable sum during the last year or two has been by the collection of Victorian pennies. One Saloner in particular sends me in a nice fat little donation every quarter which she has secured in this manner, not only from her own purse but from those of her friends. Good girl! Another scheme is to give a drawing-room performance, theatrical or otherwise, which you will find your friends will be quite pleased to attend when they know what a good purpose you have up your sleeve. Yet a third way is to remember that except from those members who joined us after October last year all subscriptions are now due, and which, as soon as received, are placed to the credit of the Cot Fund. A good many Saloners think that the annual subscription of 6d. covers them for a year from the date of joining, so that from time to time I have to explain that this is not the case. Subscriptions fall due every January as in most other clubs, owing to the almost impossible task, otherwise, of keeping accounts, especially where, as in our case, several thousands of members are concerned! Will, therefore, all those who have not yet sent theirs along pop them in the post as soon as possible, and remember that in so doing the Cot Fund is being helped upon one more stage of its long and honourable career?

* * *

AND in this connection I have now a most interesting piece of news which must have a paragraph to itself. Some of you will remember that the Aynesworth School of Acting gave a matinée of a play by Maida Webber, G.C.S., 4511, at the Century Theatre, the proceeds of which were handed to our Cot Fund, and I have just received a letter from Miss Aynesworth most kindly promising to support the Fund again with the profits of the matinée her Acting School is giving at the West Pier Theatre, Brighton, on Thursday, April 16th. The play, which will be performed principally by children, is "The Magic Wood," by Maude Roberts, and next month I hope to give a picture of some of the little players who are taking part. Saloners who live in Sussex, within easy reach of Brighton, will make a point of keeping that date free, and any of you who may be at Brighton for the Easter holidays will, I know, take great care to put this unique function on your engagement list.

* * *

AUDREY Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642, 36, Irving Road, West Southbourne, Bournemouth, runs a Quarterly Magazine, devoted to the arts, and would like to hear from anyone over 17 years of age—either sex—who would be able to submit stories, paintings or poems for possible publication therein. A high standard is aimed at, and experiments with a fresh outlook will be appreciated.

* * *

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

THE response to the appeal for the Cinderellas' annual expedition to the Pantomime was splendidly generous, and I am most grateful to all who subscribed, as well as for the many charming letters received applauding the scheme. I also acknowledge with many thanks further donations from:—

Christina Collinge, Mrs. Ladbrook, Olwen Lawton, Jenny Julier, Rachel Herbert, A. Black, Aimée Hughes, Mrs. G. E. Russell, Elizabeth Perkins, Jean Menzies, Una Wood, Winifred Mitchell, Barbara Macdonald, Dora Langley, Annie M. Hale, Dinoo Bastavala, Rachel M. Perceval, Peggy Erskine, Margaret R. Watson, Honor Fielding, Lilian Cowell, Dorothy Binnie, Rhys Raworth, Mary L. C. Roberts, Olive M. Price and Margaret Smith.

* * *

THE "Paisley" doll, kindly given by Messrs. Clark, of Paisley, for the best needlework entry of the month, was won in November by Louisa M. Shaw, G.C.S. 5718.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, December 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. Hon. Mention: George House, M.C.S. 5749; Mabel Egan, G.C.S. 5738; Romola Erskine, G.C.S. 5774.

Literature Competition.—Six Quotations from Shakespeare Illustrating Festivity. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Roberts, G.C.S. 5603. Hon. Mention: Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191; Cathleen Ibbotson, G.C.S. 5822.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Isabelle Patrick-Wilson, G.C.S. 5779. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Poem. Prize 10s. Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Hon. Mention: Nancie Berners-Wilson, M.C.S. 3099; Avril Reynolds, M.C.S. 3202; Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719.

Literature Competition.—A paper entitled "At the Fireside." Prize 10s. Divided between Peggy Rider, M.C.S. 3208, and Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910. Hon. Mention: Elizabeth H. Dawson, M.C.S. 3186; Gwendoline Allen, M.C.S. 3151; Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162.

"Woof," of the Salon Pets' Club. A clever snap by Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Saloners' pets are enrolled as members of the Club at an annual subscription of 6d., which goes to the Salon Cots Endowment Fund

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072. Hon. Mention: Joan Cohen, A.C.S. 1406; Barbara Heaver A.C.S. 1354; Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126.

Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to J. M. Colyer, M.C.S. 2889.

Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806.

Award of Prizes, January 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Pencil Portrait. Prize 10s. Awarded to May Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: George House, G.C.S. 5749; Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806; Margaret Smith, G.C.S. 5771.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Awarded to Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460. Hon. Mention: Sydney Curtis, G.C.S. 5729; Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625.

Needlework Competition.—A Pincushion. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Something Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642. Hon. Mention: Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708; Joan Marshlain, M.C.S. 3996.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Peggy Adès, M.C.S. 2872. Hon. Mention: Jean Russell, M.C.S. 3201.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—An Illustration to a Nursery Rhyme. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Elspeth Henderson, A.C.S. 1415.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083. Hon. Mention: Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408; Barbara J. Heaver, A.C.S. 1354; Jean Menzies, A.C.S. 1332.

Goodies Competition

Prize 10s. Divided between Elaine Butler, G.C.S. 5823, and Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192; Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881; Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(December 15)

Sheila MacCleod.—This very nearly comes off, and would completely if the last page or two were a little less intangible. A climax of some sort is necessary. Feeling is right all through. Send in again soon.

G. M. Cumpstey.—A particularly interesting set, but I feel inclined to rule out the third as not sufficiently suggesting the spirit of the idea.

Elizabeth H. Dawson.—Very well done, although rather too many ideas are presented for so brief a paper. If you can link them up the general effect will be greatly assisted. Interesting work.

Heather Strudwick.—One of the best things you have sent in lately. Tone down the portrait of the old lady, which is just a little too ideal. Give some small realistic touch. The rest is excellent.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Remember that seen in perspective parallel lines meet on the horizon line. Those of your right-hand window are doing the reverse. Tender and gracious colour.

Diana Laski.—Your colours might have been cleaner with advantage, but the balance and choice of them is quite satisfying. Water colour should be true to its name.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—I like this conception of the famous lines immensely. It is forceful and imaginative. Just a hint of a gleam, by means of a left high light, should have enlivened the eye of the beast, I think, but of course not emphasised to cheapen the conception.

Violet Dennis.—I doubt if these have been drawn from the real flower? Endeavour to treat such subjects always at first hand from the living blooms; you will find it so much more interesting.

Ann F. Walker.—You have a very good notion of how a story should be told. This is always interesting, although lacking in experience. Time will put this matter right, meanwhile keep your pen as busy as possible.

Clare Ackroyd.—With one or two slight alterations these verses would be charming. Avoid "up on high" and "without delay," both of which spoil the grace of the rest. The card is amusingly done, but would be twice as effective with a bigger margin.

Mabel Egan.—The general lay-out and scheme of colour are most attractive. The detail of the initial, however, is a little weak, and more control over the drawing of this type of lettering should be aimed at.

The Children's SALON

Arnold Parkin.—Quite a good notion to tackle it in verse. The second and last stanzas are the best. Try for a better opening.

Anne Black.—The candle's importance should be better stressed, also the general effect is of daylight, which is a mistake. In composition and feeling, however, excellent, and completely in agreement with the spirit of this charming verse.

G. E. M. Moss.—Interesting in composition, and the distance cleverly suggested. Nearer detail needs attention particularly the top of the wall, where construction goes astray. Note the manner in which a top layer of bricks is usually laid.

Ursula Scott Morris.—This shows a considerable gain in technique. One or two of the ideas are a little confused—as in the first two lines of the last verse, but as a whole this is excellent for your age.

Avril Reynolds.—On the whole I think it would have been wiser to deal with only one instance. These separate cases are insufficiently stated, and within a small space the reader has to jump from one to another in rather an uncomfortable fashion. . . . The sketch is very clever—as an illustration to the work of this author it could not be better.

Barbara Heaver.—You carry the story on rather too far, and so have achieved an awkward anti-climax. The real finish should come with the rescue. Otherwise quite well done.

Muriel M. Malvern.—Three and six seem to me the happiest illustrations, but all are well chosen and the broad outlook is welcome.

Jill Maunsell.—Cleverly designed and charming in colour. The action of the figure is also good, but anatomical matters are very faulty. Still, an original and satisfying piece of work. The first quotation is much the best, and the others quite good. I hope you enjoyed their quest!

Mary Jones.—The suggestion of the fairy-like glen is romantic and, though vague, quite charming. The sunray is a good idea too, but the figures are very stiff and rather toylike in make and colour. Decidedly artistic in feeling.

Diana Wilton.—One hardly looks for nautical correctness in a decorative ship, but a slant to the wind would help the sense of speed. Nice free work with some inspiration, but rather halting between decoration and actuality.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—There is a lot of charming work in your picture and the colour is good throughout. The effect of figure, chair and floor needs simplifying, there is small sense of mass and volume or of a flat plane. There would be more lit edge and strong tone against the light. Extremely pictorial in conception and detail.

Dolly Davies.—A useful note from which to make a memory picture with more careful drawing and adjustment of lights, which even a nocturne must possess. A daylight sketch would supply facts.

Marjorie Naylor.—A most interesting sketch full of good drawing and colour and aerial feeling. The middle-distance is a bit harsh in shadow colour, which makes it jump out of place, but in all other respects this is admirable.

May W. Harrison.—A clever suggestion of woodland, the figure well placed but a bit unsubstantial because the dark accents are too vague; he too would cast a shadow in this sun effect; the tree shadow too dappled. Good pictorial feeling.

Penelope Burra.—You see colour, form and effect remarkably well for your age. At present your hand is a bit behind your eyes, but practice will bring expertness of touch. Keep the large, simple view of facts that you possess. Excellent.

George House.—For some reason the nose in your pencil head has no projection. With strong side-light one would expect more effect. A lot of good, thoughtful work; darks not quite dark enough and half-tone a bit patchy, but capital character and drawing.

Romola Erskine.—I fully appreciate the intelligence and élan of your drawings — better, perhaps, as illustrations to morbidly psychological poems than more considered work. The designs suggested with such energy are full of merit, but also full of indications that hard, prosaic study must use some of your artistic impulse.

Dahlia Anson.—This suggests that it is a good likeness, but the texture is too woolly, and cleaner colour is desirable. You will secure this last if you don't mix your paint too much. I am judging the self portrait here, and holding the other for another competition.

Yvonne Earle.—Excellent as illustration. The figure is very tall, though, even for so romantic a character. A faint wash over the village and the "many towers" will give a needed substance.

Margaret Smith.—Most useful as a study, and the sort of thing from which a lot is learnt. If it doesn't quite come off as an effect, in spite of some very truthful and intelligent work, it was well worth while.

Marjorie F. Dennis.—The distant landscape is too naturalistic for the clever and appropriately quaint figures, which would have been better in a more stylistic setting.

Kitty Earp.—Grotesque, but apt in illustration, and the broad treatment very clever. Poor thing! is my comment. The lines are new to me.

Ouida Macdermott as Prince Glorious in "Cinderella;" with some of our little guests, who were much interested in being "behind the scenes"

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—Room and children are interestingly suggested, but the scene beyond the window requires more convincing treatment. It isn't quite clear whether it is a cloud or trees which obscure the sun, and the perspective of the hedgerows needs adjustment.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Cleverly hit off as to style and general effect, but the lady scarcely suggests the flower of the verse—a little too worldly and substantial. The last point of your little paper is an effective close—the earlier part is a bit fragmentary and disjointed.

Diana Wilton.—The realistic outlook is good, the composition, which is a bit ragged at times, not so satisfying. This seems the right method for a first draft, but a little deft revision would be useful before the final version is made.

Patricia Appleyard.—A fresh outlook, achieved without too conscious a touch is always worth while, and this frank method of taking the reader into your confidence is pretty sure of appreciation. Good, interesting work.

Salon "Cinderellas" arriving at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Jan. 22nd for the pantomime. This year's party was the largest we have ever taken

Mary Roberts.—An excellent set, very carefully and comprehensively chosen.

Ann Hannay.—The last page is very good, the rest scarcely up to this level; not lacking in ideas, by any means, but their arrangement leaves a little to be desired.

Betty Weir.—The smaller sketch is the better of the two, being truer in tone, but both have charming qualities. You seem particularly happy with work of this type. Go on experimenting. Both papers have a lively quality, but are a little too casual in treatment.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The flower is effective but the growth is faulty in construction. Memory drawing is an excellent exercise, if correction from the original follows. A lesson so learnt is, of course, so rarely forgotten.

Rena Recaldin.—Very able in design and most entertaining. The shadows, however, should have been in pen and ink, and a flatter treatment of the lady's cloak and dress would be more suitable. Don't mix styles.

Diana Seth-Smith.—If the plant is a living growth and not an artificially contrived affair, note carefully the manner in which leaves and flowers spring from the stem. As a colour scheme most attractive and artistic.

Elizabeth M. Appleyard.—Although not quite correct anatomically, the effort to get facts down and not to slur detail is very praiseworthy. The goblin seems rather overdressed for the other figure, which perhaps would have been a better match for the rest if slightly draped.

Gwen Sweeting.—The restraint and grace of the drawings are its strong points. The figure is a little sophisticated for the simple beauty of the lines. Whose are they? I should very much like to hear some time.

Gwendoline Allen. — The little "vision" is too short. You must amplify this. Weave a little drama from the painted scene, bringing the characters to life, as it were, in the clever manner you suggest, and then putting them back again. You skilfully avoid the idea that it is a dream. Quite right.

Hilda Barrow.—You have chosen well in all except the first instance, which suggests the reverse of the picture in "yet dazzling not."

Sanchia Grimsdale.—In its way a little gem. And considering your age, full of promise. Write as often as your leisure permits, and experiment in every direction.

Jean Menzies.—Very well argued and not at all badly expressed. The conclusion is sound and honest. I hope you will try something else of this type another time.

G. Anthony Hern.—You brought off your surprise! This is, of course, too much of a fragment, but very well handled so far as it goes.

Peggy Rider.—An excellent paper. Although comparatively short you have rounded off every point admirably, and the effect is most pleasing in consequence. I shall be interested to see more of your work.

Joan Cohen.—Graphic and entertaining, but needing better arrangement. A shorter account of each day would have avoided that sudden gap between the third and seventh. Look up long words in the dictionary to be certain of accurate spelling.

Cathleen Ibbotson.—An interesting group, praiseworthy in its freedom from anything hackneyed. On the other hand variety of approach to the topic is a bit lacking.

Cornford Bowden.—Very well tackled, original in its point of view and ably handled. I cannot find anything specially to criticise.

Catherine Baldwin.—A very good and interesting set. You could not have chosen much better examples.

Joyce Vernum.—It would have strengthened the design if the heavy stem had suggested that it forms the handles at either end, as appears in the top left-hand corner. A happy accident, evidently, which you should seize upon for development along these lines. The verses have a distinct lyrical quality, but should better observe metrical laws.

Effie Dundas.—Concentration of interest is always useful in a sketch of this type. If the left of the picture had had its shadow masses accentuated a little, the house would have been thrown into more interesting relief. Otherwise quite successful and pleasantly refined in drawing.

Amy G. Haydon.—A beautiful little effort, clever in stitching, and very dainty and pretty in style and pattern.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—Your second quotation is excellent among the rest, and all are good. The bag is also most skilful and charmingly planned.

Marjorie Webb.—The shade is a clever idea, but rather more margin should have been left round each decorative motif in order to set it off. I have chosen the pinafore for this competition, which is well made throughout, but the edging should have been of a narrower, finer type, and is really more suited to a plain material. The work itself is very well done.

E. Marjorie Gath.—Very well chosen, although the fourth is a bit brief, and the last common to several sent in. Perhaps the third gives fullest expression to the idea.

Jean Crawford.—Thank you so much. They are charmingly knitted, as ever.

B. Richardson.—I do not think the second quite fits. The others, the last best of all, are all appropriate.

Trixie Ford.—Cross stitch suits very well for decoration of this type, and you have managed its use skilfully and in appropriate colours. The quotations are apt, but are a bit too brief for a competition entry.

Beryl White.—I think you will realise that the two last lines of the last verse do not follow on from the rest of this interesting poem. I expect you can put the matter right if you try again.

Peggy Adès.—A very novel idea of dealing with the subject, and a quite legitimate breakaway from the more usual treatment. A rather more effective climax is needed.

Pamela Searight.—For a purely decorative drawing such a method would be quite permissible, but for a more or less realistic study every item needs a colour wash. Attractively drawn. I shall be interested to see what your present surroundings evoke, and hope you will still be able to compete regularly.

Marjorie Walters.—Good expressive work. The end lacks the convincing touch of the earlier half. So big a gap in time between the opening and the close of the story should always be avoided when space is limited.

(January 1)

Elspeth Henderson.—Both designs are strong as illustration, and cleverly suggested. Draw common objects singly and in groups as often as possible as a beginning to mastery of facts. You should do very well presently.

Pamela Searight.—The sky is not sufficiently intense in colour for the rest of the scheme, but the colouring as a whole is attractive. The washes over the lettering should have been quite precise, respecting the outline as a definite limit.

Rena Recaldin.—The daring treatment of the floor robs the rest of its significance. A simpler colour scheme, red, black and white only, would have been better suited to this clever design. If you washed out the green, I believe you would at once get the right effect.

Joan Marshlain.—The crowds and distance are cleverly handled, but the figures in the foreground require subtler treatment, and here the colouring is a bit crude. The drama in the sketch, however, is skilfully preserved.

The Children's SALON

Zoë Duckham.—Bold free work, rather spoilt by the unnecessary pencil work on the neck, where the wash would have been sufficient. The hair is clever, the face a bit flat. Lively work.

Sybil E. Stallibrass.—Well drawn, but rather hard in relation of light values. For a full-tone drawing of this size pencil is not the best medium, the charm of pencil work is suggestion rather than insistence. The hair is admirably done.

George House.—A clever bit of work, extremely well drawn and full of character, but, without background, outline should help projection more by its variety. Pleasantly simple and broad in method.

May W. Harrison.—An excellent sketch portrait, full of suggestion of life, and, but for some hard touches in the hair, extremely well balanced and artistic in method. Thoroughly expressive and alive.

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—Your figure is good in weight and proportion, but the head and hands leave a good deal to be desired. A more touchy method of drawing with modulated outline would help; still, lots of good points. The literature entry is a spirited bit of work. One of the best things you have sent in, I think. The humour is convincing in spite of being a little obvious at times. Send in again soon. Interesting work.

Jill Maunsell.—The volume and tilt of your head are good, so is the simple treatment of the hair; the features, however, are not carefully followed out, but put in arbitrarily without care for Nature's subtleties.

Dahlia Anson.—Your pencil head is very sensitive in method, but marred by the wrong placing of the right eye and nostril, incomprehensible with so much really admirable drawing and well suggested modelling. Your oil head needs reconsideration beside the sitter. A minute's comparison side by side will tell more than many words. Don't be discouraged; you have high qualities.

Margaret Smith. — A smartly-drawn ideal head, with a very unusual angle between cranium and face, but with pleasant decorative completeness of design.

Trixie Ford.—Excellently done. Evidently the subject has inspired you! This is just the right manner in which to treat such a topic. No criticisms! The needlework entry is also most praiseworthy, and makes a charming novelty.

Margaret R. Watson.—Very dainty and pretty, but this conception of Pan, usually considered as a somewhat pagan figure, is "difficult." Avoid that second "with" in line four.

M. Joyce Lambert.—One or two odd words, "black-clad" and "diminuendo" are examples, suggest some ironical intent, not substantiated elsewhere. Very neatly rhymed and written. You have obvious facility.

Barbara J. Heaver.—Well told, even if rather far-fetched. A very subtle treatment is necessary to "get away" with a plot of this type. Very good for your age.

Veronica Price-Harris.—The somewhat meaningless green mass to the left of the picture spoils an otherwise interesting design. If this had been simply wall Humpty Dumpty would have achieved the importance which is his due. The group of trees is particularly well handled.

Mary A. Jones.—An appropriate scheme for this sophisticated drawing, but a bit too violent in colour nevertheless. Body colour in places only would have been better avoided in a sketch of this character. Otherwise excellent technique.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Delightful as illustration and daintily conceived. The perspective of the house is a bit erratic, particularly the windows, and the distance should have received the same formal treatment as the foreground.

Peter Recaldin.—This needs nothing but further knowledge—i.e., better draughtsmanship—to make it first rate. You are making rapid progress. Study good lettering carefully, and treat it as part of the design in a case like this.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—The foreground figures are capitally handled, and all the colour here is good. The distance is not so convincing, the broad masses of blue, green and pink are not sufficiently considered, and are too much in one dead tone. Middle distance and horizon are of almost the same value.

Margot Walker.—A dainty colouring, with a very good background. I do not feel, however, that this costume was divided at the hips into two as this suggests, and think a figure in a single colour as to dress ought to have given you a satisfactory result.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—A very skilful and interesting colouring. Without any exaggeration you have cleverly played up to the character of the drawing. In the verses, which have the right lilt for the theme, it is a mistake to hold up the action, so to speak, by referring to the demon's discomfort. There is not room for this in so short an effort. Better scansion should be aimed for.

S. Curtis.—A capital idea, for the most part wittily exploited. In places the original of the parody is rather too closely quoted, but with a little determination you can remedy this easily enough. It was a rich chance for a good joke and you have seized it!

Helen Mary Lillie.—Your last line is a bit confused in expression. The rest runs easily, perhaps a little too much so. Avoid conventional phrases. So glad you mean to compete occasionally in spite of hard work at school. You will find story writing a useful relaxation from routine.

Barbara Stallibrass.—You have tackled this very good plot in the wrong way. It would make a most exciting yarn if told at first hand. Even as it is, it is impressive. Have another shot at it.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

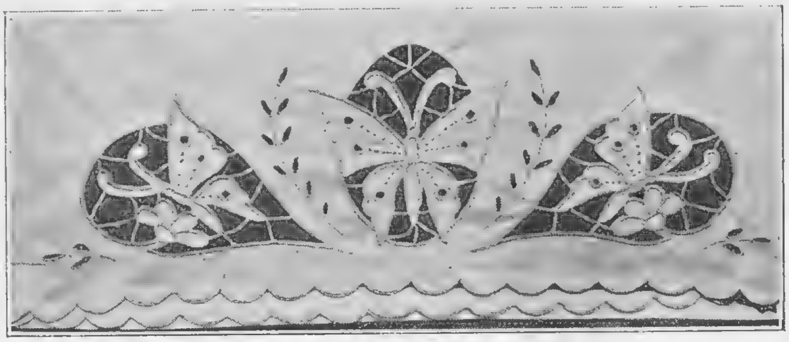
Peggy Adès.—If you can successfully polish this a little more it should be quite good. It is charming in feeling and form. It is the use of too hackneyed a word, here and there, which robs it of the effect it should produce.

Annie M. Waters.—You have a fine vocabulary but its use appears to be a little self-conscious. With your facility you should, I think, make bolder experiments. There is a Jonsonian flavour about this which is interesting certainly, but it seems too divorced from the present day.

Beatrice Harrison.—Lines three and four want recasting. They disturb the melancholy charm of the opening. Line three is the real offender. A little gem, if you can get round this difficulty.

Jem Russell.—Some lines are charming, others not so good. Try to get rid of these inequalities by careful revision. A very little will do it in most instances.

Catherine Baldwin.—The note of rapture is remarkably well sustained. All the same I think the last eight lines before the final couplet are not a good conclusion, tending to destroy what has been so ably built up in those preceding them.



A prize-winning entry in the Graduates' Needlework Competition for January 16th. Submitted by Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739

Gladys Cumpstey.—Considering its impromptu nature, quite good. With further consideration something more solid can be made of it. Many thanks for letter.

Joan Greenall.—Amusingly turned into verse. You do this light stuff very well. As you are addressing Horace it would be better to say "We boxed you as a prize." The present line suddenly addressed itself to anyone. Be careful of such slips.

Jean Menzies.—The first half is very good. The surroundings of the young peasant girl are well described, as if you were familiar with them. When you take her to Paris inexperience seems to creep in and thus the last half is robbed of some of its interest. Very promising work.

John Leigh.—Avoid conventional references and phrases, and rely wholly on your own first hand observation. You give plenty of evidence that this will serve your purpose excellently, particularly in the earlier half of this paper.

Barbara Joseph.—Interesting and effective; "her mankind," wants altering. The rest is for the most part all right, and achieves the necessary atmosphere cleverly.

Doris Seth-Smith.—You have written with considerable control. I believe it would do some good to attack this kind of "enjoyment" with a vitriolic pen! It is an excellent idea, and you have discussed it admirably.

Effie Dundas.—Well titled and well told, indeed quite charming. It wants a little careful editing. You are too fond of repeating a word that has just been used, when a substitute would be better. Otherwise quite professional.

Barbara Elliott.—For so short a tale chapters are hardly necessary. They tend to disconnect the action. The detail is good; in places the plot wants filling in a little more. Don't be afraid of letting yourself go, and experiment freely.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The*

Children's Salon Competition Circle
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

G. Anthony Hern.—A basis of this sort adds immensely to the interest of a plot. A bit over-compressed, of course, towards the finish, but not at all badly developed for your years.

Joan Hibbit.—If you can manage it keep the second verse in the same form as the first. Both are good and the little poem, as a whole, very meritorious.

Muriel Malvern.—Neat and amusing. You have turned the lines very gracefully, even if they are a bit extravagant. This last applies particularly to the end of verse two, and the last of the last line. A bit sweeping even for parody.

B. Hannay.—Don't let your English get too mannered and stilted. The end is quite free from this, but the rest would be assisted by more natural writing. In other respects very well done.

Maud Girdlestone.—The action is interesting all through, but the dialogue needs extension. This would be over very quickly. There need be no actual change of scene when the Crier appears. I should think it would act very well.

Angel Verschoyle.—Try to get a better third line to the opening verse. The rest runs charmingly and is daintily composed throughout, even if a little obvious.

Maud Higgins.—I suppose the sex deserve this indictment! Amusing and to the point, although the method is at fault technically. George's remarks should have been squeezed into the original scene, or the dialogue form avoided.

Sheila Fraser.—Always get your detail as accurate as possible, as this brings the situation so much more easily into the reader's grasp. The Prince would not be likely to open and close the palace doors himself in a situation of the type you refer to. Otherwise very well put together for your years.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—The verse ends excellently, but the rest, though so charming in idea, is very unequally expressed. "Extra" for instance is an unsuitable word for what immediately follows. . . . A re-draw gives a better surface but loses some finish. A very good colour scheme, least good in the flesh which needs more warmth in shadow with the lights so cold. A bright bit of work.

Betty Weir.—Some very good work both in drawing and colour, but the figures need a stronger effect to stand away from the background. Very good knowledge of the figure and most excellent promise. . . . The paper is well written, although a little more might have been made of the accident, particularly as regards getting the child home, which is dismissed too summarily considering the circumstances.

Amy G. Haydon.—I like this sensible shape immensely, and know how difficult it is to fit the covering on the "mattress" so neatly. My many thanks.

Stella Bull.—Remarkably well invented although of course most far-fetched. However, apart from a good deal of impossible detail, you have kept your plot going splendidly; it shows considerable promise.

MARCH-APRIL COMPETITIONS

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date March 18th. A Landscape Sketch from Memory. No. II. Closing date April 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date April 15th. A Poster Advertising "See Britain First."

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I Closing date, March 18th. A paper entitled "Flying Women." No. II. Closing date, April 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, April 15th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 18th. A D'Oyley. No. II. Closing date, April 1st. Anything Embroidered. No. III. Closing date, April 15th. Anything White.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 18th. A Design for a Book Jacket or Cover. No. II. Closing date, April 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 15th. A Landscape or Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 18th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, April 1st. Invent a Cross-Word Puzzle. No. III. Closing date, April 15th. A Short Poem.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 18th. Anything Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. April 1st. Draw the View from A Window. No. III. April 15th. A Study of Flowers.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 18th. Answer a Letter from a Friend Who Has Asked You to Stay with Her. No. II. Closing date, April 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, April 15th. Invent Four Titles for Short Stories.

Needlework Competition.—Prizes 5s. Closing date, April 15th. Anything White.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Handicraft Competition.

First prize, 15s. 6d. Second prize, 7s. 6d. Closing date, April 15th. Subject Left to Competitor.

Snapshot Competition.

First prize, 10s. Second prize, 5s. Closing date, April 2nd. Subject: Any Outdoor Scene.

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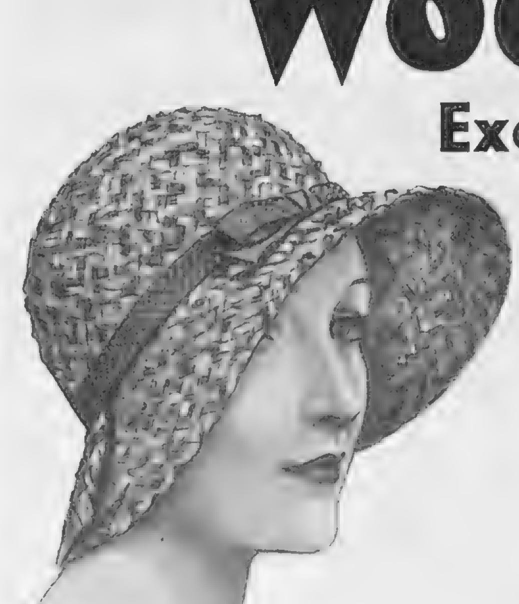

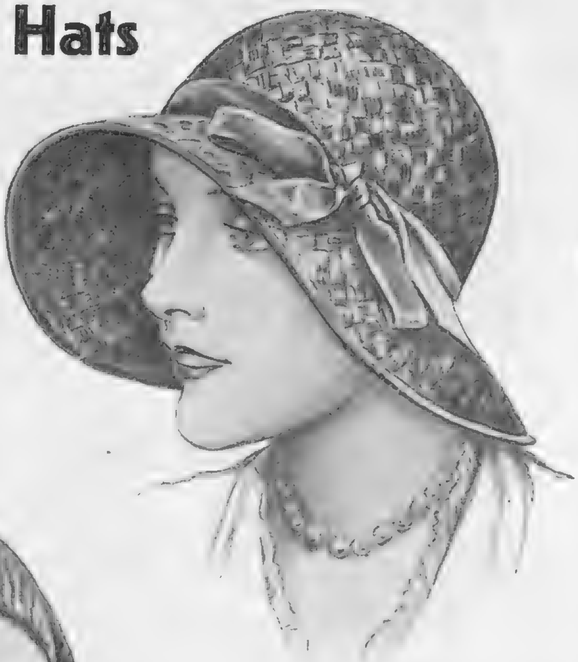

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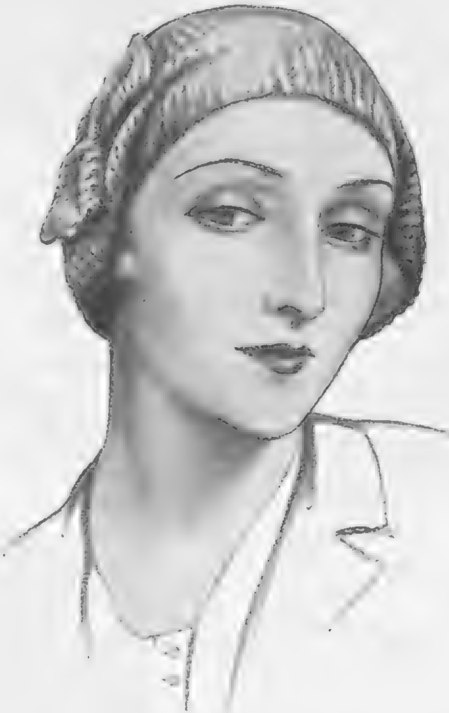

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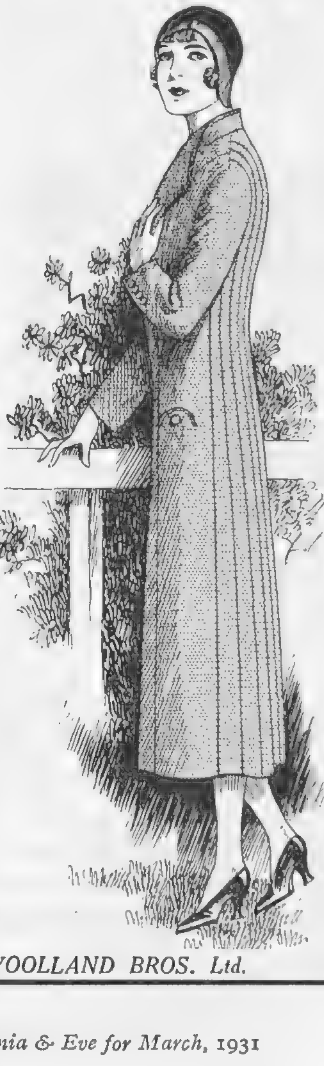

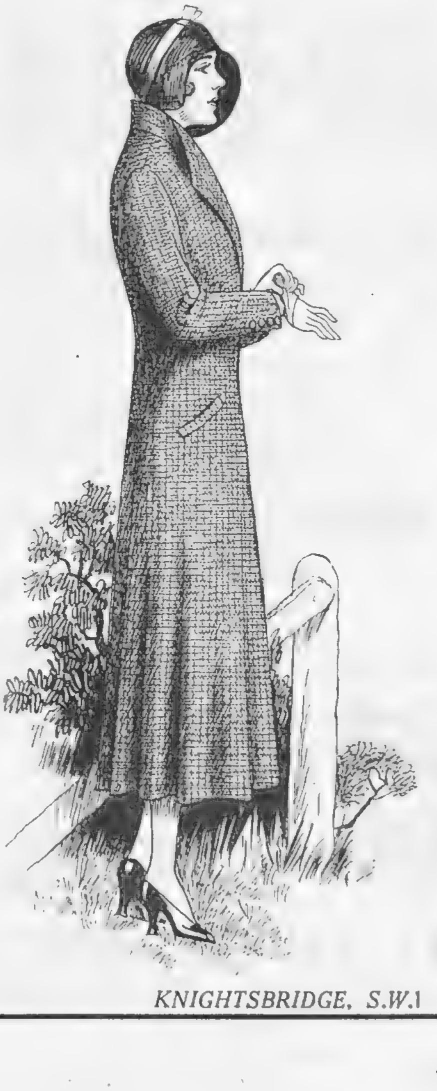

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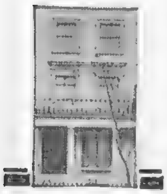

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Our Literary *Competition Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but member's names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SECOND SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post March 16th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best denunciation in verse of the east wind.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—MARCH 16

HUNDRED AND THIRD SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than the first post March 30th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best list of twelve poems with which you would begin an anthology of verse written in the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—MARCH 30

Results of 96th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric on any aspect of winter.

Awarded to H. Broadberry Seaman.

Hon. Mention: "C. L.," Lettie Cole, Mary P. Redmayne, M. Scott Morris, Vivien Jameson, Phyllis M. Lubbock, S. C. Straker, Joyce E. Boyd, May Belben, "Hannah May," "Anne da Rua," B. Porter, Evelyn Heaver, "N. M. B.," Philip de Mederve, Irene Doxford, Mabel Asher, Phyllis Windsor, A. Waters, May W. Harrison, Gertrude Pitt.

The Winning Entry :—

WINTER: THE ARTIST.

A versatile old man is he
With many canvasses to show,
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His fine collection.

Strangely adept in black and white,
In etchings, woodcuts and pastels
And water colours exquisite
And oils that thrill you with delight
At their perfection.

Paintings of shops with coloured lights
And ruddy faces gazing in;
And white house-tops on frosty nights
With icicles like stalactites
Hung in dejection.

Etchings of trees and snow-clad hills;
Pastels of rosy coloured morns;
Woodcuts of silent water mills:
Showing in ice imprisoned rills
The moon's reflection.

Fantastic shapes on frosted glass;
And street lamps shining through a fog;
A glowing fire: reflecting brass,
Pictures that live and do not pass
From recollection.

A versatile old man is he
With many canvasses to show,
He gives an exhibition free
To everyone who cares to see
His fine collection.

H. BROADBERRY SEAMAN.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best rhyme in verse describing our Christmas cover.

Awarded to Mabel Asher.

Hon. Mention: "Anne da Rua," Murielle Scott Morris, "C. L.," E. M. Heriz-Smith, "G. G.," "Phyllis Lubbock, G. Thornber, "J. A. B."

Results of 97th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: Christopher Penn, M. Daniels, Lettie Cole, M. Scott Morris, E. Brabant-Parker, "N. M. B.," K. Gandy, Enid Heriz-Smith, Vivien Jameson, Mabel Asher, Evelyn Heaver, Gwynedd Cole, "C. L.," May Belben, A. L. Scott, M. Elton Young, J. E. Laverask, Irene Doxford, May W. Harrison, A. Waters, Mary P. Redmayne.

The Winning Entry :—

"OBERAMMERGAU."

This is a dream's fulfilment; yet the flight
Of birds across the blue, the constant breeze,
The amphitheatre of the hills, the trees,
The stage, the solemn actors, have a bright,
Unreal glamour; this, their ancient rite,
Must lose some immemorial sanctities
In unfamiliar language—only peace
Enfolds the spirit and a rare delight.

Till suddenly the piteous drama takes
The heart a shuddering captive, fills the eyes
With tears unheeded, and the soul, now grown
Aware of its own destitution, aches
That dead belief within a cold tomb lies,
And angel there is none to move the stone.

"UNA."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick concerning Christmas fare as it affected a small boy.

Awarded to F. Peel.

Hon Mention: May W. Harrison, Trixie Ford, Mary A. Jacob, M. Scott Morris, S. C. Straker, "J. A. B.," Vivien Jameson, "G. G.'

The Winning Entry :—

At Xmas a youngster called Jack,
Whose appetite sneered at a snack,
Made a gluttonous raid
On the fare—and then paid
With a pain in the front of his back.

F. PEEL.

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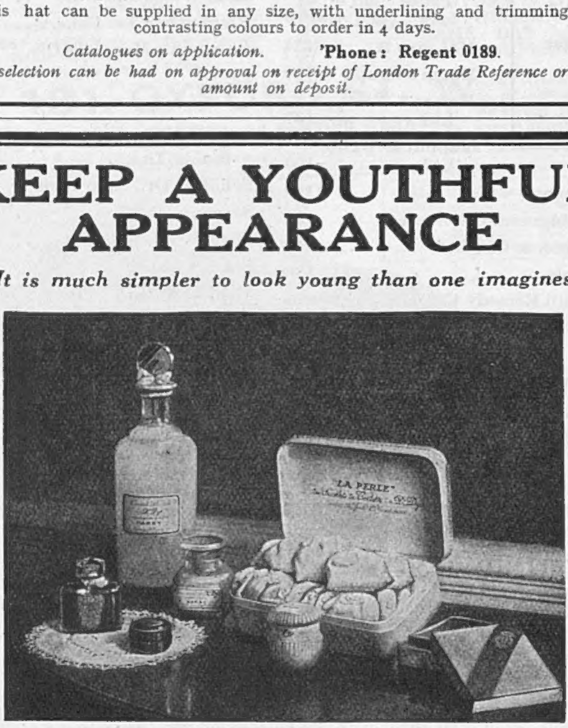

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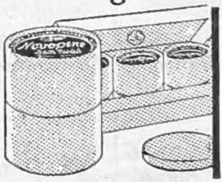

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All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to:—

The Advertisement Manager,
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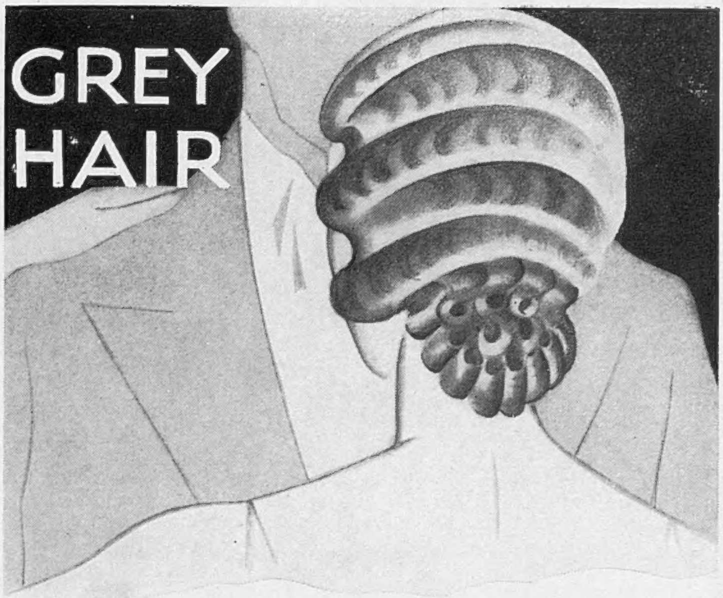

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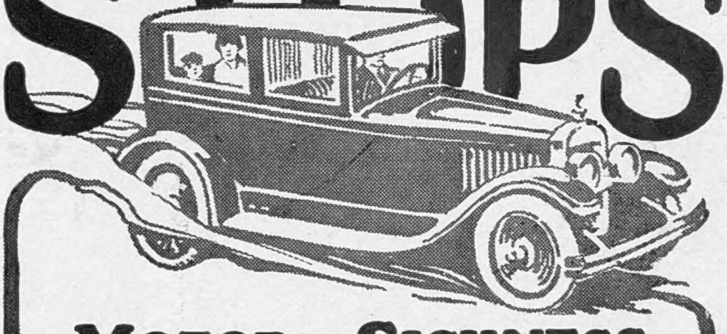

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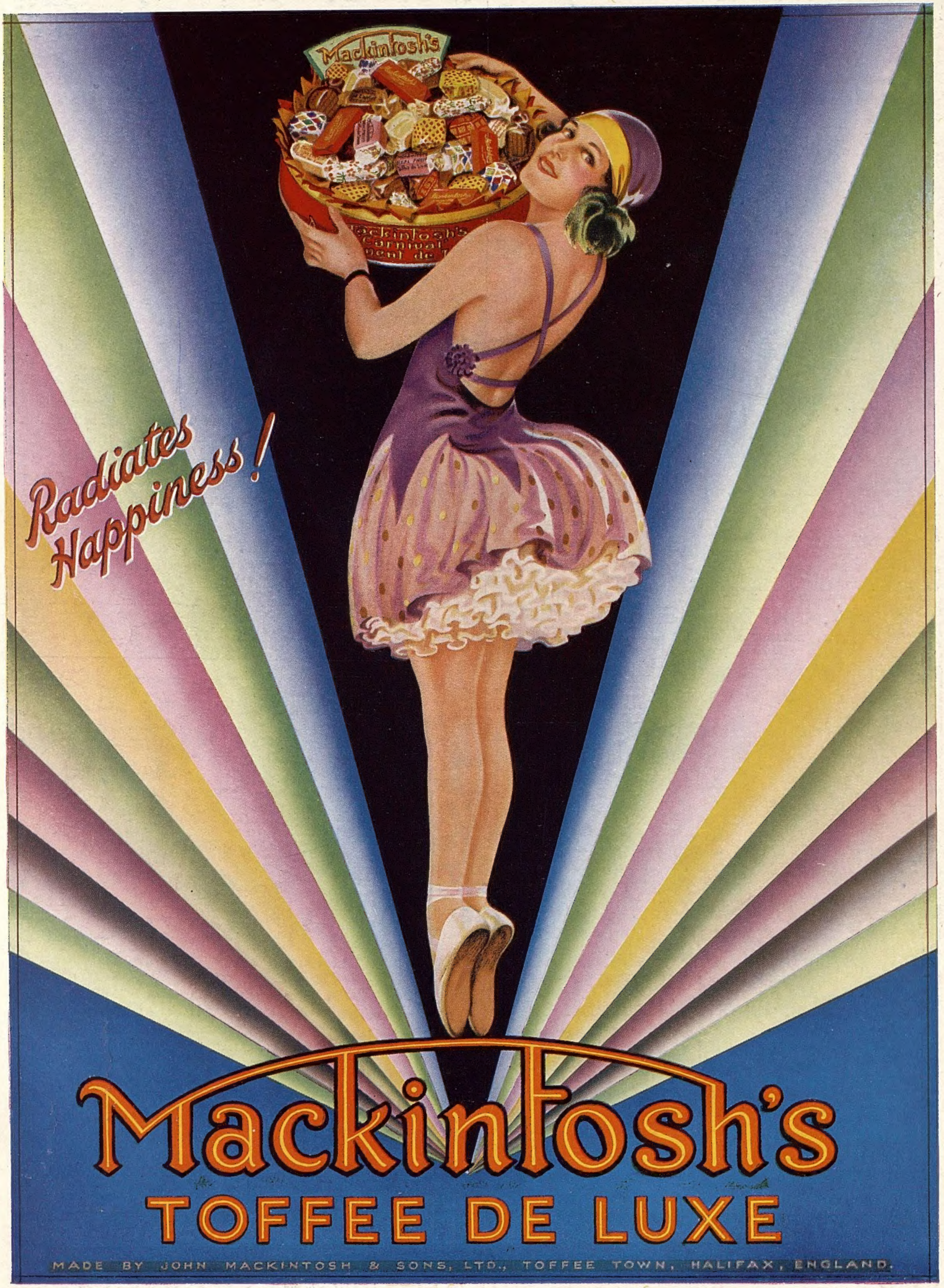
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